



June
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The American **Mercury**

THE MINERS FIGHT THEIR LEADERS *by Tom Tippet*

Taxation in America and England	<i>Harold M. Groves</i>
Flying is Still Dangerous	<i>Kenneth Brown Collings</i>
Fascism in American Law	<i>Carey McWilliams</i>
I Recover From Sleeping Sickness	<i>Eleanore Carey</i>
Godfather to American Corruption	<i>Esther Strachey</i>
The Home Medicine Chest	<i>Jerome W. Ephraim</i>
Who Gets the Milk Profits?	<i>Benjamin H. Hibbard</i>
The Inside of the Gambling Industry	<i>Joe Bigelow</i>
Uncle Palli	<i>Hilda Perini</i>
Aryans and Non-Aryans	<i>Franz Boas</i>
The Political System of Russia	<i>G. D. H. and Margaret Cole</i>
The Musician Starves	<i>Grace Overmyer</i>
Scab!	<i>Albert Halper</i>
Playboy	<i>Thomas Beer</i>
War Comes to the Workingmen's Paradise	<i>T. L. Morton</i>

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Partial Contents of the JULY AMERICAN MERCURY

JOSEPH STALIN AND HIS AIDES

By William Henry Chamberlin

Mr. Chamberlin was for more than eleven years Moscow correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, and was recently transferred by the same paper to Tokyo. He is the author of two standard books on Russia. In the present article he gives brief but brilliant sketches of the leaders of Soviet Russia, including Stalin, Kaganovitch, Voroshilov, Kalinin, Molotov, and Ordzhonikidze. He writes about them from a full and intimate knowledge of the men themselves and of the problems that confront them.

SOCIAL WORK IS FUTILE

By Maria L. Rogers & Edward Fitzgerald

Social work has for long enjoyed immunity from criticism. To say anything against it has been regarded as almost blasphemous. The truth is that no institution in contemporary America has merited more criticism than the ministrations of the so-called welfare agencies. The present article is the first realistic appraisal of social work, which the authors, one of whom has been intimately associated with it for about twenty years, say is a sheer and utter waste of money and effort. They discuss the whole business in considerable detail, and in a detached and sober manner. What they say will be a revelation to most readers.

THE BRUTALITIES OF THE POLICE

By Anthony M. Turano

This is the first comprehensive discussion of the third degree methods of the police. Mr. Turano, whose "Breach of Promise: Still a Racket" in the May issue will be remembered, writes with a thorough knowledge of his subject, and he quotes at length from actual court cases. The story he has to tell is almost incredible.

A CRITIQUE OF COMMUNIST TACTICS

By Raymond Postgate

Mr. Postgate was formerly a member of the British Communist Party. Here he discusses the revolutionary technique of the Communist International. He criticizes it severely, but always from the point of view of a Communist. He argues that the technique of the Comintern has not spread revolutionary feeling, but, on the contrary, has caused working men to distrust Communist activity and Communist leaders. Mr. Postgate can write and he is a master of polemics, as his article, "How to Make a Revolution," in the May issue abundantly showed.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

By Ernest L. Meyer

A portrait of a remarkable man, great teacher, and eminent poet, by a friend and an admirer. All those interested in the progress of "belles lettres" in the United States will read the article with pleasure.

FRENCH OPPRESSION IN INDO-CHINA

By Thomas Steep

The French, even more so than the British, are brutal colonizers, and nowhere have they been more brutal than in Indo-China. They have robbed and plundered the country, and they have degraded the natives in every conceivable way. But, says Mr. Steep, who has traveled extensively throughout the land, a day of reckoning is bound to come, and perhaps very soon.

THIEVERIES OF THE REPUBLIC

By Various Authors

Beginning with this issue THE AMERICAN MERCURY will inaugurate a new series under the above heading. It will deal with the major thieveries in the Federal government. In the current issue Mrs. Esther Strachey opens the series with "Godfather to American Corruption," a general survey of the Grant era, when rugged individualism first saw the light of day and when Wall Street made its first big killing in the Federal Treasury. In July will appear the second article in the series. It will be "The Cr dit Mobilier Scandal," by Grayson L. Kirk. The scandal which Dr. Kirk describes was one of the most flagrant in all governmental history. That it did not more seriously jeopardize the national being is one of the mysteries of our annals.

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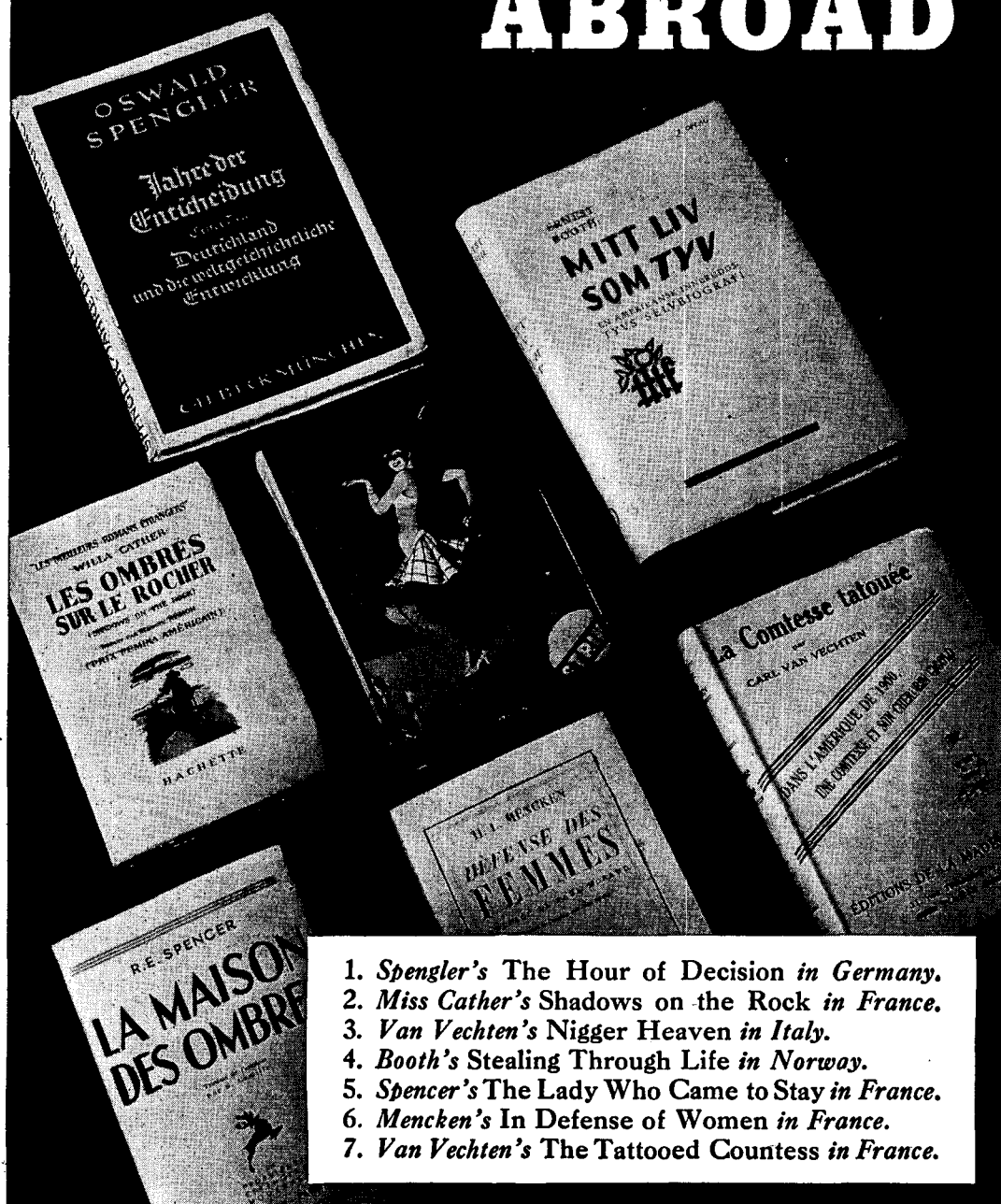
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June

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

BORZOI BOOKS ABROAD



1. *Spengler's The Hour of Decision in Germany.*
2. *Miss Cather's Shadows on the Rock in France.*
3. *Van Vechten's Nigger Heaven in Italy.*
4. *Booth's Stealing Through Life in Norway.*
5. *Spencer's The Lady Who Came to Stay in France.*
6. *Mencken's In Defense of Women in France.*
7. *Van Vechten's The Tattooed Countess in France.*

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*
Lawrence E. Spivak, *Business Manager*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

LITERATURE

ULYSSES.

By James Joyce. Random House
\$3.50 5 3/4 x 8 3/8; 768 pp. New York

A KEY TO THE ULYSSES OF JAMES JOYCE.

By Paul Jordan Smith. Covici, Friede
\$1 5 1/2 x 8 1/4; 89 pp. New York

The first legal American edition of Joyce's masterpiece is a very handsome book. It is prefaced by a letter from Joyce reciting the publishing history of the volume, a foreword by Morris L. Ernst, and the text of Judge Woolsey's admirable decision holding the volume not to be obscene. Mr. Smith's little book is sensible and genuinely helpful. After a general introduction, it presents a brief outline of Homer's "Ulysses", followed by an outline of the actual story of Joyce's "Ulysses" accompanied by page references to the text (unfortunately that of the Paris, 1922, and not of the present edition), then by an informal comparison, and finally by a general discussion of the language of the book, its psychological aims, its humor, and some of its other aspects. The discussion is critical and not merely solemn and reverent.

A HISTORY OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE:

By Laurie Magnus. W. W. Norton & Company
\$4 5 5/8 x 8 3/4; 318 pp. New York

The late Dr. Magnus intended the present book to be a companion to his "Dictionary of European Literature," first published in 1926. In the main, it is written along chronological lines, beginning with the Homeric legends and ending with John Galsworthy. "The book," says Dr. Magnus, "is a history, not an essay in criticism or taste." It is a remarkable job of compression, but one cannot help wondering whether it will be of use to anyone. Most lay readers will probably find it too confusing. Dr. Magnus covers most of the major writers, but he says too little about them to be illuminating. His idea of the function of literature will seem strange to many. He dedicates his book "to the cause of international union, of which literature is a handmaid." There is an index.

ON THE SHORE.

By Albert Halper. The Viking Press
\$2 5 1/4 x 7 3/4; 257 pp. New York

There are fifteen autobiographical essays here, slightly fictionized. Five of them—"A Herring for My Uncle," "My Aunt Daisy," "Winter Evening," "The Feud in the Rotunda," and "My Brothers Who Are Honest Men"—were first published in THE

AMERICAN MERCURY. The book as a whole is far more satisfactory than the same author's "Union Square," a novel which was far better in intention than in execution. Mr. Halper still has artistic asthma, and is at his best in his short pieces. "My Aunt Daisy" and "My Brothers Who Are Honest Men" are perhaps the best things he has done to date. He has a limited but very fine talent, and he bears re-reading even at this early stage of his career.

BIOGRAPHY

IGNACE PADEREWSKI. Musician and Statesman.

By Rom Landau. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
\$3 5 3/4 x 8 3/8; 314 pp. New York

Paderewski is now seventy-four years old. Naturally, he is no more the pianist he used to be, though at his last New York appearance he showed a musicianship that should be the envy of such present-day celebrities as Horowitz and Iturbi. He belonged to the romantic school of performers, and was full of preposterous temperament. Then there was his almost mythical hair, which his second wife, recently deceased, would make up every morning and night, "even when they did not share the same bed-room." In addition to being a pianist, Paderewski has also been a composer and statesman. For a time he was premier of Poland. The only thing that can be said in favor of his compositions is that they are more interesting than his attempts at statecraft. Mr. Landau tells the story of his hero with a considerable show of silly adoration. His book would have been better if cut by half. There are some illustrations, a brief bibliography, and an index.

CHARLES THE FIRST: KING OF ENGLAND.

By Hilaire Belloc. The J. B. Lippincott Company
\$4 6 3/8 x 9 3/8; 376 pp. Philadelphia

Mr. Belloc says: "In most places and in most times men have agreed to be governed by Kings, having found in such government something consonant to their nature. . . . Today all Christendom is hungry for monarchy." With this prejudice as his guide he writes the life of Charles Stuart, "the last ruling King of England, the last who governed as Kings had governed for untold years." He makes him out to be a strong man, mindful of the liberties of his people against the encroachments of Cromwell and his like. Mr. Belloc has no new facts to offer. His sole contribution is a bizarre piece of imagination, which would have made a fine article in T. S. Eliot's

Continued on page vi

A Narrative of Ideas **EXILE'S RETURN**



By MALCOLM COWLEY

"It is my purpose," Mr. Cowley writes, "to set down the story of *The Lost Generation* while its adventures are fresh in my mind. I want to tell how it earned its name (and tried to live up to it) and then how it ceased to be lost; how, in a sense, it found itself." Home town, Greenwich Village, Paris, Connecticut farm—each has played its part in moulding the generation of American writers that includes Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Cummings, and Cowley, who has here written its inner autobiography. \$3.00

The STORY of ENGLAND'S ARCHITECTURE



By THOMAS E.
TALLMADGE

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By H. A. OVERSTREET

Almost over night a new idea has come to us—that at last we are to have more time to live our lives as we please. We had grown work-wise. It is time now to grow leisure-wise. Here is the book that shows you how. \$2.00



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"Worth a ton of propaganda."—*Ernest Boyd.* \$2.50

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

MEDICINE

Criterion. There are some illustrations, and also an index.

MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD: *Further Years at Marbacka.*

By *Selma Lagerlöf.* Doubleday, Doran & Company
\$2.50 8 1/2 x 5 1/4; 290 pp. Garden City, L. I.

Miss Lagerlöf has here, as usual, given us a charming book. It is a book for shut-ins, for those to whom the variegated colors of winter and summer, the laughter and tears of children are denied. There is about it the naïve and wondering observation of childhood, the light and tenderly humorous questioning of a young heart and mind. There is little continuity to the book, and perhaps it loses thereby; but so much is granted of native description, such keen portrayal of native character, that this can be excused. The book begins with the return of the ten-year-old Selma from Stockholm, where she had been treated for her lameness, and carries forward with a series of outstanding memories to her fourteenth year, when her loved home was sold. Miss Lagerlöf has the rare faculty of writing about childhood as a child would write. There is no mature comment upon incident, no judgment and classification. Each successive event is equally important, each fear and love as strong. Throughout there is a nicely balanced picture, gay and enthusiastic, mellow or touched with tragedy. And always there is a quiet beauty. The translation is by Velma Swanston Howard.

BEN JONSON.

By *John Palmer.* The Viking Press
\$3.50 8 1/2 x 5 1/4; 330 pp. New York

A tremendous amount of research has gone into this biography, and for such Mr. Palmer must be congratulated. Unfortunately, however, painstaking research does not always make good reading, and is often likely to stiffen the style, as it has done in this book. Jonson would not have liked that, for he condemned severely all intricacy of craftsmanship. He poured forth an almost unbelievable amount of poetry, and "right hard he sweated therein." In 1617, at the age of forty-three he was granted by King James a pension of 100 marks, and dubbed the first Poet Laureate of England. In 1630 he petitioned King Charles to change the marks to pounds, which he was granted, and Charles added a tierce of Canary, knowing the poet's addiction to good wine. Jonson was almost forever in need of funds, and died quite penniless. He was buried at Tyburn, and Sir John Young, seeing a blank tombstone, gave eighteen pence to a mason to carve on the stone, "O Rare Ben Jonson." There is an index.

THE RENAISSANCE OF MEDICINE IN ITALY.

By *Arturo Castiglioni.* The Johns Hopkins Press
\$1.50 5 1/2 x 7 3/4; xiv + 91 pp. Baltimore

There are two sorts of books on the history of medicine: the one treats the subject as a part of the history of civilization and culture; the other, usually written by hacks—literary and medical—presents isolated episodes chosen specially for their sensationalism or sexual interest. Dr. Castiglioni's work, happily, is of the former variety, and he gives us in it as much an interpretation of the Italian Renaissance in its totality as of the development of medicine during that period. He pictures "a sequence of ideas rather than facts, . . . currents of thought rather than the lives of persons." The author is professor of the history of medicine at the University of Padua, and the subject of this volume is one to which he has probably contributed more by his researches than any other student. The book comprises the Hideyo Noguchi Lectures delivered at the Johns Hopkins University and is one of the few publications so far issued by the recently established Institute of the History of Medicine of that university. There is a charming introduction by Dr. Henry Sigerist.

DE VENARUM OSTIOLIS.

By *Hieronymus Fabricius.* Charles C. Thomas
\$3 6 1/2 x 9 3/4; 98 pp. Springfield, Ill.

Fabricius lived in the years 1533?-1619. He was professor of medicine in the University of Padua, and his influence upon medical history is beyond calculation. He was the founder of the science of comparative anatomy, and he made tremendous improvements in the fields of osteology, myology, and embryology. He was also eminent as a surgeon, and was one of the very first to formulate the principle that "the best surgeon is the one who cuts least, and with the greatest caution." Finally, and perhaps most important of all, he was the teacher of William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Harvey's basic ideas were contained in Fabricius's "De Venarum Ostioliis" ("On the Valves of Veins"), first published in Padua in 1603, and here translated for the first time into English by Dr. K. J. Franklin, tutor and lecturer in physiology at Oriel College, and university demonstrator of pharmacology, Oxford. There are also facsimile reproductions of the original plates, including the superb original drawings. Altogether, a book of the first importance to all students of medical history.



Check List of NEW BOOKS

HISTORY

FIFTY YEARS OF EUROPE. *A Study in Pre-War Documents.*

By J. A. Spender.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company
\$5 6¼ x 9¾; 436 pp. New York

This study, says Mr. Spender, "relies in the main on the great documents published by the principal governments during the last twelve years, and examines the aims and motives of statesmen in the light of the new material thus provided." The book can hardly be accepted as an impartial work of scholarship, for Mr. Spender's bias, to use his own words, "is frankly that of an Englishman, writing from an English point of view." Disregarding a mountain of evidence to the contrary, he thinks that Sir Edward Grey really worked for peace in the crucial days of July-August, 1914. As for the origins of the war, he says that "in the final forcing of the issue between the two Alliances in the year 1914, Germany and Austria, and Austria even more than Germany, played the principal parts." The English, of course, were simply grand. "They have no cause to be ashamed of the part they played in the past."

HANDBOOK OF REVOLUTIONS.

By Roger Shaw. *The Review of Reviews Corporation*
\$1 5¼ x 7¾; 175 pp. New York

Mr. Shaw traces the history of revolutions from the days of the gladiators down to the New Deal. In passing, he takes in about twenty other revolutions, including the Industrial Revolution, the American Revolution, the French Revolution, the two Russian Revolutions of 1917, the Fascist Revolution, and the recent Spanish Revolution. Mr. Shaw writes about them all as if he were addressing ten-year-olds, so perhaps the boys down in Wall Street will find his book useful. Occasionally he tries to be funny, and the result is this: "[The Bolshevik Revolution] had glorified the proletarian workman in somewhat the way that Florenz Ziegfeld had glorified the American girl." At other times he tries to be soothing: "It is safe to predict that the year 2000 will be a vast improvement over the not-so-bad year 1900." It's very encouraging to know that Mr. Shaw feels that way.

REFERENCE BOOKS

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES.
Vol. XI.

Edited by Edwin R. A. Seligman & Alvin Johnson.
The Macmillan Company

\$7.50 7½ x 10½; 639 pp. New York

The first volume of this valuable work was issued in January, 1930; the present volume, which em-

Continued on page viii

JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT

BY LOUIS-FERDINAND
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"An Odyssey of the under dog, hilariously bitter, darkly moving."—Jenny Ballou in *New York Herald Tribune* "Books."

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"The most disturbing and monstrous book that has come out of France since its last great author died in 1924 . . . A book of power and sincerity."—Paul Jordan-Smith in *Los Angeles Times*.

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LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vii

braces Mor-Par, is dated October, 1933. If that rate of production is kept up there will be sixteen or seventeen volumes in all, and the last will be ready by the middle of 1935. In the new volume the standards set in its predecessors are well maintained. The articles come from competent hands, they are well written and show an impartial spirit, and there is no laboring of showy irrelevancies. The matters principally dealt with are Motion Pictures, Music, the Negro Problem, and Political Parties. The last-named is undertaken by no less than twenty-one authors, but there is no conflict or overlapping, for the editing has been very carefully done. The article on the Negro Problem is the joint product of Abram L. Harris and Sterling D. Spero, and Music is discussed ably by Charles Seeger, Helen H. Roberts and Henry Cowell. There is a large number of the usually succinct and authoritative bibliographies.

ROADS TO KNOWLEDGE.

Edited by William Allan Neilson.

W. W. Norton & Company

\$3.75 5 1/2 x 8 1/2; 349 pp. *New York*

Twelve of the main fields of knowledge are here broadly surveyed by as many specialists. The subjects are the fine arts, biology, the classics, economics, history, modern languages, the study of literature, mathematics, music, philosophy, psychology, and sociology. Among the authors are Professors Rexford Guy Tugwell, Sidney B. Fay, Robert Morss Lovett, Archibald Henderson, Edward G. Spaulding, Knight Dunlap, and Howard W. Odum. One or two of the chapters are downright bad, but the rest, particularly those by Professors Odum, Fay, and Dunlap, are excellent. Brief but generally good bibliographies are appended to the various contributions. The editor, who is president of Smith College, supplies a four-page introduction.

TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

By Various Hands.

The Thomas S. Rockwell Company

\$7.50 5 1/2 x 8; 6 vols.; 127 + 128 + 112 + 128 + 128 + 127 pp. *Chicago*

The six volumes in this set, which is apparently to be extended later on, are "The Living Past", by James Westfall Thompson; "Ferns, Fossils and Fuels," by Adolf Carl Noé; "Marriage and Family Life Among Strange Peoples," by Louise Marie Spaeth; "Harper and Bard," by Tom Peete Cross; "Preface to Fiction", by Robert Morss Lovett, and "The Challenge of Modern Criticism", by Percy Holmes Boynton.

Five of the six authors are connected with the University of Chicago. The little books are somewhat sketchy, but within their limits they set forth the facts they deal with in a simple and effective manner. Four of them are confined to exposition, but in his "Preface to Fiction" Mr. Lovett presents a critical consideration of six modern novels, and in his "Challenge of Modern Criticism" Mr. Boynton undertakes to defend the ideas of Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More, and the other so-called Humanists. Only two of the volumes have book-lists, and none has an index. The printing and binding are not very attractive.

AMERICAN LITERATURE. *A Period Anthology.*

Edited by Oscar Cargill. The Macmillan Company

5 1/2 x 7 3/4; 5 vols.; 758 + 744 + 805 + 649 + 506 pp.

\$6.50

New York

The first author represented in this anthology is Christopher Columbus and the last is Glenway Wescott. It is the most hospitable and exhaustive thing of its sort so far issued, and it will be useful not only to the college student to whom it seems to be principally addressed, but also to the general reader. The editors show little prejudice, and their selections are as catholic as their brief introductions are fair. The first volume, "The Roots of National Culture: To 1830", is edited by Robert E. Spiller of Swarthmore; the second, "The Romantic Triumph: 1830-60", by Tremaine McDowell of the University of Minnesota; the third, "The Rise of Realism: 1860-88", by Louis Wann of the University of Southern California; the fourth, "The Social Revolt: 1888-1914", by Oscar Cargill of New York University, and the fifth, "Contemporary Trends: Since 1914", by John Herbert Nelson of the University of Kansas. The volumes are clearly printed in double columns, with the lines numbered. At the end of each there is a series of notes upon the authors who appear in it, followed by an index.

FICTION

CITY HARVEST.

By Margaret Cheney Dawson.

The Macmillan Company

\$2.00 5 1/4 x 7 1/4; 213 pp. *New York*

In "City Harvest" sophisticated New Yorkers celebrate New Year's eve by a series of marital infidelities. Behind the disguise of a light and brittle style, Mrs. Dawson manages to convey the impression that the society which she writes about is thoroughly despicable and bewildered. The novel is a brilliant *tour-de-force*.



Check List of NEW BOOKS

THE HAWK AND THE TREE.

By Patrick Carleton. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$2.50 6 1/2 x 8 1/2; 357 pp. New York

Robustness in the writing, and vitality of observation, characterize this story of a young English intellectual, who quits schoolmastering and goes on a literal and figurative pilgrimage through England, in search of a new way of living. Ideologically the book is weak, in that Bill Harfoot, at odds with his century, finds a purely individual salvation in pub-houses, circuses, and the prize-ring. Nevertheless it is brilliantly written, and informed with a considerable intellectual passion—a significant contribution from that generation of intellectuals now in their thirties.

PARCHED EARTH.

By Arnold B. Armstrong. The Macmillan Company
\$2.50 5 3/4 x 8; 430 pp. New York

Exploitation of the workers in a fruit-growing district of Southern California forms the central theme of this novel, with which a number of other themes are cleverly interwoven: the decline of the old Spanish families in the Southwest; the passing of the pioneer stock; the replacing of hand labor by machines in the cannery factories; the subservience of the small businessman to the invading capitalist. The style is without distinction, but the story is crowded with melodramatic incidents, and gives an interesting picture of industrial conditions in one section of the country.

TIGER BAYOU.

By Nevil Henshaw. Alfred H. King
\$2.50 5 x 7 1/2; 278 pp. New York

In the small Louisiana town of Bayou Tigre lives a man named Gar, a physical wreck through an accident, who revenges himself upon every living thing within his reach. With a strange weapon that he calls "little brother" he kills a kitten, bees, and flies, but this does not satisfy him. He plans to marry his lovely ward Titine to Boulé, an idiot, who also lives with him. She is rescued by Joe Pascal, who tells the tale, and so the horror is somewhat relieved at the end, but without destroying the sinister atmosphere which Mr. Henshaw very convincingly evokes throughout.

MISCELLANEOUS

TWENTIETH CENTURY MUSIC.

By Marion Bauer. G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$3 5 1/2 x 8 1/2; 339 pp. New York

Miss Bauer, who is associate professor of music at New York University, here attempts "to guide the rapidly growing army of listeners in concert halls

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X



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Continued from page ix

and over the air through some of the paths along which the music of the Twentieth Century is traveling." She discusses in detail the work of all the important modern composers of Europe and America, quoting heavily from their compositions. She has a good word for nearly all of them: Strauss, Ravel, de Falla, Stravinsky, Carpenter, Bax, Sessions, Griffes, and Gruenberg. Her criticism frequently reminds one of the criticism of the late H. E. Krehbiel. She thinks that Borodin's "lovely songs are sensitive and refined," and she is inclined to the opinion that Charles T. Griffes's "works tell of a great promise broken by his untimely 'Rendezvous with Death.'" Her book, however, is not wholly useless, for it contains some valuable and generally accurate historical, biographical, and musicological material. A bibliography and an index are appended.

PASTURES & Other Poems.

By Lizette Woodworth Reese. Farrar & Rinehart
\$1.50 5 3/4 x 8 1/2; 62 pp. New York

Miss Reese was born in 1856 and her first book was published in 1887. She belongs, by literary chronology, not to the last generation, but to the generation before the last. But not many of her younger contemporaries are doing better work today. Within their somewhat narrow range her lyrics show a large variety, and are marked by charming fancy and exquisite music. Her preference is always for the simplest vocabulary; there is scarcely a trace of Latin polysyllables in her verses. How adroitly and effectively she can handle that vocabulary is made manifest by her sonnet, "Tears", the most familiar of all her poems and an apparently permanent ornament of the more intelligent anthologies. In this new volume there is no sign of falling off. Its contents are simple enough, but they are never trite, and sometimes achieve a high and haunting beauty.

THE OFFICIAL MIXER'S MANUAL.

By Patrick Gavin Duffy.

Ray Long & Richard R. Smith
\$3 5 x 8; 299 pp. New York

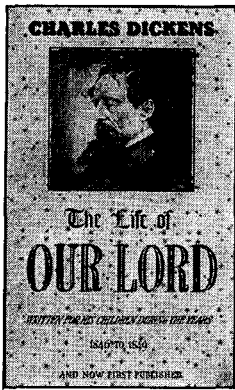
Mr. Duffy, in the days before Prohibition, was bartender at the old Ashland House, and had many eminent boozers among his clients. He presents his formulae on loose leaves, and others may be added by the amateur as the art of the mixologist advances. There are more than 400 for gin cocktails alone, and hundreds of others on whiskey, brandy, champagne, absinthe and liqueur bases. Following

Continued on page xii

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come recipes for highballs, juleps, slings, rickeys, fizzes, flips, shrubs, coolers, toddies, smashes, noggs and other favorite drinks. Mr. Duffy is humane enough to put a warning mark on the formulae of those cocktails that he considers dangerous to the faculties. There is a brief and quite useful appendix on wines by Raymond Orteig, of the Lafayette Hotel, New York, and a note on the drawing of beer, borrowed from the Anheuser-Busch research laboratories.

THE EDUCATION OF SHAKESPEARE.

By George A. Plimpton.

The Oxford University Press
\$2 5½ x 8¼; 140 pp. New York

It is commonly accepted that Shakespeare was born in 1564 and died in 1616. Not much more is really known about his personal life, least of all about his childhood and youth. Precisely how and where he got his formal education, if any, will probably forever remain a mystery. Mr. Plimpton's study helps to make the mystery a bit less enigmatic, and that is something. It "purposes to outline the education usual in those days, as described in the books written for teachers, showing what should be taught, and how it should be taught, and secondly to describe and quote from some of the text-books in use during Shakespeare's schooldays." The quotations are very interesting, and Mr. Plimpton's explanatory notes throughout will be useful to students of the literary trade. There are many excellent illustrations.

THE BOOK COLLECTOR'S VADE MECUM.

By Andrew Block.

15s. 5½ x 8½; 366 pp. London

What Mr. Block has to say about old books is mainly elemental, and so his treatise will be of more value to the novice than to the collector of experience. He has chapters, *inter alia*, on incunabula, on early history books, on sporting and travel books, on Shakespeariana, on theology, on newspapers and journals, on bindings, on typography old and new, and on modern first editions. He is interested chiefly in English books, but there is also a chapter on American first editions. It is somewhat sketchy. In appendices are accounts of some of the principal English booksellers and binders of today. Mr. Block gives some interesting examples of the fluctuations in the prices asked for modern firsts. Thus, Joseph Conrad's "Almayer's Folly," which brought £10 15s. in 1921, rose to £28 in 1929, and then dropped to £8 last year.

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The American MERCURY

June 1934

THE MINERS FIGHT THEIR LEADERS

BY TOM TIPPETT

THE world has moved onward since a Fourteenth Century parliament outlawed the burning of coal in England as a public nuisance, and since Adam Smith's remark, four centuries later, that "coals are a less agreeable form of fuel than wood." Coal is no longer merely fuel. It is industrial energy. From coal comes the power upon which modern civilization has developed and without which it cannot endure.

When coal, therefore, came before the National Recovery Administration it brought with it a multitude of problems tremendously significant to all the people who make up America. One of these problems, most important to the thousands of mining families, centers around the question of unionism and how that subject will be finally interpreted by the N.R.A.

In the coal industry the union issue is not limited to a struggle between company unions and bona fide labor organizations; there is a much more important and much more bitter fight raging between a dual unionism attempting to win independence from both the coal operators and the United Mine Workers of

America, one of the most celebrated American unions, now nearly forty-five years old. The U.M.W.A. is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor; its president is John L. Lewis, who, since the advent of the N.R.A., has received conspicuous recognition at Washington.

The dual organizations now challenging the jurisdiction of the Lewis union are not the traditional revolutionary groups such as the I. W. W. and the Communists, who have in the past attempted, without much success, to get a foothold in the coal industry. The newer organizations call themselves progressive groups and are attempting merely to reorganize the miners into unions almost identical with the structural and philosophical patterns of the old U.M.W.A. union minus the leadership and the policies of Lewis. The opposition is not so much against a union as it is against a leadership, a leadership which cannot be changed or controlled within the democracy of the organization itself. The members of the new unions recently belonged to the old organization, and among them are many miners who helped found and build the original U.M.W.A. They are not new

recruits to collective bargaining, hoodwinked or forced by the boss into joining a company union; they are experienced and well seasoned union men now feeling the brunt of the most terrific battle in their long history for industrial freedom. I do not mean to say that the issue of the company union is non-existent in the coal industry, but it is of far less importance than in the automobile and steel industries. In the coal fields there is a revolution in progress, a revolt against one man and his policies. That man is John L. Lewis. The miners opposing him are fighting against heavy odds, which have been magnified many times since the N.R.A. came upon the scene.

Mr. Lewis is a key man in the administration of the N.R.A., he is a big shot in the A. F. of L., he has power and influence behind the doors, where it counts. In the field he has the N.R.A. and the Regional and National Labor Boards consistently on his side. He has, too, the full weight of the important coal operators, and in practically all the fields where the fight is hot he has in addition the co-operation of the county and State, civil and military authorities.

Because of this overloading of the scales, Mr. Lewis may put down the rebellions. These independent unions, like so many others of past history, may finally be wiped out, but if that takes place it will not mean peace for coal. In the end, the miners will have to be given the right to select representatives of their own choosing, or the coal fields will continue to seethe with discontent and periodic rebellion, just as they have ever since Mr. Lewis took his office fifteen years ago.

The N.R.A. was supposed to eliminate strife on the union issue in the New Deal by reason of the famous Section 7-A clause in the act, which was intended to give

all workers the right to organize unions with representatives of their own choosing. This clause was obviously planned to operate against the company union, but neither President Roosevelt, General Johnson, nor Secretary of Labor Perkins, could persuade the big industrialists to grant the right to organize unions to their employes. So the N.R.A. backed away from the issue, contradicted itself, and got so bawled up that no one could tell what the words "representatives of their own choice" meant. And while the N.R.A. and the rest of the country were trying to define those simple words, the bosses, in direct violation of Section 7-A, launched a campaign to set up company unions which succeeded far beyond the organizing activity of the regular unions.

II

There was no such confusion on the part of the N.R.A. when it faced the inter-union controversy in coal. The N.R.A. and the Regional and National Labor Boards, in cases where the dual and Lewis unions were challenging each other in important territory, decided that the rank and file miners do not have a right to vote at all, and that, in order to retain their employment in the industry, they must hold membership in the United Mine Workers, permit the coal operators to deduct from their wages, and turn over to Mr. Lewis's organization all dues and assessments imposed by it. It is this attitude on the part of the N.R.A. that has won for it the term Fascist in the coal zone; it is this attitude which has set thousands and thousands of miners and their families against the N.R.A., because they believe that it is jamming down their throats a union in which they have lost faith and a union leader-

ship which they believe to be corrupt. The storm center in the union controversy is John L. Lewis.

Lewis rose in the national labor world through appointments and not through workers' elections. Mr. Gompers gave him his start as an appointed organizer of the American Federation of Labor, and from there he was appointed to serve his own miners' union. First he served as a statistician for the union, then he was put on the staff of the official journal. After that he was made vice-president, and eventually, through the resignation of its elected head, he became president of the union. He took over that office in 1919. Once in control of many large voting districts within the union, which depended on him for financial support, he retained the presidency in spite of the opposition of the self-sustaining districts. Mr. Lewis did not have to climb upward in the labor movement by catering to the rank and file for votes, and he never did cultivate the affections of the general membership. He has always relied upon a union political machine of absolute ruthlessness which he maintained by the appointive power of his office and by the large amount of union funds at his disposal.

He is cunning and smart, and he pretends to a wide culture, by tossing around big words, which the ordinary miners do not understand. He taught himself the art of public speaking and he does not run to simplicity of expression. He always employs hifalutin language deliberately to impress his own superiority over his audience. Once in a convention speech, while attacking an opposing officer, Lewis referred to the man sarcastically as a "publican." It turned out later that the accused was alleged to have run a saloon once, but the miners missed the point, thinking that Lewis had referred

disparagingly to the Republican Party, and since he himself supported that political philosophy, they were merely confused. But as the point got cleared up it became plain that Mr. Lewis was a very highly educated man.

Similarly his erudition was advertised in a famous debate over a notorious struggle between Lewis and the Kansas district union. All through the organization the issue was known and debated as the Kansas "Fight," "Struggle," or "Case." At a convention, after a week of terrific debate on the subject, Mr. Lewis finally took the floor. He referred to the Kansas "Embroglio," and employed that term throughout the speech. No one in the hall, save some of the newspaper men, had ever heard the word before. As a result, the post-adjournment discussion (the most important discussion) of the subject was as much on Mr. Lewis as a man of letters, as it was on the Kansas question.

Obviously he is a good showman, and knows his business. He does not get drunk; he does not gamble; his name is never associated with women. He keeps awake and does not walk into the scandals which have ruined many of his colleagues. He has a conspicuous head, a shock of thick dark hair and shaggy eyebrows. Most photographs of him strikingly portray his personality—a cold, hard man, with jaws set, determined to have his own way. Lewis never smiles in public. He employs an excellent publicity man, under the guise of editor of his official journal, who feeds the press boys with copy and photographs so effectively that Mr. Lewis is perhaps the most publicized labor leader in the country.

Mr. Lewis, according to the union constitution, legitimately appoints his staff of organizers and directs all their activities. Their jobs depend wholly upon his

personal attitude. He has usurped the right to revoke district union charters and set up what he calls provisional organizations, the officers of which are appointed by himself, to take the place of men elected by the rank and file. His district unions in the soft coal fields are now and have been for years officered by men appointed by him, and are in no way responsible to the wishes of the miners. Mr. Lewis also has wide powers over the finances of the union. His voice determines where and for what purpose large sums of union money shall be spent. His own salary is \$12,000 a year. In addition, he enjoys an almost unlimited living and incidental expenses account. There isn't an organization, alleged to be democratic, anywhere in the world more completely under the control of one man than is the United Mine Workers.

III

The union which Mr. Lewis took over had an enviable record. Perhaps no other in the world had been able to accomplish so much for its members. The central competitive field—Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Indiana—was solidly unionized. Colorado and West Virginia had strong unions. Everywhere that coal was mined the U.M.W.A. had either organized the field completely, or was constantly attempting to unionize it. As a result of more than forty years' work, 500,000 miners were members of its thousands of local unions, organized at the mines and functioning through district and sub-district organizations. When Mr. Lewis took charge the union was at its greatest strength, having jurisdiction over three fifths of the national tonnage. It formed the backbone of the American Federation of Labor.

The union had been founded and built up on democratic principles. Its form was patterned after the political structure of the United States government, with a national body deriving its power from autonomous districts and sub-district divisions below, all created and maintained by a referendum vote of the local union membership. The basic laws of the union were legislated at annual conventions governed by such rules and regulations as would keep control in the hands of the rank and file miners. For every hundred of them in the union, a delegate was seated in the annual conventions, with power to speak and vote. It was an industrial union from the beginning. Every man who worked in or around the mine, whether he was an engineer, electrician, teamster, carpenter or of any other trade, was considered a mine worker and organized under a single union, which did all business for these various occupations in one contract with the mine owner. Thus the craft union issue, which has plagued other industries organized by the American Federation of Labor all through its history, and which is particularly acute under the N.R.A., was avoided in the coal industry by the intelligence of those early men who founded the miners' organization.

This democracy in the union was what miners talked about, pointed to with pride, held up to their sons, and sang of in their marches to face death on the picket lines. And it was not a sentimental illusion. In the growing years of the miners' union it was a real thing. Free speech was guarded and upheld in the early days of the U.M.W.A. The old constitution of the union reflected the radical ideals of its founders, and miners, as a whole, were always proud of their militancy and lofty ambitions.

It must be understood that the miners' union, because of the isolation of the industry, was able to perform a service to the miners quite apart from the function of ordinary labor organizations. In order to establish it, the miners had to break the system of serfdom imposed upon them by the company-owned camp, typical of coal. Not only did the union attack questions of wages and working conditions, but it also freed the miners' families from company money, company doctors, company schools, company churches, company regulations of all life in the camp as well as in the mine itself.

There are thousands of halls in the coal zone where formerly miners met regularly two or more times a month, to discuss and find ways to improve life in all its aspects. The union hall was their school, the only one many of them ever knew. There they learned about local problems, and in the correspondence of their union, some of it with foreign countries, they got a glimpse of national and international questions as well.

The full force of all the collective decisions went always in a humanitarian direction. The sick and aged in a coal camp were wards of the local union. Old miners, crushed in the pits, armless, sightless, and sometimes legless somehow got around the coal zone poignantly to present their broken bodies to the pity and charity of their fellow mine workers. They were never turned away. When death came to the coal camp, as it does more frequently than elsewhere, the union stepped in to do all those services which at such a time, in other communities, are usually performed by the church or a lodge. Funerals are not yet out of style in the working class, and a miners' union funeral is both impressive and of value in a place where pageantry and beauty are so scarce.

Even sports were organized around the union, one local ball-team opposing another in friendly competition. There were scores of bands and other musical groups organized and financed by the local, and not a few of them conducted public concerts in the bleakness of the coal camp. The local union was the central spring from which a whole culture flowed into the life of the community. This was not so because of any thought-out plan; it grew by tradition, because the union was the only living organization interested in the people of the mines. The union charter, hanging always in the halls, became a hallowed document, more sacred than the constitution of the United States, because so many different beneficial things sprang out of it.

When Mr. Lewis became its president, the miners' union began to change, and it continued to do so progressively under his régime until at the dawn of the N.R.A. there was practically no union left. It is true that Lewis was heading the union in the post-war deflation period, during the open shop campaign, and that a man who made no mistakes at all might have lost a considerable portion of his organization. All the enemies of trade unionism were attacking it. But the coal industry functioned after the war, and the union not only lost its wartime gains, but it lost practically the whole bituminous field excepting Illinois, and the Illinois district too was torn to pieces with an internal union struggle that left it practically helpless before the coal operators.

No sooner was Mr. Lewis in office than there developed between him and the district organizations struggles which tore the districts asunder and demoralized the membership. In each of these controversies Lewis won. He deposed one set of elected officials after another, and set up

for the first time in the history of the union, what he called "provisional" organizations with officers appointed by himself, who ran the union without the assistance of the referendum vote. As this policy progressed, the whole union was upset and many of its convention sessions were the scene of wild disorder.

A relentless war was waged by Lewis on all radicals. All the known Communists were expelled and a great many others who opposed the Lewis policy were put out, falsely accused of Communism. Free speech was withdrawn, and the union machinery began to weaken, as the organization lost the loyalty of thousands of its antagonized membership.

In the national elections many candidates stood in opposition to Lewis, but in those elections, as I have said, the national administration had financial and appointive control of all the disrupted and non-self-sustaining districts. Those districts voted regularly, almost to a man, for Mr. Lewis and his slate. The defeated parties were quick to circulate corruption stories, which added to the declining morale. The coal operators, naturally, kept up a ceaseless war on the organization until the bituminous coal field, with the exception of Illinois, was, for practical purposes, non-union.

The Illinois union was weakened and was compelled, by the encroaching non-union fields, to make wide concessions to the coal operators, but it remained in the field and all the coal mined there was dug by union men.

IV

Mr. Lewis always had trouble in Illinois. The official family of the district, headed by Frank Farrington, was always at odds with him and constantly threw its weight

on the side of other districts with which Lewis was at war.

Farrington was the one district president Mr. Lewis could not influence, control or defeat. He was well entrenched in Illinois before Lewis became head of the national union, and although Lewis held his union membership in an Illinois local he was always extremely unpopular in that State. As Lewis managed to get control of the entire union, Farrington and he faced each other in a final battle for leadership in Illinois. In the end, Lewis won, but not without the assistance of the coal operators and a scandal which rocked the national and international labor movement. During the years of constant warfare, in which the two men kept up a public attack on each other in their official press, in newspapers, and in union councils, Farrington held his ground and kept Lewis out of Illinois. The battle eventually died down and the two leaders made a gesture of peace in order "to save the union."

During the truce, Farrington was sent to Europe as a representative of the American Federation of Labor. The day before he left America he secretly signed an agreement with the Peabody Coal Company, a large producer in Illinois and elsewhere, to resign from the miners' union at the end of the year and take up an unnamed occupation for the Peabody interests. It was a three year contract paying Farrington \$75,000. The Peabody Coal Company was a part of the Insull interests.

Before Farrington was a day at sea Lewis had summoned the Illinois union officials to his Indianapolis office and exposed, with the original documents, the Peabody-Farrington secret contract.

When the Illinois officials asked Mr. Lewis how he came by this contract, he

said, "It is enough I have it." And from that day to this no further explanation of the transaction has been made by him.

With the details omitted, the story was given to the press as a Farrington "sell-out," and he radiographed from the ship his resignation from the miners' union in Illinois.

Farrington was permitted to tell his side of the story at a convention called later to get rid of Lewis. He said that Jack Peabody refused to tell him why his coal company had double-crossed him to Lewis, and that, although he remained on the Peabody payroll, for the contractual three years, and received the \$75,000, he never once turned his hand to earn the money.

The fanfare against Farrington was staged so as to obscure the rôle of the Peabody Coal Company and Mr. Lewis in the plot, but it did not succeed in Illinois. There Lewis was held to have joined with the operator in a despicable double-crossing scheme to remove Farrington from Lewis's path for which the coal operator would receive concessions from the union. The scandal greatly demoralized the Illinois district and intensified the struggle against Lewis.

A civil court injunction was obtained restraining him from interfering in any way with the Illinois field. One attempt after another was made there to organize within the union a movement to oust Lewis. All the attempts failed, but they set in motion a continuing process which finally crystallized in the formation of a dual union with national ambitions. This union is now contending before the N.R.A. for jurisdiction in the Illinois district. Other dual unions were formed in West Virginia, Ohio, and elsewhere, all leading to a national organization completely free from Lewis's grip.

A year before the N.R.A., a crisis in Illinois set the stage for the present situation there, and laid before the N.R.A. an ominous question which cannot be regarded as a current irritating proposition easily to be set aside. The N.R.A. will have to go back a year to get at the cause and effect aspect of the situation.

The Illinois union negotiated a wage agreement in July, 1932, after having stopped work the preceding April 1. This contract reduced the wage scale a dollar a day, bringing it down to \$5 a day. The elected representatives of the men recommended its acceptance by the traditional referendum vote. The miners turned the proposal down by a vote of 25,239 to 10,084. The coal operators, including the Peabody Company, then insisted that Mr. Lewis, still kept out of the State by the injunction, be brought into the negotiation. The district officials capitulated and Mr. Lewis came in, and after an intensive campaign again submitted the same agreement to a referendum. While the official tally sheets, kept in duplicate form by the local unions, were being officially tabulated in the district office, they were said to have been stolen by persons unknown.

Although the duplicate record of each local union's vote could have been collected within a day's time and counted again, Mr. Lewis chose not to do this. Instead, he declared an "emergency existing," and he assembled the operators and signed, in the name of the United Mine Workers, the agreement upon which the vote had been taken. He accomplished this amazing result before sunset on the day that the votes were alleged to have been stolen. That is the contract under which members of the U.M.W.A. are supposed to be at work now. It has never been submitted to the miners.

It was the circumstances surrounding that contract which threw the Illinois coal field into a seething marching mass of angry men and women, and eventually formed the Progressive Miners of America at Gillespie, Illinois, in September, 1932.

V

Ever since that contract was signed by Mr. Lewis, there has been war in Illinois. More than a dozen people have been killed, most of them supporters of the new union, one of them a woman fighting in its cause. The State has been overrun with militia, guerrilla warfare has been rampant, and the solidarity of the field has been destroyed, as the Lewis faction struggles desperately to block the progress of the Progressive Miners of America.

The new union, however, entrenched itself by quickly signing contracts with some small operators. Its membership grew in leaps and bounds until it claimed a majority of the men in the field.

The Peabody Company, the largest producer there, has fought loyally on the side of the Lewis union, as have other large operator groups. They say, "We have a contract with the U.M.W.A. and we must respect it."

Governor Horner came into office at the height of this struggle. He walked the tight rope as best he could and in each emergency decided in favor of the U.M.W.A. Free speech and assembly were withdrawn in the counties controlled by the large coal operators. Sheriffs and their enlarged staff of deputies swaggered about with club and gun to break up meetings, to beat and jail those who defended the new union's cause.

At a conference in January of last year

the new union offered Governor Horner an opportunity of settling the Illinois controversy by submitting the question of union affiliation to the miners for a vote. Mr. Lewis refused to accept the proposition, and Governor Horner did not, therefore, recommend it. Since that date the new union has proposed the same method of settlement at every opportunity. In October when Donald Richberg was in Illinois attempting to adjust the trouble as an N.R.A. representative, the new union again proposed that the miners be given a chance by referendum to decide the question of a "union of their own choosing," as the N.R.A. puts it. Mr. Richberg ignored the vote proposition, and he too recommended the carrying out of existing contracts, as a means of peace in that field. Mr. Lewis immediately said of the Richberg decision, "To this we agree. It is the contention we have held from the first."

But the Richberg decision has not settled the question. Of it the president of the new union said, "This leaves things just as they were before."

Mr. Lewis's opposition to the new union is plain. Before the N.R.A. it was challenging his whole professional life, but why others object is not so clear. The contract the new union signed with the small operators is practically identical with the agreement so vehemently turned down under the old union's banner. When Lewis tried to force a wage cut on them the miners revolted and then under their own referendum, honestly carried out, they calmly voted to accept it. Thus is indicated one important difference between democracy and dictatorship.

Lewis with his own kind of sharp wisdom was smart enough to take advantage of the situation the N.R.A. presented. He got into the news, and into the N.R.A.

His organizers began to beat their drums all over the coal zone—a place where they had been conspicuously absent for years, and while the independent unions were kept busy attending to local wars, Lewis told Washington he had reorganized the miners in the coal industry.

When the coal code hearing was held Lewis was on the platform, a power in the N.R.A. itself. From that vantage point he could play his cards well. He could and did interrupt the independent union representatives as they testified, when their remarks approached an attack on his union or on himself. The deputy administrator in charge of the hearing, out of deference to Mr. Lewis's objection to statements being made by a man from Illinois opposed to Lewis, prevented the witness from continuing his remarks until he agreed to delete all reference to Lewis and the union controversy—the subject about which the man had come to testify.

The code hearing was hardly over before Lewis signed a union contract with practically all the important operators' groups in the country. This contract was negotiated in the name of most of the miners in America and with such dispatch that a good many for whom it was signed had never heard of it. The contract was hailed across the country as an achievement that had brought peace at last to the long suffering coal industry. Events since the code indicate that just the contrary is true. The code has only intensified the struggle in coal.

It may be true that the attempts to establish independent unions will not alter the situation so far as it concerns the coal digger in the pits. All these unions may turn out to be no different from the United Mine Workers. But that isn't the point; the point is that the miners have a right to establish unions to pro-

tect themselves from the merciless exploitation of the coal operators. That right they themselves have earned by keeping up a continuous struggle for it during the last fifty or sixty years.

The miners have a right also to build a union and lose faith in it. They have a right to believe their own leaders have become corrupt and are no longer worthy of leading them, and they have a right to set up new unions with new leaders. That is the issue in the coal industry now, and if miners aren't permitted to have that question settled by an honest referendum vote it will be settled by force. In that case the N.R.A. and Mr. Lewis will win. The cards are stacked against the independents. If a vote were taken fairly, the N.R.A. and Lewis might lose.

In the whole coal situation there is a larger question involved than that justice be given to conflicting unions. This question has to do with the rôle miners eventually will play in the reconstruction of American civilization. The industry in which they live presents a classic example of the results of privately owned competitive industry. There are too many ominous signs around us to suppose that the human race will permit its destiny to be thwarted and perverted because a few of its members are alleged to own the means by which the others live. The world is rapidly going through a change. The future belongs to labor.

The miners in their long struggle for life in coal have already made significant contributions to progress. For the past decade obstacles have been erected in their path. As a result, their ranks were broken and chaos reigned. Now these ranks are forming once more, but even as their battalions assemble they pause to remove a leadership in which they have lost faith. But the miners are marching again.

TAXATION IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND

BY HAROLD M. GROVES

BOTH Great Britain and the United States have developed taxation machines of great productiveness and power. Both machines were driven at terrific speed and subjected to unprecedented loads during the World War, but both bore the test remarkably well.

But now the United States Federal government and most of the States and their subdivisions are confronted with another financial crisis in many ways more serious than the one we went through in 1917-1918. Can we provide the revenue to meet the new social obligations which have been thrust upon us by the depression and avoid run-away inflation in the process? Can we find the ways and means of raising money which will help us out of the depression instead of pushing us further back into the mire? Can we maintain a standard of educational and other services which our people have come to regard as prerequisite to civilized living? Is it true as alleged that there are large gaps in our tax system which result in heavy losses of public revenue and which enable wealthy taxpayers to escape most of the taxes they should pay? If so, how can the gaps be filled?

Although the Fathers of the colonial period felt that the taxes imposed upon them by Great Britain were humiliating and unjust, their descendants have not hesitated to borrow taxation techniques and ideas from the British. Our income tax and estates tax and excess-profits tax have

all been copied more or less from British models. It seems helpful, therefore, to re-examine the British tax system in search of at least a clue to the way out of our present difficulties.

It is a well-known fact that Great Britain holds the record among the nations in the proportion of its revenue that it raises from its net income tax and inheritance taxes. In 1930-31, Great Britain raised nearly 47% of its national and local tax revenues from the income and death duties, and about 19% from taxes similar to our property tax. In 1931 we raised 53.5% of all our local, State, and national revenue from property taxes, and about 23.6% from income, inheritance and estates taxes. Both countries have important special sales or excise taxes (such as the tax on cigarettes), but Great Britain has no general sales tax. In this country the general sales tax has been making rapid progress among the States, and more than a third of them now have it.

II

The very remarkable degree to which Great Britain has been able to rely upon direct taxes, and particularly upon income and inheritance taxes, is explained by the fact that she cultivates these tax fields both more intensively and extensively than we do.

The decided difference in intensity of the income and inheritance taxes in the

two democracies can be seen at a glance in the following two tables:

COMPARISON OF INCOME TAXES

(Married person, no dependents, all income from salary.)

<i>Net Income</i>	<i>Percent of tax to net income</i>	
	United States	Great Britain
\$ 1,000	0	0.88
2,000	0	5.57
3,000	0.07	10.38
5,000	2.0	14.22
7,500	3.4	16.29
10,000	4.8	18.62
15,000	6.8	22.95
25,000	10.08	29.47
50,000	17.20	39.30
100,000	30.1	48.10
500,000	52.72	61.58
1,000,000	57.11	63.91

COMPARISON OF DEATH TAXES

(Entire estate to widow.)

<i>Net estate before exemption</i>	<i>Percent of tax to net estate</i>	
	United States	Great Britain
\$ 1,000	0	1
5,000	0	3
10,000	0	3
15,000	0	3
25,000	0	4
50,000	0	5
100,000	1.5	9
150,000	3.33	12
200,000	4.75	14
300,000	6.50	17
400,000	7.62	19
500,000	8.50	21
600,000	9.25	23
800,000	10.56	25
1,000,000	11.75	27
2,000,000	15.77	33
3,000,000	18.45	37
5,000,000	22.99	41
10,000,000	30.94	51

Conversion unit: £1 equals \$4.86

The tables somewhat exaggerate the difference between the British and American

rates. Many States in this country impose income and estates taxes in addition to the Federal taxes shown in the table, but the Federal government permits a credit against the Federal estates tax for a large part of the inheritance taxes paid to the States; that is, it permits a taxpayer to pay Federal taxes with State tax receipts.

About thirty States have income tax laws, with top rates ranging from 3 to 15%. In only three States is the top rate more than 6%.

The preceding tables reveal one very important difference between the British and American tax systems. The British tax, as I have said, is not only more intensive than ours but also more extensive. We use the income and estates tax primarily as a tax upon the rich. This practice has been defended on the grounds that we have a top-heavy distribution of wealth and that the relatively poor pay a very large proportion of property and excise taxes. The British do not regard the income and estates taxes as class taxes. They regard them, on the contrary, as the backbone of their revenue system and the best way to raise money from relatively poor as well as relatively rich taxpayers. Not that the British coddle their wealthy taxpayers—it will be seen in the table that the British surtaxes on the highest incomes are higher than ours.

But it is on the other end of the scale that the principal differences are apparent. The tables show that it is not until the \$100,000 level is reached that the American tax on incomes is half as high as the British, and not until the \$3,000,000 level is reached that the estates tax is half as high. The British exemption of £100 for a single person is less than half our exemption of \$1,000, and the exemption of £150 (\$719) for a married person is less than a third our allowance of \$2,500. The

allowance for dependents is correspondingly less in our case.

The present tax in the United States on an income of \$10,000 is \$480. A \$10,000 man is not exactly poor even by our standards, especially if he has no dependents except a wife. It should not strain him terrifically to pay his \$480. The British tax on the same income is almost four times as high. Yet in the midst of the severest depression we have ever had, with huge deficits in our Federal budget and inflation an ever-present threat, the new revenue bill which recently passed the House reduces the tax on the \$10,000 man from \$480 to \$440 and gives him an additional concession on a large part of his income if it is from services distinct from property. We are gambling heavily, it seems, upon the speedy return of high levels of prosperity.

If Great Britain imposes high taxes upon incomes which we exempt or tax at nominal rates, other countries go even further in this direction. For example, it is said that if Italy allowed our exemptions, 99% of those who are taxed by the income tax in that country would be missed entirely.

III

We have mentioned the fact that the British not only work their income tax soil more intensively and extensively than we do ours, but that they also leave far fewer untilled corners. At the present time much is being written and said about tax-exempt securities and tax-exempt salaries in the United States. A very large part of our national income comes from these sources but escapes the assessor and tax collector entirely. Not so in England. The Treasury has issued a few bonds with so-called war-concessions, but in general the British have regarded tax-exemptions

as a losing proposition and not compatible with the principle of a graduated income tax. Soon or late, the United States Congress is bound to come to the same conclusion.

How very circumscribed the British are with their tax exemptions is illustrated by the fact that municipalities are taxed under the British income tax upon the profits of municipal undertakings and upon the "annual value of municipal buildings." A measure to tax county and municipal buildings could be enacted by some of our own State legislatures within their constitutions, but any such proposal would seem exceedingly strange to us.

Another respect in which the British income tax law is far more strict than the American is in its allowances for depreciation and depletion. These are the allowances for wasting assets permitted on the theory that receipts are not income until enough has been set aside to keep capital intact. American allowances for depreciation and depletion have been very generous. Over a period of years these deductions by corporations run considerably more than half the net income which is subject to tax. Both the British law and its administration are ultra-conservative in allowing deductions of this sort.

The British law taxes the husband and wife upon their combined income and thus avoids an important gap in the American law under which the husband and wife are entitled to a separate assessment. The American law leaves an opportunity for all sorts of devious manipulation, the simplest of which is to transfer property from one half of the family to the other and thus create two smaller incomes subject to lower rates than would be imposed upon one larger income. In Great Britain there is no such monkey business.

There are some exceptions to the rule

that Great Britain's law is more strict, more free from loop-holes than our own. For example, the British do not tax capital and speculative gains except where they are the profits of a regular trade or business.

We include realized capital gains as income and allow capital losses as a deduction. We collected very heavy taxes upon such income during the nineteen-twenties. Recently, however, we have been plagued with this feature of our law; capital transactions have run into heavy losses and these losses have offset much of the income from other sources during the depression period.

Profits on the sale of capital goods appear to represent at least as much ability to pay as other income and there is every warrant for including such profits in the base used for a net income tax. The weakness of the British law in this respect is very evident in the case of corporations which re-invest a large part of their earnings in their business. Such corporations pay upon this income only the amount of the standard tax; the higher surtaxes which might be collected were these earnings distributed in dividends to the stockholders are escaped by the taxpayer and lost to the state. The same is true in this country; but here at least these re-invested earnings are taxed as capital gains when the stockholders dispose of their stock. Both laws offer a very strong incentive to avoid cash dividends, but the incentive is much greater in the case of the British law.

At the time of writing it is proposed in Congress to segregate capital gains and losses so that capital losses will be deductible against capital gains only, and in no case against other income. If this proposal is adopted and perfected, it will give our law at least one strong point of superiority over the British.

IV

It is on its administrative side that the British income tax law differs most radically from the American. And by that difference it obviates one of the most serious defects in American income tax legislation. Some 70% of the British tax is collected at the source, that is, from the payers of income rather than the payees. Thus taxes on rent are collected from the tenant rather than the landlord; those on interest, from the debtor rather than the creditor; and those on salaries and wages, from the employer rather than the employé. Instead of paying a British workman his full wages, the employer pays him wages minus the tax, which goes direct to the government.

The British system of administration has many merits. Perhaps the chief of them is that its direct method of payment is by far the most convenient of any that has yet been devised. Every salesman knows that a vacuum cleaner is most readily sold on an easy payment plan under which the purchaser is permitted to pay by the week, the month, or the quarter. Every salesman also knows that the time to make a sale is when the customer has or expects to have money. When the factory worker or the miner or the school teacher is flush with ready cash, he is not difficult to convince that he needs a new gadget. The British income tax administration takes advantage of both of these well recognized facts of salesmanship. Payment at the source is payment by the week or by the month, and it is payment when, or more accurately before, money is received. In addition, payment is automatic and requires no action on the part of the taxpayer.

In contrast, American income tax laws frequently bear little relation to actual

ability to pay, for if too long a period elapses between the receipt of the income and the payment of the tax, ability to pay once possessed may have entirely disappeared. This was especially true of some State laws which until recently permitted a two-year spread between the earning of income and the payment of the tax upon it. It is true to some extent even of the Federal law, which provides for reporting income and a part payment of the tax in the March following the calendar year in which the income was earned. Thus taxes upon an individual's past prosperity may be demanded when he is out of a job or sunk deep in depression. Instead of striking the taxpayer when his ship comes in they may descend upon him when his ship has gone back to sea.

Taxes are not only easier to pay under the British system; since the taxpayer never actually lays hands on that part of his income which is taken by the government, there is no danger that he will spend it in some other way and suffer real hardship when the time for paying taxes comes around.

In this country the sales tax is frequently advocated as relatively "painless" because it is paid in relatively small installments as the taxpayer consumes. The British income tax combines this advantage of the sales tax with the basic economic virtues of an income tax.

On the other hand, collection at the source encounters two very important difficulties. It is extremely hard to apply this device to a graduated tax and to make allowance for dependents under it. This difficulty accounts for the very simple schedule of rates which the British use. But even with a simple schedule the British find it necessary to grant many and large refunds by way of making the tax collected at the source square with the cir-

cumstances of the individual. Each taxpayer is required to make a personal return even under the British law, and if the tax collected at the source is greater than his circumstances warrant, he is granted a refund. The other difficulty with collection at the source is closely related with the first. It is that those who collect the tax—the tenant, debtor, employer—are subjected to considerable labor and inconvenience in assisting the government to administer the law.

In lieu of collection at the source we have what is known as information at the source. Taxpayers who pay out interest or wages or rent to others are required to report such payments and the name and address of the payee. This would seem to be an effective substitute for collection at the source, at least so far as the ascertainment of income is concerned. But actually much of the vast quantities of information collected has never been utilized.

Other administrative devices are more highly developed in the United States than in Great Britain. Our administrators have wide powers to examine the taxpayers' books which the British do not have. Public access to income tax returns has been gaining favor in the United States, particularly since the revelations of the Senate investigation of Wall Street. In 1933 Congress provided for inspection under such restrictions as the President might prescribe. Many are of the opinion that income tax returns should be made public, and that this would both improve administration and give the public information concerning the operation of the economic system, which it is entitled to have. The British, however, are very sensitive concerning any infringement upon their privacy and would bitterly resent throwing open for inspection income tax returns.

The British income tax law and its ad-

ministration are adapted to the assessment and collection of heavy taxes upon small and moderate incomes. Not only is the collection at the source device admirably adapted to this purpose, but, in addition, the British law contains a provision for the arbitrary assessment of certain classes of income. Thus farmers may be assessed at the rental value of their farms quite regardless of their actual income therefrom. A farmer who is willing to keep satisfactory records so that he can prove his actual income, is assessed upon that income, but not otherwise.

If the income tax in the United States is to be extended to more people and the rates are to be increased in the lower brackets, we might well copy, at least to some extent, the British technique.

No doubt a very considerable part of the phenomenal success which the British have had in the administration of their income tax is due to the quality of their civil service. The British Royal Commission found only words of the highest praise for the "inspectors of taxes" to whom most of the responsibility of administering the British law is delegated. The British civil servants rank well above our own Federal staff, which, in turn, is much better than the staffs of the States. The British civil service has a prestige which not only attracts men of quality but keeps them.

If the British income tax is a highly productive instrument compared to our own, the British death duties are even more so. At one time Great Britain raised as much as 16.7% of her very large revenues from estates and inheritance taxes, a proportion which we have never even distantly approached. In 1931 Great Britain, with from a quarter to a third of our wealth, raised half again as much from her death duties as did our Federal and State governments combined.

In earlier days many Englishmen looked askance at the estates tax as a tax upon capital. To tax capital was to sin against the Holy Ghost in the eyes of the older British economists. It was "to commit waste on the nation's inheritance and grind its seed corn." The recent Committee on National Debt and Taxation made short shrift of this doctrine. They concluded that the estates tax is distinctly more prejudicial to savings than the income tax (amount for amount), but that it is fallacious to distinguish it from the income tax as falling upon capital. They accepted the present schedule of British rates, high though they seem in this country, as appropriate and proper.

It should not be supposed that the British pay no indirect taxes. On the contrary, some of the British excises, particularly those on liquor and tobacco, are notoriously heavy and constitute a very substantial load upon the British poor. The Committee on National Debt and Taxation defended these taxes on the ground that they might be avoided by the taxpayer with no bad effects upon either him or the nation.

One gets a very fragmentary picture of a national tax system if one confines one's observation to the sources of revenue of the central unit of government. Our own political structure consists of thousands of governments, Federal, State, county, city, village, town, school district, and many others. The British system is not so complicated, but they also have their metropolitan, county and municipal boroughs and other urban and rural districts.

Taxation by these more or less local subdivisions is much more important in the United States than in Great Britain. In this country it has ranged in the neighborhood of 65% of the national total; in Great Britain it has amounted to around 25%.

In Great Britain a very large and increasing amount of local revenues is supplied by grants-in-aid from the central government. In the United States a very much smaller, but also an increasing, amount of such revenue is supplied by Federal and State aids.

British local units of government, like our own, rely heavily upon the property tax for revenue. Our property tax holds such a dominant place in local tax systems, and they in turn are so important in the national tax system, that the property tax is the dominant one in our system of revenue viewed as a whole. This is not at all true in Great Britain. That country relies so lightly upon the property tax that in 1929 it was able to exempt entirely all agricultural real estate from taxation and to allow manufacturing property an exemption up to three-quarters of its value.

The British avoid entirely the personal property tax which has proved such a fiasco in the American States.

V

Great Britain's excellent record in taxation can be fully appreciated only when we consider the stresses and strains to which its tax system has been subject since the World War. From 1926 to 1930, the percentage of national income collected through taxation (national and local) by the principal countries has been approximately estimated as follows:

England	20.7%	—23.5%
France	19.4	—22.5
Germany	24.3	—28.4
Italy	19.2	—20.0
United States	10.8	—14.0

Relatively, the depression has been much more severe in the United States than in Europe, and the picture would look very different today. But the British load has

been a long-standing one and with little hope of relief. As much as 35% of the national budget has been devoted to debt service, most of which is for interest alone. Great Britain supports a debt of approximately \$40,790,000,000 compared with the \$30,000,000,000 which is contemplated in the United States at the close of 1934. It is true that the State and local indebtedness is greater here than in Great Britain, and that as a result our total public indebtedness is probably a billion or two greater than hers. But when it is remembered that Great Britain has only from a quarter to a third as much wealth as we have, our own indebtedness looks small in comparison.

Yet with all this burden on her shoulders, Great Britain has compromised less than any other nation by accepting into its tax system, taxes which merely raise revenue but which have no social justification either in equity or in their economic consequences. During the periods when its load was heaviest, Great Britain went about its business as usual and even greatly reduced the load upon its property tax because property was regarded as an "increasingly imperfect indicator of ability to pay." The Committee on National Debt and Taxation stated its disapproval of the sales tax in no uncertain terms. It said: "The income tax which is graduated according to ability to pay and which is not passed on in prices like an indirect tax, is a far superior instrument of taxation from the standpoint both of the individual and industry . . . In this country the taxpayer is willing to bear a large annual burden of direct taxes, which as we have said, constitute in our view a much higher order of taxation." If any reduction in taxation were possible, said the committee, the sugar tariff was the place to apply the relief, since this tax rests with great weight

upon the poor. The names of the people on the committee show that the conservative faction in British politics was well represented.

It may well be doubted that the conservatives of the United States have any such preference for the net income tax. Probably the majority of them would welcome a national sales tax, and quite a few share the sentiments of William Randolph Hearst concerning the income tax. These views were recently expressed in the Hearst press as follows: "When the Democratic party has the sincerity to be democratic, when it has the patriotism to be American, it will substitute excise and sales taxation for undemocratic, un-American, discriminatory, income taxation with its crooked evasion and equally crooked enforcement." Strong preference for the sales tax was recently expressed in a leading article in the *American Bankers' Association Journal* as follows: "The sales tax is the most effective, the most just and the most equitable of all taxes. Its adoption is only a question of time." Such statements might be found in certain British publications, but they do not represent an important element of British opinion.

It has been claimed (more in this country, perhaps, than in Great Britain) that heavy taxes based upon ability to pay are a drag upon enterprise and initiative, and that they account for Great Britain's post-war slump. The predominant opinion in Great Britain does not accept this view, if the unanimous verdict of the Committee on National Debt and Taxation is any criterion. "Wider causes than taxation," said the committee, "and particularly the dislocation of our export markets, must be held mainly responsible for the lack of [industrial] buoyancy in recent years. Relatively, income taxation has not been a factor of high importance."

The best characteristics of the British people are apparent in their tax system. One of these characteristics is a deep patriotism which can be relied upon, not only in time of war, but also in peace. The rank and file Englishman grumbles a-plenty about his tax load and about his government generally, but he will do his duty by Britain even if it comes to paying a third or a half of his income in taxes. The British, too, have a highly developed sense of sportsmanship. Nowhere else in the world is the tax evader the subject of such social disapproval and ostracism. Evading one's taxes, like cheating at tennis or soccer, is the sort of thing no English gentleman does. The British have far more respect for government than we have, and their government, on the whole, is more worthy of respect, than ours. This is true of both the poor and the rich. The British man-of-wealth is trained to feel some obligation as trustee of the country's welfare. This, perhaps, accounts for the fact that the graduated income and estates taxes receive strong support from the conservative group in England, and that in 1919 the conservatives boosted the top rate of the estates tax from 20 to 40%.

The inhabitants of that small but richly endowed island off the coast of Europe have made an astonishing number of major contributions to the human race. Certainly among the first of these contributions in point of rank is a sensible and civilized tax system, or the nearest thing thereto that the world has yet seen. The British system is sensible and civilized because its levies are based mainly upon the defensible principle of ability to pay. Less civilized peoples delude themselves that tax loads are lighter and more equitable when they are borne indirectly as commodities are consumed. The British system is sensible and civilized, too, in that it

not only assesses those (and all of those) who have ability to pay, but it assesses them *when* they have it and permits payment in the most convenient manner.

Elements of instability are appearing throughout the world in our economic system. The wide and growing inequality in the distribution of wealth is one of them. It not only breeds discontent but deprives the economic system of the market which above everything else it now needs. Competition has failed to prevent vast accumulations of unearned wealth, and as a regulator of the economic system it gets weaker day by day. The British system of taxation is the best yet devised to counteract the forces of disintegration so clearly apparent everywhere. It is a tax system well calculated to preserve both democracy and the economic system upon which is based the freedom the English-speaking peoples so jealously prize.

Our country differs widely from Great Britain and it is impossible for us to adopt all the techniques and principles which have been used with great success by the British. But at least a few of these prin-

ciples might well be applied in the financial crisis which now confronts, not only the Federal government but practically all of the States.

We must recognize that the sales tax is exceedingly ill-adapted to meet the difficulties of our modern economic situation. It rests upon consumption which is depressed, rather than on production which is excessive. The property tax is tremendously over-developed in this country, and the huge tax delinquency in which most of our units of government are engulfed is the logical consequence of a tax system based to so small an extent upon ability to pay. We must rely more in the future upon central units of government as tax collectors for the smaller units. Finally, and most important, we can have a better tax system if we want it.

Taxation has become a powerful instrument of social and economic control. The most fearless and intelligent use of that instrument may yet be needed to preserve democracy in the two English-speaking countries where it originated and where it has flourished best.

FLYING IS STILL DANGEROUS

BY KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

WHEN men started to fly they issued a rather broad challenge to the law of gravity; so far they are on the losing end. Notwithstanding all the propaganda to the contrary, flying has been, and still is distinctly dangerous. On hearing any such statement, the members of the flying fraternity become horror-stricken and rush the offender into a corner. "Hush," they whisper, fingers to their lips. "Some one will hear you. Man, you don't realize what you're doing. Such talk will impede the progress of aviation."

And behold!—in these words they have unveiled the sacred cow of aviation, the delusion that the progress of flying is a holy cause, more important than truth itself.

Now, this is all nonsense. Flying is a business, and like all businesses some get killed at it. Common sense dictates that there should be no mystery connected with it, and that people who ride in airplanes are entitled to know the danger involved.

The first widespread use of airplanes was in the World War. The aviator was then generally looked upon as a Sir Galahad riding his winged charger across the skies, always, of course, in the cause of right and justice. This legend may have sired the sacred cow, but in any event, the end of the war saw the exit of Sir Galahad, and the entrance of the hard-headed business man.

The business men played up the possi-

bilities of speed; governments offered air mail subsidies; financial opportunists swarmed into the industry with the necessary capital; and the stampede was on. The results are common knowledge. Aviation is an accepted part of all military establishments, and air mail and passengers are carried on schedule over most of the globe with the exceptions of the North Atlantic and trans-Pacific routes. Private business and pleasure flying have also developed, but by comparison, occupy only a small part of the picture.

From the military and amateur standpoints there are many reasons for this rapid growth, but from the commercial standpoint there is only one. That is speed, speed beyond the wildest dreams of our forefathers. And now that we have the speed, it might be well to look at the price, not in dollars and cents, but in human lives.

II

The data needed to compute this price can be obtained from various sources. The records of the United States Departments of War, Navy, and Commerce are helpful, and have been studied for years by a special committee of the Actuarial Society of America. This society is composed of life insurance mathematicians who have no axes to grind. They merely investigate and record the span of life under all conditions as a routine part of

their business. They cannot tell you who is going to die each year, but they can tell you how many will die.

The pilots flying passengers on the scheduled air transport lines average thirty-two years of age. At that age, men who engage in normal ground occupations die at the rate of just a fraction under 3 per 1000 a year, and the air line pilots die at the rate of 25 per 1000 a year. At first thought, that would appear to make the pilot's job a little more than eight times as dangerous as staying on the ground. There is, however, a big catch in that theory, which is that these pilots only fly a bit more than 800 hours a year on the average, which is less than one tenth of a year. A little simple mathematics, then, shows that *a given hour spent as a passenger carrying pilot in scheduled air-transport operation is about 88 times more likely to result fatally than that same hour spent in normal ground occupations.* The boys who carry mail and express, but no passengers, take about *95 times normal chances.*

These seem to be startling figures for an industry that the public has been beguiled into believing has past its hazardous stage and is now perfectly safe, but unfortunately they are only the beginning of a story that becomes less pleasant as we read further, for the above figure of 88 times normal relates only to the "safest" branch of aviation.

The case of the amateur pilot is interesting—doubly so, at the present time—due to the advent of the \$700 private-use airplane sponsored by the Department of Commerce. The low initial cost will put this plane well within the reach of a large number of people, and amateur flying will increase as the result. The way for this low priced plane is being paved with a barrage of publicity as to the ease

and safety with which a private citizen can fly it. An excellent example of this was the recent publication in a weekly magazine of national circulation of an article on amateur flying, illustrated by a four-column cartoon which depicted the back yards of a suburban neighborhood littered with small airplanes. This was captioned, "The man or woman who can pass the private pilot's physical test can safely fly the flivver plane." Strong words, those. Let us glance briefly at the facts. Amateur piloting results in an average of 12 extra deaths per 1000 a year. Most of the boys and girls do not fly much over 100 hours in a year; a very few average as much as 200 hours. So distributing the annual hazard evenly between 100 and 200 hours, the chances of death per hour of flight are about *255 times normal.*

Yes, indeed, amateur flying is perfectly "safe." The actuaries, however, have no illusions about it; they know that if these flivver planes attain any widespread usage they will very probably spray the countryside with dead amateur aviators.

Army and Navy pilots fly an average of about 200 hours per year, and have also averaged 12 extra fatalities per 1000 a year. The figure of *170 times normal per hour*, is, therefore, a sufficiently accurate picture of the hazard of flying in these services. The worst of the deal is reserved for the Marine Corps, whose slogan is "First to fight!" Its aviation section has been no exception to the rule, and the flying that its pilots have done—tropical expeditions, small wars and the like—has been extraordinarily hazardous, even for a dangerous game. The results show an hourly risk of about *480 times normal*, the largest for any branch of American flying.

"All this about pilots is well and good," perhaps you say, "but I'm not a pilot, and

do not intend to be one." Quite right, but no doubt you have read an advertisement of an airline. You have been told that busy executives—men to whom time is money—should all travel by air, in solid comfort and at amazing speeds. So you are a possible passenger and wish to know your prospects of meeting an untimely death. They are not as bad as the pilot's, not quite, for on scheduled air transport lines in the United States *the extra hazard per hour of passenger flight is approximately 66 times that of normal ground occupations.*

These figures can not be calculated to inspire the belief that flying has yet become comparable in safety to staying on the ground, but they still represent the best that any nation has been able to achieve in an unequal contest with the law of gravity. A brief glance at the situation in those foreign countries where the figures are available will confirm this. Data presented before the Actuarial Society of America indicate that scheduled air transport in Germany, Italy, and the Netherlands compares favorably with that in the United States from a standpoint of safety, that in Great Britain and Czechoslovakia it appears clearly more hazardous than ours—possibly twice as hazardous; and the French and Mexican airlines have a passenger fatality rate at least five times as high as we have. (These figures might be worth remembering in case you decide to use the airlines while abroad.)

III

That completes the picture of the present hazard of flight, so let us proceed to another interesting phase of the problem. That is whether or not the high death rate is merely the price of inexperience, an item that will disappear in time; or

are there factors in the aviation industry which make the high death rate inevitable? To arrive at even an approximate answer to this question, we shall have to examine briefly a few of the basic laws of flight. In doing this, we shall consider heavier than air machines only, as the few dirigible lines in operation in the world are not in general enough use to warrant investigation, nor to furnish a sufficient spread of accurate figures for that purpose, if we so desired.

The term, heavier than air, is the key to the situation. Air is not solid, and at rest it will support nothing heavier than itself. Combined with speed, however, it takes on certain of the properties of a solid, and if the speed be sufficient, it will support an airplane in flight. This is the first lesson a student pilot must learn. He must understand that so long as he maintains his speed the air will support his plane, and for the time being the law of gravity is held in leash. But, conversely, when the forward speed ceases, the support ceases, and the plane falls.

The expression, "stalled his plane," quite commonly misunderstood by the non-flying public to mean the stalling of the motor, actually means the stalling of the forward speed of the plane, and consequent loss of control. Here, then, we have a basic factor that has entered into no prior form of transportation. Every airplane, in addition to its maximum speed, has a definite minimum speed, slower than which it cannot go. The pilot of a ship, driver of a motor car, or engineer of a train faced with a breakdown or bad weather, can stop and remain at rest until such time as he can proceed with safety. The airplane pilot cannot do this. He must maintain his forward momentum even when seeking an emergency landing.

The aim of the aircraft industry is so to perfect motors that failures will never occur, and so to perfect instruments that weather conditions will not force landings. Progress will undoubtedly be made in both directions, but perfection in anything mechanical has never been achieved, and a percentage of failures is inevitable. When these failures occur, the law of gravity, which has been held in check, takes charge of the situation, and the airplane must contact the earth's surface at a minimum speed, which at present is not much under fifty miles an hour for the lightest transport planes and more than that in most. These failures of instruments or motor presuppose that although the pilot must land, he still has full control, and by utilizing the gliding angle of the plane, can land. In this case the only hazard is the lack of a suitable landing place beneath, or that, if one is available, it is not visible due to weather conditions. The latter is a serious situation, particularly in rough country, and many fatal crashes have occurred when pilots struck the sides of mountains while groping blindly for landings.

There is another form of failure, which barring the use of parachutes, will almost certainly result fatally. That is the failure of a wing or other vital part of the supporting or control structure. When this happens the plane is out of control and the rate of descent is far more than the minimum flying speed of the plane. In theory, planes are already built strong enough so that structural failures are impossible. But in practice, they occasionally occur, and probably always will. Mechanical devices to overcome certain handicaps, such as the auto gyro, which substitutes the rotary speed of four rotors or small wings, for forward speed, accomplish their purpose only so long as noth-

ing goes wrong with the mechanism of the device itself, which is always possible.

To these, we must add the normal percentage of human failures, for most people—pilots included—still make mistakes. The difference here, lies in the aftermath. An error on the ground, if not immediately fatal, is followed by a breathing spell in which you can think out a solution, or obtain assistance. Not so the pilot, for his error is usually followed by an instantaneous descent. Fast—and faster—the earth is rising to meet him;—death is rushing upon him with incredible speed, and under this terrific strain he must make a decision—hardly a split second to spend in thinking—and act. When it is all over—and not before—he can think about it. That is, if he is still alive, he can; quite frequently, he's not.

IV

We can draw one conclusion from the foregoing facts, which is that we seem to be dealing with a variable approaching a limit. The variable is the progress of aviation in experience and mechanical perfection, and the limit is the law of gravity. It is probable that flying will become safer than it now is, but that it can ever become as safe as ground transportation is doubtful. One famous pilot has aptly summed up the entire situation in these words: "When some one invents the 'Gravity Eliminator,' whereby a pilot who is in trouble can push a button and switch off the law of gravity, then flying will be safe."

The investigation of the air mail by the Senate Committee of which Senator Black is chairman has been interesting in as much as it has made it clear that the aviation industry has fallen into the hands of financial opportunists who are inter-

ested far more in the speculative side of their securities than in the development of aviation. It does not appear, however, that the development of the industry has suffered to any great extent as the result of this. The equipment and service have been the best obtainable, but exaggerated reports as to the degree of safety attained have been the rule.

It is difficult to trace this safety propaganda to its sources. Possibly a desire to misrepresent, but more probably the blind worship of the sacred cow causes a famous pilot to state in a radio broadcast that he is six times as safe flying in his airplane as he is driving in his car. And when a high ranking Army officer is quoted on the front page of the nation's newspapers as saying: "The mail pilots have the highest efficiency rating of any organization in the world. They have a proud record of achievement. They have a record of not getting killed"—he is simply mistaken. For efficient the mail pilots certainly are, but get killed they certainly do—88 times as frequently as if they stayed on the ground.

Many people have been misled by this false propaganda. Some have definitely suffered as the result. Strange as it may seem, a large group of the pilots themselves have occupied a place among the sufferers. Ten years ago it was everywhere admitted that flying was hazardous, and pilots were paid on that basis. The Army and Navy pilots, for instance, were allowed 50% above their base pay as compensation for the extra risk. But most of the pilots have been gradually sold the idea that the hazard no longer exists, and their pay has been steadily dropping. The service pilots still hold on to their extra 50%, but they have come near losing it on several occasions, and every time the appropriation bills are considered in Con-

gress, a new effort is made to deprive them of it.

Of course, the pilot's employer is quite satisfied that he thinks his occupation safe; he would only have to increase his pay if it were thought otherwise. But the person who occupies the position of first importance to the owner in this regard, is the prospective passenger. He *has* to be convinced that flying is safe, or, barring emergencies, he is quite likely to take a train. This is probably the principal reason why owners are so reluctant to equip their planes with parachutes, despite the fact that their routine use would save many lives. The owners are afraid that if they equip airplanes with parachutes for all passengers, they will serve as a constant suggestion to the public that danger impends, and that accidents are the rule rather than the exception. To be sure, they might frighten some passengers, but danger does impend, and passengers have a right to the use of every known safety device. Not complete safety, by any means, as parachutes need time to open, and are of no use in mishaps close to the ground.

Even the most reputable flying schools and aircraft salesmen will convey to their prospects the impression that there is no more risk in flying than in driving a car. Thus probably the greatest sufferers from this misinformation are the new student pilots and buyers of planes for private use. The added danger here lies in the fact that these people are not going to ride as passengers; they are shortly to pilot planes for themselves, and *overconfidence and disdain for the risk are in themselves the greatest of all hazards for the beginner.*

Would you call it fair play to hand a boy a box of dynamite sticks with percussion caps attached, and then tell him it was sawdust and could not possibly hurt

him? Then it is just as unfair to put trusting men and women in airplanes and tell them that they are perfectly safe. This false idea of security promotes carelessness, and handled negligently an airplane is a combination of T.N.T., cyanide of potassium, and the bubonic plague, all in one parcel. Certainly here is a place where the truth is essential, as complete knowledge of the hazards will help the tyro to avoid many of the pitfalls that have killed his predecessors.

Enthusiasm, ignorance, and money considerations combine to produce all this "safety" propaganda. But regardless of reasons, all people connected with flying, barring a few isolated exceptions, are of the opinion that it is necessary; they fear the effect of any proof to the contrary, and believe that it will immeasurably retard the popularity of flying. This fear would seem to give rise to two questions. The first is whether or not the fear itself is well founded; and the second is whether or not the spread of flying, or the growth of any industry, is of sufficient importance to justify misinforming the participants about the hazards involved.

The answer to the first question offers no particular difficulties, and taking the classes of flying individually, is about as follows: All military occupations involve abnormal hazards, and the men who engage in them are fully cognizant of this fact before they enter the service. Military flying, therefore, will go forward regardless of any and all risks.

Amateur flying is indulged in primarily for pleasure; for the thrill of flying; to escape the humdrum of daily existence. The amateur aviator is drawn from the same class of persons that produces explorers, pioneers, ski jumpers and polo players. He is the type that in the past

indulged in the greatest thrill his era provided, and a full knowledge of the hazard is not likely to keep him on the ground.

Commercial pilots have much in common with the amateurs. They are in love with their occupation; it is both business and recreation to them, and they are proud of it. Most of them are afraid to believe that flying is dangerous, but they have no fears for their lives. They are not the type that scares easily, and no amount of hazard would make them change to another business. Their fears are only of the effect on the passenger traffic, and the indirect effect of any slump on their own pay checks.

The fare-paying passenger is drawn from every walk of life, and travels by airplane for every conceivable kind of reason, but the principal inducement to the great majority is speed. Some travel by air because they enjoy it, and these are closely akin to the amateur in spirit. And certainly emergencies arise in which the difference in speed would induce even the timid to fly, regardless of hazard. Oftener, the saving in time does not mean much in a life time, and a full knowledge of the danger involved would turn many passengers to other forms of transportation—what proportion, it is difficult to say.

Speed is the fetish of present-day existence, and apparently there is no limit to the chances that most men will take to attain it. Every past increase in the rate of travel has encountered pitfalls and obstacles, waiting to exact a toll in human lives, but it has been reserved for the flying men to meet the greatest antagonist of them all—the law of gravity.

You as an individual must decide whether or not the thrills and the speed are worth the price. But first know the price. It is high.

UNCLE PALLI

BY HILDA PERINI

MY PAPA, my Uncle Palli, and my Aunt Rosa are Italians; my Mama is a Creole woman. My Papa kept a banana stand on St. John the Baptist Street, my Uncle Palli turned a red hand organ, and a sad-eyed monkey danced to its wheezy tunes. Aunt Rosa kept a coffee stall behind the cathedral.

My Papa, my Unk Palli, and Aunt Rosa drank. Never since I can remember have all three been sober at once.

I always wanted to drink—to see how it felt to stagger and reel and rock and let the world go hang; but I cannot as I swore a vow to the Virgin Mary that I would drink no liquor stronger than coffee until I am twenty-one years old. My Mama made me do that when I was ten because my little brother Francis Xavier had scarlet fever. It ought to be a sin for her, as I didn't know what I was doing; and anyway, Francis Xavier died.

I've always thought: I bet I could write a grand story if I got half-drunk. I suppose I think that because our family is always at its best when half-drunk. I say half-drunk because when soaked we are nothing to be proud of.

When only half-drunk my Papa was at his happy stage. Then he would get his old guitar and play and sing the songs of Italy, and make me and my two little brothers and three little sisters dance. If he got more than half-drunk he became mean. He rolled on the floor and saw things and bit our fingers with his teeth.

Uncle Palli was also best when half-drunk. Then his tongue, which he never used when he was sober, became loosened, and he told tales. He had been all over the country with his red hand organ and monkey. I say he was best when half-drunk because when he got more than half-drunk he became limp like a dish-rag.

It was the same with Aunt Rosa. When half-drunk she would make faces at us by jutting out her false teeth or making her tongue wrap around her nose. But when wholly drunk she always cried over the memory of her dead husband.

My Papa, one time when he was half-drunk, took it into his head to die. He was standing in the shop among the yellow bunches of bananas that hung from the ceiling, and all of a sudden he staggered and clutched at the bunch for support and fell sprawling, the disturbed bananas swinging over him.

My Mama was in the back part of the store where we live. She heard my Papa's big body hit the floor with a thud, like a heavy sack of feed. She was rocking the baby, while it played with a red onion, and crooning one of the Creole songs. She jumped from her chair and pushed the baby into my arms. She knew what that heavy thud meant. She knew right then my Papa was dead. Her eyes were like two cups of black coffee. "He's dead! He's dead!" she cried as she ran to the front of the store.

Me, I followed with the baby in my arms to where my Papa lay very still under the swinging bananas.

"Toni! Toni!" my Mama cried over and over. "Say something, Toni!"

But my Papa's big body did not move. Only the bananas moved. My Mama leaned over him and for a while she was still like Papa. Then she gasped, and began to kiss him and beg him to speak, rocking to and fro with his head against her breast. My Mama and the bananas swayed like pendulums.

I was crying and the baby was screeching, hitting me in the face with the red onion. My two little brothers and three little sisters followed and also began to howl.

It was then Aunt Rosa came in, her false teeth sticking out, her fat body dressed in a purple silk dress, her breasts under the silk looking like over-ripe grapes about to burst through the skin.

And my Mama fell on Aunt Rosa's big breasts and told how she had been rocking the baby and singing her song when bam! something fell, and she knew it was my Papa, and when she came in, there he lay still with the bananas he had tried to clutch swinging over him. Then she broke down and cried and cried all over the purple silk.

There was a grand funeral. My Papa was kept five days, and every day the house was full of people who sat around my Mama. And everybody wanted to hear how he fell bam! and lay still with the bananas swinging over him. My Mama told the story over and over, and every time she cried as much as when she told it at first.

Blessed candles burned at my Papa's head and blessed candles burned at my Papa's feet, and he lay very quiet in a great metallic coffin, with popeyed angels

carved on the top. People came in and looked at him and said in hushed voices: "My! Don't he look natchel?"

But he didn't. He was far too pale, too still, and too sober. He had been more natural when he played his guitar, his face red and his big nose redder and his black curly hair in his eyes. I hoped he could see himself as he lay in the carved coffin with the candles making flickering shadows over him and the angels.

II

That is why my Uncle Palli came to stay with us. The day after my Papa died he came from the next town with his red grind organ, leading his sad-eyed monkey dressed in a faded blue jacket trimmed with bells. He told my Mama she would need a man in the house, and he stayed. He wasn't much of a man. He wasn't big and handsome like my Papa; he was little and thin and bent. He didn't get red when he drank, he got pale. And if he drank too much he flopped like a dish-rag.

At first my Mama was glad that Uncle Palli had come. Five years before she had chased him from our house with a broom. When he was drunk lying in bed he would spit straight up in the air. Sometimes it fell back and hit him in the face; but most of the time it stuck on the mosquito bar, or on the bedposts and the wall. My Mama was a clean woman. She got her broom and chased him from the house.

"Git out of my house, you with yo' filthy dago habit!" she had said. And he went away with his grind organ in one hand, dragging the monkey with the other. But many things are forgotten in five years, and now he was back again with the organ and monkey. He would play in the streets of the town.

My Mama said: "Me, I have put up with drink in one man, but never no mo'!" She would have put up with anything from my Papa, for she loved him; but poof! who could love Unk Palli, who had the same look out of his eyes that the monkey had?

For two months after my Papa died, Unk Palli did not drink. He came home every night, put his red organ in the corner, ate his supper, then with the monkey climbed the ladder that led to the attic where they both slept. But two months is a long time, and he began to go to see Aunt Rosa.

Aunt Rosa sold pralines, hot tamales, meat-pies, and coffee in the front part of her coffee stall. In the back she sold stronger liquors. The men on Sunday came from Mass and drank coffee and ate *tartilles* in the front; then went to the back.

Aunt Rosa was always half-drunk herself. She drank, she said, to drown the memory of her dead husband. She drank enough to drown her dead husband and herself as well. Aunt Rosa sat in front of her shop and made faces with her false teeth when she was half-drunk, and cried if she were wholly drunk.

Unk Palli turned his hand organ before her shop and children passing stopped to see Aunt Rosa make faces, and watch the monkey dance. Aunt Rosa said: "Eh, Palli, you look white round the eyes. You need li'l drink to drown yo' troubles." And Palli drank, though he didn't have any troubles.

When he first came home that way, Mama said nothing. The next time she said she would not stand for it. The third time she refused to feed him, so he pulled himself up the ladder, his belly empty, his arms limp. And me, I slipped him something to eat. He was but half-drunk and his tongue was loose.

"Ah, Tom'see," he said, drinking the coffee I had brought. "Get paper and pencil. Me, I'm goin' make out my will to you."

Then he told me of the men he had killed, of the women he had loved, and of the many dashing things he had not done.

That was not so bad. My Mama shrugged her Creole shoulders and said: "A man got to have a li'l fun." But then he started getting dead drunk and Mama became angry. He went back to his old habit of spitting, and it hung from the walls, from the mosquito bar, from the four posts of the bed.

For days at a time he stayed in his attic. "Let him starve to death in his filth!" my Mama said. But he didn't starve, because me, I slipped him food.

III

And then he started another habit. He went to sleep with a burning cigarette dangling from his mouth. My Mama warned him, but still he lit his cigarettes and went to sleep. Often there were spots as big as a two-bit piece burned on the bedclothes. When my Mama would see these she would cry: *Mon Dieu!* He is going to burn our house up to the ground!"

But Unk Palli after one of these sprees would come down to the kitchen looking so penitent, sick, and pale, that my Mama would give him a talking and cook him a good breakfast. Then off he would go with the monkey and hand organ, his tongue quiet, now he was sober.

But before long he would be drowning his troubles again with Aunt Rosa in the back of her store.

One morning just before daylight my Mama shook me awake. She was angrier than I had ever seen her before, and her

eyes were black slits. "You go stop dat man! Go stop him!" she cried, shaking me. "What people think? If he don't stop, me, I get dat gun and I stop him!"

I was heavy with sleep, and my Mama had to pull me out of bed. She pushed me to the ladder and I climbed up as clumsily as Unk Palli had done.

I could hear him plainer when I got to the top of the ladder and it knocked some of the sleep out of my eyes. He was cursing and crying. I was afraid and began to back down the ladder. "You stop him!" cried my Mama, and I knew I'd rather face the man crazy from drink than my Mama crazy from anger, so I went in.

At first I couldn't see and I stumbled over everything. Then things began to come out of the shadows and I saw Unk Palli standing still by the window without a rag of clothes on, his eyes wild and his hair hanging in his face. His shapeless old brown pants dangled from a post of the bed. They seemed to move. Everything seemed alive in the dimness except Unk Palli. He held his knife in his hand—a long knife, and the thin sharp blade shone against his bare skin. The monkey began to chatter and swing on the posts of the bed over the pants, the bells on his blue jacket jingling faintly.

I came close to Unk Palli. "Unk Palli . . ."

He cowered against the wall, clutching the knife, his eyes gleaming through his hair. "Keep away from me, Toni!" he said. "Keep away, I tell you . . ." He whimpered: "God damn it! Keep away!"

"This is Tom'see," I said. "This ain't Toni, Unk Palli. This ain't Toni. This is Tom'see. Come on back to bed, Unk Palli. Come on."

His eyes stared like sightless glass eyes. He never recognized me. "Tom'see? Tom'see? No! Toni . . . Toni . . . Toni.

That's who it is!" His voice rose shrilly. "There! There he is! There!"

He clutched the knife and, running to the bedpost, clung to the dangling pants.

I was in a cold sweat, expecting any minute to see my Papa spring out of the shadows. Not that I was afraid of him; but he was *dead*!

Finally, Unk Palli let go of the pants and I pushed him into bed. I put cold cloths on his head. That brought him out of it a little. "Want a cigarette," he said after a while.

"You can't smoke now, Unk Palli."

He used the name of every saint in the litany and ended: "Damn it to hell, give me a cigarette."

I lighted one for him.

"Now go 'way. Go 'way, you!"

I didn't lose any time.

IV

Next morning we were at breakfast, my two little brothers, my three little sisters, the baby, and I, when Unk Palli came down. We could hear his slow steps and the faint jingling of the monkey's bells as he crawled down the ladder. My Mama was at the stove frying *tartilles*, her back to us. My two little brothers and three little sisters looked expectantly at my Mama's fat back. Even the baby who had been thumping on the table with a spoon stopped when Unk Palli came in, his hand wrapped in an old blue silk handkerchief. My Mama did not turn.

"Well, me, I done it!" announced Unk Palli heavily. "And I'm fixing to go." He pointed to his little bundle and the red grind organ and monkey waiting at the door, and the blue handkerchief fell off his hand. That was what he wanted of course, and we all said "Oh!" for his hand was burned to a crisp, one finger almost

off. With that gesture he picked up his things and left.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" cried Mama. "Let's go see if he burn us out of house and home!"

And we all climbed up the ladder—my Mama quick as the monkey, though she is fat, I next with the baby, and the other five coming after us. The mattress was burned black. It was sogged with water Unk Palli had thrown on it. He had beaten out the fire with his bare hands.

"Well, I'm glad he's gone, me," said my Mama. "The no 'count, to try to burn up the house!"

So Unk Palli went to stay with Aunt Rosa. When he met any of us on the street he would say: "Me, I am starved. A man, he can't live forever on hot tamales and meat pie and praline. Me, I wish I had some of the foods yo' Mama she cook so good."

But he didn't stay away long. One Saturday night when he was drunk he forgot that Mama had put him out. He came back to the house, put his grind organ in the corner, climbed up the ladder with his jingling monkey, and went to bed. He's been with us ever since.

WHO GETS THE MILK PROFITS?

BY BENJAMIN HORACE HIBBARD

IT is nothing new for the dairy farmers and the dealers to be at war. The farmers believe the dealers are in a position to take advantage of them whenever the price of milk goes either up or down. When the price of milk is on the increase, the farmer claims that the price to consumers is raised out of proportion to the increased wholesale price which he gets as producer. When prices fall, it is claimed that the consumer gets the benefit of the reduction, while the farmer alone suffers.

The real importance of dairying as a source of farm income is not generally recognized. During the year just past, milk and its products represented a quarter of all farm income. Counting the income from veal calves and dairy animals sold for beef, the income from the cow approaches a third of the returns received by our whole farm population. Cows are found on nearly five out of six farms. Two-thirds of the farmers raise corn; one-third raise cotton; one-sixth raise wheat. For every three farmers who keep pigs, there are four with cows. And not only are cows kept by great numbers of farmers, but there is a high degree of uniformity in their distribution. There are few big, and no dominating, leaders. Two-thirds of the fluid milk going to market is produced by dairymen with not more than twenty cows each. A typical dairy farm consists of about 120 acres of land, and is operated by one or two men. Most

dairy work is done by the farmer and his family.

In our densest dairy districts there are evidences of some of the most desirable qualities found among our farm population. The homestead is usually very substantial looking. Not only are the buildings, in general, commodious and attractive, but the dwellings in particular are above the average to be found in the country. True, the accumulated wealth among dairymen is below that of a few other farming groups. Dairying has not been a prosperous undertaking from the standpoint of profits that could be shown by accurate and minute bookkeeping methods. It is a business at which the whole family works, including the women and children. Yet by dint of an inborn frugality, and an industry seldom equalled, with little hope of gains from any lucky turns of the wheel of fortune, the dairyman has acquired the reputation of paying his debts the most certainly and promptly of any class of farmers. He is held up as a type to be imitated. Chambers of Commerce, railroad officials, and governors of States in which drought or surplus production frequently works disaster, have for years, almost up to date, made excursions into the dairy districts to learn if possible the secrets of continued prosperity. Now even the dairyman asks for help.

No matter how low the prices of butter and cheese may fall, it is in the "fluid milk" areas that trouble breaks out first.

A third of all milk produced is shipped to the cities to be used as fresh milk or cream. The city milk trade has become highly technical. All farms furnishing city milk are inspected. Long lists of sanitary requirements are printed, and sent to the producers for their guidance. The cost of operating a dairy farm is appreciably increased by these requirements. Within the city, distributors have provided sanitary and often elegant plants at which milk is pasteurized and bottled, after which it is delivered daily at the kitchen doors of the consumers. A large part of this milk is shipped one or two hundred miles, and occasionally much greater distances.

Until into the twentieth century, health requirements pertaining to milk marketing were few. Now the health commissioners of our large cities are invested with great authority. The distributors have grown to immense size and power. On emerging from bargaining contests the unorganized farmers concluded, years ago, "We were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." Through years of struggle the farmers have gained some degree of strength; at times they have seemed to get a reasonable price for milk. They are at least better organized than the consumers. Consequently the distributors during prosperous times have preferred to raise the price of milk to the consumer rather than fight the farmers. For many years this condition was not in itself very deplorable, since milk, from the standpoint of its food value, still remained relatively cheap. Yet while city people were learning to want and to get more milk, the dairy farmers near the city markets were becoming more and more dependent on the city demand for milk, and the distributors were becoming more and more powerful. Clashes finally became inevitable.

II

The usual differences of opinion between farmer and distributor center on one or both of two contending views: the disposal of the surplus, and the dealers' margin. Occasionally, a third question for debate arises in a difference of opinion concerning what the consumer should pay. In comparatively few instances has any group of sellers undertaken to decide first how much should be paid for a product and, secondly, how much the buyer should take at that price. The farmers have not consciously put themselves in the position of making this impossible combination of demands, yet time and again a bargain involving the first phase of an agreement, logical and fair, leads blindly into the second phase, illogical and impossible of satisfactory fulfilment. Even Mr. Rockefeller in his palmiest days never told us how much kerosene we should buy, but only what we must pay for the amount we did buy.

The surplus has always been the Jonah of the milk-selling dairyman, and, to some extent, of the distributor. Nature designed the cow to bring forth her young in the spring of the year, feed the baby copiously for a few months, and rather abruptly taper off her fluency. When she became the "foster mother of the human race," these habits had to be changed. It became desirable for the cow to furnish nourishment for her own progeny and at the same time supply a considerable part of the food for a whole family of human beings, not for a season only, but throughout the year. This meant a biological revolution in the bovine family, and an economic revolution in dairy farming. It is only within the present century that winter dairying has adjusted itself at all well and adequately to the needs of the cities;

and even now there is an appalling flood of milk in June, as certain and predictable as freezing weather in January. But we must not be short of milk in January; *ergo*, we must be long in June. Unfortunately, this natural summer surplus has, through advantages in prices, small though they may be, spread itself into an annual surplus.

But why doesn't the farmer reduce this output, since it is to his own interest to do so? To begin with, it isn't to *his* interest to reduce; it is to the interest of a group to reduce. To get a company of individualists to act as one man is a task which can, no doubt, be performed under some circumstances; usually, however, it is a task of immense difficulties. It is often said, and somewhat widely accepted, that the less farmers are paid the more they will produce, the explanation being the obvious one that many expenses are constant, and that if it now takes two hundred pounds of milk to pay for a shirt, whereas it once took but a single hundred pounds, two hundred must now be produced. In certain individual cases this may, indeed, be the program followed, but it obviously cannot be one of general application. A man will work more hours, conceivably, at a 25-cent rate than at double the pay. A farmer may milk more cows with his own hands when milk is cheap than when it is dear. He does not, however, build more barns and silos, hire more labor, or buy more cows, machinery, feed and fertilizer. The actions of cotton, wheat and beef producers prove conclusively that low prices mean ultimately reduced output and high prices the reverse. At once will come the question concerning the recent increase in dairy cows and dairy output: Have not the dairymen proved the contention that the less they are paid the more they will produce? If so, the proof

confuses rather than clears the issue, since it has already been conclusively shown that high prices for milk stimulate production, thus establishing the paradox of an increase in dairy output no matter what happens to the reward given the dairyman.

The reason why the dairymen have increased the output of milk during the past four years of falling prices is because dairying has paid—relatively. The farmer cannot close up his plant or cut the output to 20%, as does the United States Steel Corporation. He cannot stop cultivating his fields, for they would only be taken by taxes and weeds, not to mention the mortgage. He cannot discharge his labor, since it consists of his wife and children, and they would still be on his hands. About all the farmer as an individualist can reduce by mere inaction is his income. To repeat, dairying has paid during the past four years relatively. It has, most of the time for a dozen years, paid better than the production of meat animals, or grain, its main competitors, and distinctly so since 1929. During the past year the output of dairy products rose over 3%, whereas the amount consumed fell, apparently, a like amount. We cannot ship dairy products out of the country to advantage at present because the buying power of other peoples is lower even than ours. So we produce more and await the outcome.

But again the farmers are not so insensitive to the ordinary price stimulus. Milk for city use brings higher returns than that used for other purposes, and in consequence the increase in milk output has been most pronounced within the city milk zones, with the result that over-supply has demoralized the price. Thus we arrive at an impasse. To produce at the present price is disastrous; to reduce is just as bad, unless all reduce simulta-

neously—or, indeed, unless the buying power of the city people can be positively increased. There has, it is true, been a slight decrease in the volume of dairy products recently, but mainly outside of the city milk zone.

III

Of all the correlations made by the statisticians in an effort to explain to the people the straits they are in, none is more convincing than the one showing the correspondence between the payment of factory wages and the retail prices of milk and butter. The only essential difference between the payroll and the price curves is that the dairy curves move in a more abrupt manner either up or down, but they arrive at the same point eventually. For example, taking milk and payrolls each as 100 for New York City in 1929, they were both approximately at 60 at the close of 1933. Dairy products are the most essential of all foods in the mind of the dietitian; they are luxuries in the minds of the laborers with abnormally low incomes; and the latter group has the final word when it comes to action in the market. It is useless to undertake to sell dispensable goods to people who either cannot buy them, or who fail to appreciate their true worth. They will dispense with them.

Since the leading dairy prices fall with wages, will they not rise with rising payrolls, if and when that happy time comes? Yes, but only to a certain level. When payrolls go up, dairy products will rise in value to a point well above their present levels, but should employment and rates of pay rise to three times their present heights, dairy product prices would also rise, but not by any means in proportion. Ample supplies would make it unnecessary for wage earners to continue

to pay out a constant percentage of a rising income for this or any other food.

The city milk producer's troubles are not alone with the city. He occupies, as it were, the most advanced and vulnerable salient in the whole dairy line; he is subject to attack not only from the opponents he is facing, but from the rear. The city people, rich and poor, beat him back and down from the front, while members of his own kind threaten to cut the ground out from under him from the rear, simply and innocently by offering similar goods for less money. No competition is keener than that among farmers, though as a rule it is impersonal and invisible.

In milk production, however, it becomes fairly visible. For years the producers within a given zone have attempted to wall themselves in from other producers who threaten to furnish milk for their market at lower prices. Now what, it may be asked, is *their* market, or anybody's market? When the wheat growers got into the Upper Mississippi Valley with new implements and virgin soil, many an Eastern farmer was put out of business so far as wheat and other cereals were concerned. They also made it difficult for the producer of meat animals to continue his work, at least along old lines. Rich soils in the New West, good machinery and low railroad rates gave the Eastern cities a new lease on life, and cheap food by which to support it.

Now the easiest and cheapest place in the country for producing dairy products is in the Lake States and nearby territory, together with certain other districts as yet not so fully developed, or not so convenient to the most populous centers. It had been supposed until recently that this country was founded upon and dedicated to the principle of free trade within her own borders. The Federal Constitution

presumably forbids laying duties upon or restricting the movement of products from one state to another. However, let no one imagine he may keep cows in Minnesota and sell liquid milk in New York City.

But does not the city want the best and cheapest milk available? There are those in the city who want such bargains, no doubt. But by the time the city health commissioner gets through with the Milk Producers' Associations on the one hand, and the distributors on the other, he is usually ready to make it so difficult for distant shippers to enter the market that as a rule they do not try. That there are genuine advantages to the city in dealing with dairymen within easy reach, say not over a hundred or two miles away, is manifest. Were it feasible, a still shorter range would be desirable.

The restrictions are not in the nature of tariffs. Most of them come under the magic of inspection, or more formally, of the police power. The health commissioner is under no obligation to inspect more farms than are needed, or wanted, for supplying the city with milk. Convenient distances appeal to him, and interested farmers are helpful in urging the advantages of the restriction. This may not result in the cheapest milk available, but it will involve less in the way of difficulties. What is more, it is the consumer, aside from the producer, who is most affected by the price, and consumers are neither coherent nor articulate. For example, milk is high in price in Connecticut, but it is extremely difficult for a producer outside the State to break through the barriers erected. Likewise, the New York dairymen insist that unless and until their product is taken at a reasonable price, there is no occasion for looking farther for milk. Dairymen within city milk zones always make great claims regarding the

extra expense involved in the requirements laid down by the health commissioner. True, these expenses are not negligible, yet they are met promptly and fully by great numbers of farmers whenever they are given the opportunity to furnish milk for city trade.

Taking, then, the case as it is, what about the battle of the dairyman against the distributor? That the dairyman is prosperous no one who knows anything about the facts would contend. What about the dealer? In the farmer's mind the dealer has hardly been aware of the débâcle which has wrecked both country and city—since he enjoys an income still suggestive of prosperous times. This may be a wrong view of the case, but the dealers do occupy a strategic position in the milk market, and they have taken advantage of it. That farmers should stand impositions forever silently is not to be expected. In fact, for many years past they have staged an occasional protest of such vigor as to attract attention.

IV

While there have been many minor outbreaks of disagreement between producers and distributors over a period of half a century, there have been within the past twenty years two such occasions of major character. The more recent of the two started a year or two ago, and is not over yet. The bone of contention is the same old problem of prices, payrolls and profits. It is recognized that the payrolls are the sources from which milk prices must in large measure be drawn. The farmer realizes that out of the flattened pocketbooks of the unemployed and partially employed, no fancy prices are to be had. Yet the fact remains that in the various large cities milk is selling to rich and poor, or at

least reaching them, at 9 to 12 cents a quart. The farmer gets from 37 to 40% of that. Fifteen years ago he got 50 or 60% and five years ago not much less.

But these figures do not tell the whole story of the farmer's complaints. He gets a much lower price for the portion of his milk which is classed as surplus. Thus it may easily happen that a farmer who gets 40% of a 12-cent retail price for his "base" milk, and 4.8 cents a quart for his New York supply, may receive but the butter price for the balance, which during the past year has been hardly over 2 cents a quart. Hence the blended price may be not over 3 cents a quart for the total amount delivered by some producers, and it is the total payment for the total supply which impresses the farmer.

While the farmer has his income dragged down by the low value of the surplus, what of the dealer? He is often accused of making a profit out of the surplus, a profit which the farmer feels he should share. The facts on this point vary greatly from dealer to dealer, and from time to time. There is no reason to think most dealers want quantities of surplus milk. The farmer's complaint lies against the whole system of city milk distribution and its results, which, as he sees it, makes distributors rich and keeps producers poor.

The report of handsome returns made in these times of general economic disaster by the distributors of milk, arouses the bitterest feelings among dairymen. Buying of producers who are growing poorer every year, who are losing their farms and their homes, and selling to people whose incomes are pitifully low, the dealers report enviable, and almost unbelievable, profits. Accountants of the Federal Department of Agriculture have shown that in four of the largest cities the leading milk dealers have made a return

of 23% on capital invested during the past four years, and 14% in 1933!

It should, moreover, be noted that these profits, with their Arabian-Night flavor, are made out of a half cent or less per quart. No recapture clause could hope to salvage more than a fraction of this for the farmer. What the farmer wants is two cents, not two mills, more for his milk. But, under the authority of the A.A.A. the milk producer receives less, not more, than he was getting a few months ago. Last year the prices paid to the farmer and by the consumer were both set. This broke down. Now the price to the farmer is set, and retail prices left unregulated.

It is futile to hope for twice as high a price for milk for one purpose as it will bring for another. When all dairy products rise in price, the producer of city milk will again get better returns. At present, however, the consumer has a stronger case against the dealer than has the farmer. Anomalous situations respecting prices for milk arise out in the country. For example, a farmer on one side of a highway may be getting \$2 a hundred for his milk (a part of it) going to the city trade. Another farmer across the road with just as good equipment may be getting \$1 or even less, for similar milk going to a condenser. The question is whether or not such a discrepancy between similar producers is either reasonable or tenable.

That the producers of city milk are entitled to a price somewhat above that paid for milk going into the more general uses is plain. How much this margin should be cannot, on the one hand, be determined by any arbitrary means. On the other hand, there is no escaping the fact that the ruling force in the whole dairy market is the price of milk for the most widely used product, butter. When milk for but-

ter is low in price, city milk must likewise be relatively low. It is not a case of what ought to be paid for the product. It is a case of keeping market forces in balance. For example, it is ridiculous that it should cost half as much, or sometimes fully as much, to deliver milk as to put it through a processing plant, and still more ridiculous that it often costs as much for selling and delivery as the farmer gets for producing it.

V

Under these conditions farmers, like many others, are restless. They have staged strikes, general and special. The general strikes have been spectacular, but their results have thus far been nothing more tangible in the field of prices than a dramatization of the farmers' desperate condition. Just what the five Midwestern Governors hoped to accomplish in their flight to Washington last autumn and their presentation of an impossible program to the

President, involving price fixing at more than double current levels, has not been divulged, though it is plain that it helped to quiet down the militant holiday strikers for the moment. The general strikes were too vague as to purpose. They got nowhere because the farmers had no organizations, no plans, no real leaders.

The strikes of last year must, however, be taken seriously. There is a limit beyond which patience, even the patience of farmers, must not be tried. When serious-minded farmers leave their work and their homes, go out on the highway and take part in destroying property in the interest of fair returns for their products, it is time society took a little time off to get acquainted with the cause of the trouble. Unless some of the inequalities are adjusted, there will be in the near future an uprising of truly dangerous size.

A nation that is not mindful of the welfare of its farmers is bound to pay a horrible price for its neglect. The America of 1934 can hardly afford that price.

I RECOVER FROM SLEEPING SICKNESS

BY ELEANORE CAREY

“WAKE up! Wake up! Open your eyes!” The old, familiar command gradually sunk into my unconscious brain, and its meaning began to make itself clear. It seemed to me that life was nothing but a command to “wake up” when all I wanted in the world was to be left entirely alone and to be allowed to continue sleeping. What if I was almost dying of starvation because I could not be roused frequently enough to eat? Starvation was heaven compared to the ordeal of coming to consciousness, and I could see no reason why I should not be let alone to starve if I chose to do so.

I was at life’s lowest ebb—ravaged by the dread and very often fatal malady known as *encephalitis lethargica*, or sleeping sickness. After two months of illness I was in little pain, in fact, I was very comfortable, provided they did not prod me nor stand me on my head, turn me over in bed nor dash cold water on my face to waken me. It was so heavenly just to be allowed to sleep, but these people around me seemed determined to prevent my being comfortable!

When the idea finally crept through my sleeping brain that I *must* waken, it seemed to be a physical impossibility. I wanted to be obliging, but I just could not. It seemed to me to be just as difficult to come to consciousness as it would have been had I been buried in a pit as deep as the center of the earth, where the

circular walls about me were of shiny, polished marble. There were no crevices for my fingers on its sides nor any places to put my feet, but I must climb out of that pit with my bare hands! This comparison constantly came to my mind during the length of my illness. Perhaps it will give the reader a vague inkling of the dreadful lethargy which completely overpowers the victim of this disease and renders him impotent to make the effort to help himself.

Encephalitis lethargica is one of those strange diseases afflicting mankind, appearing in epidemic form of varying degrees of intensity, and the cause of which completely baffles the medical profession. The victim goes into a coma from which many never awake. There are some, however, who live through its initial stages only to emerge broken physically and mentally. And still there are a comparatively few others who come through the disease with a sharpened brain, keener mentally. But these few usually have one or more pronounced and unpleasant physical after-effects.

In 1923 an incipient epidemic made its appearance in New York, and I fell ill on the first of February of that year. In my case the contention of some physicians that it was the after-effect of the Spanish influenza was logical, inasmuch as I had had the flu during the epidemic of 1918. That was five years before, but I remember well how in less than twenty-

four hours I had nipped the attack in the bud, sending the disease into my system through the blood stream.

Sleeping sickness is, in the beginning, very insidious. In my case there was first a severe pain in the back of my head, which refused to relent its torture in spite of the pain-eliminators I used. After a period of three weeks, during which time many other symptoms developed and I ran a high temperature, this pain travelled to the left shoulder, where it remained in agonizing intensity for approximately six weeks more.

A detailed account of the many and varied symptoms which appear during these coming-down stages would be of no importance and is too lengthy to relate. One's life, however, is definitely divided—it comes to be regarded much as the soldiers must regard their lives—before and after the war. The sleeping-sickness patient thinks of life as before and after his sickness.

II

One of the foremost psychiatrists and and neurologists of the present day has informed me that each case has different symptoms, ranging from practically nothing to violent convulsions, but that double vision, or the seeing of two or more objects in place of one, is a general symptom and practically all patients experience it, regardless of the severity of the case. It is one of the first definite and sure symptoms of the sickness, and often, as in my case, becomes a permanent after-effect. Today, after eleven years, I am told by different eye specialists, as well as the doctor himself, that the probabilities are that the defect will never be cured. It left certain eye muscles completely paralyzed, so that unless the object

is far away two objects are still visible. There seems to be no help in glasses nor in any treatment—all doctors conforming in their opinion as to the futility of material aid.

This same physician has said that a return to complete health is possible only in very mild cases. Those whose illness was severe will be afflicted with one or more of the after-effects probably throughout the rest of their lives to a greater or less degree, according to the patient's treatment of himself.

About the time the pain left my head and went into my shoulder I began to experience the first signs of sleepiness. It was more than mere sleepiness—it was like a drugged lethargy, a semi-consciousness filled with the hodge-podge thoughts of a nightmare.

I heard music—music in everything. The sound of people's voices, the rolling of a milk-wagon in early morning, and, worst of all, the rumble and roar of the elevated trains as they passed near by—all these became bands, orchestras, and people singing—their voices registering all the way from baritone to high soprano. The music's persistency drove me to distraction, and the hideous hodge-podge and confusion which it caused seemed so real to me that the monotony made it a horror beyond description.

I had many visual illusions. I thought I was in a summer cottage, for instance, beside a lake where the music of chimes constantly sounded from a church steeple—far away. I could even see the shadow of leaves on the floor from the moonlighted window—and yet it was really winter and I was on the fifth floor of a New York hotel. In my delirium I took long journeys to far lands, where there were always terrible accidents, much death and destruction and frightful scenes.

The room in which I slept took on grotesque proportions—it was as large as a city block, and the objects in it were far, far away, when in reality they were no more than six feet from my bed.

The doctors who were called to diagnose my case finally called it sleeping sickness, and decided that the only “cure” was to leave the matter entirely to nature. They arranged for my care and for what little treatment was known to medical science. The fact that no longer would I have to force myself to consciousness at last reached my dormant mind and I relaxed, thanking the Lord for the chance just to sleep. Then came the coma so characteristic of the disease.

During that coma I experienced many dreams, or deliriums, many of which I can remember clearly still.

The raging fever consuming me night and day took what little flesh I had on my body and left me a literal skeleton. I weighed less than eighty pounds when I began the long and tedious climb out of the pit, but after the sickness itself had left and the fever subsided, it was only a few weeks before I noticeably commenced to gain weight rapidly.

I had slept for three months and a half—twenty-five hundred hours constantly, and many, many more in the ensuing months when the effort to get well became my chief aim in life.

My incentive to drag myself out of my coma was not thought out, or wondered about. It was an existing fact, brought to my consciousness with startling clarity by the presence of my small daughter, who was wholly dependent upon me for her welfare. I realized that I had to “snap out of” my illness and from the desire for sleep, and *live* again. There was no one to take care of her; if anything happened to me she would be lost,

and the fear of this gave me the determination to live, and it became a question of whether or not I had the will power to go on living or would succumb to the ravages of the disease. This will power is of utmost importance for any recovery at all. The thought of death, the reader must remember, is not brought about by any melancholia or depression of spirit—it is the line of least resistance—the easiest and pleasantest way.

In my anxiety to force myself out of a deplorable condition I put aside by sheer will power the desire to lie down and sleep. I made myself take up the tasks of housekeeping when it seemed a physical impossibility to keep awake, and I clearly remember that many hundreds of times I fell asleep doing any one of the little menial tasks I took upon myself to perform.

My entire day was clouded by one obsession—the wish to sleep. It was torture—this continual forcing oneself to keep conscious, and a great part of that time I was not entirely conscious—going about in a daze. I termed the condition, somewhat aptly, I think, “groggy”—as it reminded me of the stories I had heard of prize-fighters continuing fighting long after they were really conscious of what they were doing. I had no control over the sleep that came, which was not unlike the stupor produced by some deadly drug. It seemed to strike first in the pit of the stomach and then gradually creep to the brain, take possession there and deaden my senses. And simultaneously it seemed as if a wave engulfed me—sweeping my entire body in a dreadful lethargy, almost literally paralyzing in its effects, so that both mind and body were lifeless.

These attacks during the first year of my recovery were practically continuous, causing me to be in this condition of

lassitude the greater part of the time. And to make matters worse, domestic circumstances exactly the reverse of those which would tend to heal the exhausted nerves and devitalized body were all about me. My physician explained that these conditions were like the scratching of a raw sore—and sores cannot be healed by picking and irritation.

So I had to carry on getting well without rest, without relaxation—except for a brief heavenly visit to my blessed mother's home, who as at the beginning of life, soothed the way back toward health for me now.

I had laid my plans for a physical comeback. But I had not reckoned with another after-effect, which proved to be among the most difficult and distressing of all the results of that hideous illness. It was something entirely outside the pale of my control, something about which at first I grieved considerably, but which later began to enrage and infuriate me.

Acquaintances and even some closer friends of long standing began to look at me peculiarly. I was conscious of a sympathetic condescension—and at times almost an aversion—in their attitude. At first I was completely at a loss to know the reason, but an irate landlady, to whom, unfortunately, I owed some money, gave me the explanation. She accused me openly of being a drug addict and a sort of chronic inebriate, both of which conclusions were arrived at because of my sleepy appearance and the drowsiness which often overpowered me. She became vicious and embittered, and would follow me from place to place, telling the people where I worked or lived these grotesque and brutal stories, and ill consequences would invariably follow. If she could find no other way to annoy me, even long after I left her, she would go to the school my

daughter attended and follow her home to learn where we lived. I lost several positions, my employers apparently feeling that my "addiction to drugs" would be an evil influence in their organizations, and more than one landlady requested me to leave because she was suspicious.

Any number of people have asked me point-blank if I used any drug, or what I "have been drinking." And today, as in the days of eight and nine years ago, I am still the unfortunate victim of this vicious accusation. It seems as if I must, upon an introduction to anyone, immediately explain why I look like an addict of either drugs or liquor. But in many cases the explanations would be futile, since they would be regarded as elaborate alibis. It is maddening—particularly when it actually interferes with one's business and home life.

III

After a period of three years had gone by I returned to the physician who had taken care of me during my illness and protested this hideous condition, asking him if there was not some medicine or treatment he could prescribe that would alleviate the "grogginess." I made it clear to him that I was considerably unnerved at the constant direct or indirect implication that I was a drug addict or an inebriate. The only consolation I received from him was a sympathetic smile—and then he became angry. "It is a miracle that you are alive at all! Why do you care what people say? What must be the feelings of those others if you feel hurt that you are talked about? If you had decently died they would have only good things to say. Aren't you a bit ashamed to complain? There are hundreds of victims who would give anything to be as well as you are."

He was only telling the truth. I am indeed fortunate to be as well rid of the dreadful malady as I am, but I can only wonder what must be the feelings of those others who were not so fortunate. For even now there are times when I *cannot* keep awake, and these seizures and their results are little short of agony.

I still go to sleep in the bath-tub, often having slept there all night, to find on awaking in the cold gray dawn, that the hot water in which I fell asleep has grown bitter cold. Frequently I spend whole nights asleep at my desk, unable to rouse myself to get properly to bed. Dressing in front of my mirror I often lose consciousness for a few minutes, and I have dropped and broken so many hand-mirrors that I could never live long enough to live out the proverbial seven years' bad luck. And when I have been unusually tired I have even fallen into a light sleep while waiting for traffic lights to change, or for a trolley-car, or *even for a subway express*—right at the edge of a crowded platform.

But these sleeping spells are not at all the same as those that come from being overtired. The patient is really in that semi-conscious condition, known to many nervous people, that comes before they pass into a deep sleep. You are really conscious; there is a hodge-podge of dreams, unrelated, and not pertaining to anything in one's environment. The mind is confused and bewildered, and everything seems unreal. I find it difficult, particularly when I first rouse myself out of the lethargy, to remember directions. It seems impossible, for instance, to find the way into my bed-

room, or to know which way to turn to get toward home if I am out.

On several occasions people have come up to me on the street and asked if I felt ill. It is about as humiliating a circumstance as I can imagine. The victim knows at once that he is suspected of having imbibed too freely or of having taken a drug. Embarrassment makes him seem the more guilty, and his bewilderment and mental confusion only help to confirm the mind of the observer.

That is probably the most detrimental after-effect of the disease and one which the physicians say can never be entirely cured. It can, however, be alleviated, so that it is never present unless the patient becomes overtired through either mental or physical exertion.

There are other after-effects of a physical nature which are more or less trouble-making, according to their intensity. One of the most astonishing is a glandular disturbance. This accounts for the increase in weight which seems to be a usual consequence of the disease. It also accounts for a complete right-about-face of many vital processes.

But the after-effect which in my own case has caused the greatest difficulty is the change in my appearance, which has made so many suspect that I take drugs or alcohol. As I have said, there seems to be no help for me. Surely I cannot go about the streets wearing a placard on my back and chest announcing to the inquisitive, the suspicious and the world in general, "I have had sleeping sickness. That is why I look this way!"

GODFATHER TO AMERICAN CORRUPTION

BY ESTHER STRACHEY

ONE night in the winter of 1869 Henry Adams was taken to the White House to be introduced to the new President of the United States. He was to leave an account of this event which in the light of future happenings was to prove singularly significant. In that extraordinary autobiography in which he has recorded the successive stages of his intellectual disillusionment there are no pages in which the disillusionment is more absolute than those in which he tells of his impressions upon meeting General Grant. Adams, recently returned from a seven years' residence in London, was intensely curious concerning the man who at the moment dominated the imagination of the New America which had been born out of the Civil War; and whom a majority of the American people, harassed by factions and the struggle of contradictory interests, had united to elect to the presidency, in the confident belief, as Adams said, that "General Grant represented order. He was a great soldier and the soldier always represented order."

Adams had also thought that this might very well be so, but when he actually saw and talked to the man upon whom so many millions of his fellow citizens depended to lead them out of the political and economic chaos which was America after the Civil War, he had only one instantaneous reaction, the overwhelming conviction that it was a monstrous and tragic accident that a man like Grant

should occupy the office he did at that particular moment in American history. Adams's perception of the discrepancy between the nature of the problems which confronted Grant and Grant's capacity to deal with them was complete. "In Grant," Adams tells us, "the intellect counted for nothing. Only the energy counted. The type was pre-intellectual, archaic, and would have seemed so even to the cave-dwellers." He was, Adams adds, "simple-minded beyond the experience of Wall Street or State Street. . . . He should have been extinct for ages. . . . The progress of evolution from President Washington to President Grant was alone evidence enough to upset Darwin."

Adams's portrait of Grant and of his era is incomparably the most brilliant and profound which has come to us from any contemporary source. But Adams was above all things an intellectual and one who, on his own admission, was primarily concerned in attempting to discover a meaning or a logic in history, and as such, it might be objected that he was no fit person to pass judgment on the man upon whom the American people had conferred the greatest political office in their gift. Grant's particular kind of stupidity evaded Adams's skeptical and subtle intelligence and indeed disconcerted him so much that he might easily have failed to grasp the fact that Grant's peculiar mental limitations did not strike the great mass of Americans as either unusual or at all to be

deplored. But there were other men who, for quite other reasons, had grave doubts as to Grant's ability to measure up to the task assigned to him.

Adam Badeau the journalist, who was personally devoted to Grant and who had served on his staff during the Civil War and witnessed his triumphs at close hand, told Adams, after Grant had become President, that "neither he nor the staff knew why Grant succeeded; they believed in him because of his success. They could never follow a mental process in his thought. They were not sure that he did think."

And Gideon Welles, a shrewd and experienced politician and administrator who was Secretary of the Navy in the cabinets of Lincoln and of Johnson, according to the account he has left in his diary, was not at all reassured by a conversation which he had with Grant shortly before his election. "It pained me," he wrote, "to see how little he understood of the fundamental principles and structure of our government, and of the constitution itself. . . . General Grant has become severely afflicted with the presidential disease, and it warps his judgment, which is not very intelligent or enlightened at best. He is less sound on great and fundamental principles and vastly less informed than I had believed possible for a man of his opportunities."

II

History was to vindicate triumphantly the wisdom of Adams, Badeau and Welles's doubts as to Grant's eligibility for the Presidency, and to prove the American people quite wrong in their choice of him; but nevertheless it would have been surprising if they had chosen anyone else. The American people, like Badeau and the other members of Grant's staff, "believed in him because of his success," and they

were not at all concerned with finding out how that success had been arrived at or whether it was of a particular kind that fitted him for the office which they were determined to bestow on him. When he became President, Grant occupied in the imagination and the emotions of the American people exactly the place that Dewey was to occupy thirty and Lindbergh almost sixty years later. In his military achievement Grant had displayed an aptitude for doing one thing supremely well, which has always exerted an irresistible fascination over the American mind. Let a man do one thing well, and Americans will instantly think that he can do everything else equally well.

Grant, too, believed in his own success and was besides, as Welles had detected, "afflicted with the presidential disease." Unlike his coadjutor General Sherman, who was astute enough to foresee the pitfalls which lay in wait for a military hero who ventured into the realm of politics, and who was uncompromisingly to refuse the Presidency some years later, Grant accepted it without misgivings. W. E. Woodward, who has written the best biography of Grant, says that "his elevation to the office of Presidency was the greatest disaster of his life, but he never had the faintest inkling of that fact." One can only add that there were a great many other facts of which Grant was to remain unaware. His complete incomprehension of the situation which confronted him had something phenomenal about it. All the qualities which had made his spectacular rise from Fort Donelson to the final triumph at Appomattox possible were to prove worse than useless in the face of the difficulties which he had to meet when he became President. A new America was coming into being, and Grant was completely and utterly ignorant of it to his dying day.

The Civil War has been aptly called the "Second American Revolution." And that desperate and bloody struggle was a revolution in the only sense in which the word has any meaning: it transferred power from one class of society to another. The defeat of the Confederacy swept away forever the political domination of the slaveholding oligarchy of the South, and the outworn and archaic economic system on which it was based, and substituted for it the domination of the industrialists and bankers of the North, whose business it was to impose finally upon America the industrial system in whose extension the ruling class of the old South had so clearly seen its own downfall and which it had so long and violently resisted.

It was the historical mission of the Republican party after the defeat of the Southern Confederacy to become the political instrument which was to bring about the industrialization of the United States according to the principles of *laissez-faire* capitalism. Just as fifty years later it became the mission of the Communist party, after the fall of the Czarist autocracy, to undertake the industrialization of Russia according to the doctrines of Karl Marx.

The close of the "Second American Revolution" left the Republican party the dominant faction in the nation. But like the Communists half a century later they were too clear-sighted to run the risk of allowing any counter revolution to develop. The Republican party was fortunate enough to find in Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania a leader whose comprehension of the principles of power politics was almost equal to Lenin's, and which has never been surpassed by any other American statesman. Stevens at once grasped the fact that the military defeat of the Southern States was not enough to insure the fact that they would never attempt to regain

their former ascendancy. He saw that in order to prevent that, their whole social system must be uprooted and that they must be held in subjection politically and economically until such a time as the Republican party had consolidated its power beyond the possibility of challenge.

With this end in view Stevens and the so-called "radicals" of the Republican party introduced the once famous "Reconstruction acts," which were to reduce the Southern States to the status of a conquered province for almost a decade. With the South rendered incapable of any opposition, the way was clear for its new rulers and their allies to make over the country, a process which was well under way when Grant became President, but which was to go on at a very fast rate during the eight years he was in office.

III

Unfortunately for the United States but fortunately for his own peace of mind, Grant was totally oblivious to the significance either of the Civil War or of the events which had taken place between its close and his inauguration. With the exception of Harding no President of the United States was ever so completely incapable of understanding the situation that confronted him when he took office. There is no indication that he was in any way dismayed or disquieted by it. And the famous words in his acceptance of the presidential nomination, "Let us have peace," which were to capture the imagination of the country, breathed the same spirit of naïve optimism as did Harding's slogan of "back to normalcy" fifty years afterward.

There were competent observers, however, whose diagnosis of the situation in the United States was not reassuring. Over in London Karl Marx, a keen student of

American affairs, wrote a very pertinent comment on them in the first volume of "Das Kapital," which appeared the year before Grant was inaugurated. He said: "The American Civil War has left behind it a colossal national debt, with the consequent increased pressure of taxation, the creation of a financial aristocracy of the meanest kind, the handing over of an enormous proportion of the public lands to speculative companies for exploration by means of railroads, mines, etc.—in a word the centralization of capital at a headlong pace."

And in the United States in a speech delivered in 1866, Grant's predecessor, President Johnson, warned the American people that the Civil War had merely resulted in the substitution of one set of masters for another. He said: "An aristocracy based on nearly two billion and a half of national securities has arisen in the Northern States to assume that political control which the consolidation of great financial and political interests formerly gave to the slave oligarchy." And he added with prophetic insight: "The war of finance is the next war we have to fight."

But Marx was a man of theory, and as such his views would be anathema to a race of such stubborn empiricists as the Americans. And Johnson was an intransigent person with an inconvenient belief that democracy might actually be made to work, which fact had estranged him from all the leading politicians of his day. He understood what was happening in the country far too clearly to make it advisable to allow him a second term as President.

So he was promptly retired to private life and Grant was put in his place. Grant disliked Andrew Johnson too bitterly to accept any of his opinions, and for Grant to have read Karl Marx, or to have under-

stood him if he had, would have been inconceivable. But before he was six months in office he was given an opportunity to learn from experience the astonishing wisdom of Marx's and of Johnson's pronouncements.

To the period of Grant's administration might also have been given the name, "A New Economic Era." Indeed, many of the phrases current in the years which stretched from the election of Harding to the administration of Hoover, are curiously appropriate to Grant's day. His was an age dominated by the same doctrine of "rugged individualism" which Hoover fifty years later declared to be the only salvation of the nation. It was under Grant that "rugged individualism" first came into its own; when the philosophy of the old America of the pioneers and the frontier was to be skillfully adapted to the uses of the new industrial system. The faith of Jacksonian democracy in a republic of small farmers and mechanics where the common man was to be the only beneficiary of the nation's wealth, was to prove incompatible with the claims of that "financial aristocracy" whose rise Karl Marx had detected.

But the new rulers were ingenious enough to take over the philosophy of the order they had supplanted. Jefferson and Jackson in their different ways had affirmed their conviction that the common man had a right to the enjoyment of the property he had acquired, unhampered by the restrictions and the tyrannies of government.

And there were to be no more ardent advocates of the doctrine of "the right to do what one liked with one's own" or more passionate opponents "of governmental interference with property rights" than the practitioners of "rugged individualism" who climbed to power un-

der Grant, and no one was to offer them more coöperation than he.

For no one believed more firmly than Grant in the doctrine of "rugged individualism" as the best safeguard for the rights of the common man. All the circumstances of his life had contributed to make him believe that it was the only doctrine through which democracy could be sustained.

He had risen from poverty and obscurity to military glory and the highest political office in the nation; and like most unimaginative men he took his own experience as a universal criterion. It never occurred to him that the America he had known as a boy out on the Ohio Reserve had died in the Civil War, or that the new America might not afford equality of opportunity for all men. He was never even to suspect that his administration marked one of the most crucial periods of transition in the history of the American experiment; and that he, himself, was to play such an enormous part in making possible the consolidation of the financial and industrial order which was to dominate the United States for the next half century.

The men who were building this new order, however, were quite aware that Grant would be invaluable in aiding them in their task of putting more business in government, and they were wholeheartedly back of Grant's candidacy. They turned away from the divided and discredited Democrats, with their schemes for tampering with the currency and redistributing wealth by reducing the profits of the bondholders; and they rallied to Grant as their successors years later were to rally to Harding. Jay Cooke, the "great" banker of the day, had no difficulty at all in raising a large campaign fund. The great oligarchy which was to rule America had found the President that it needed.

IV

Grant did not disappoint the hopes of his supporters. The least acquisitive of men, he had an almost superstitious reverence for men of great wealth, and the deference for their judgment and opinions which he was to display while he was President, was to lead to some astounding results. Woodward explains this trait in Grant on the ground that having made a failure of every business venture on which he had ever embarked, Grant was completely fascinated by anyone who could make money. In any event, Grant united to a respect for money making that was exaggerated even in a country which had elevated money making into a religion, a lack of suspicion of human motives that was almost incredible. His own honesty was absolute and his lack of imagination led him to assume that everyone else was like him. It was the tragedy of his career that his virtues were to be his undoing. His integrity, generosity and loyalty went to make him not only the tool but the defender of the thieves and swindlers who insinuated themselves into his confidence, and to drag the prestige of the Presidency lower than it was ever to fall except on one other occasion.

He was to give proof of this when, a few months after he took office, one of the most prominent figures in the contemporary world of finance, was to involve him and through him the country, in the famous Gold Conspiracy, the first of that series of gigantic scandals which recurred with monotonous regularity throughout Grant's two administrations, and which were to damage the prestige of the Federal government to an incalculable extent and to lower the standard of public morality for years to come.

It would not have been necessary, how-

ever, to have been as gullible as Grant in order to be duped by Jay Gould. Devious in his practices beyond the habit of even that devious age, Gould was by far the most predatory, ruthless, and cunning of all the financial adventurers of those days. The scale upon which his operations were conducted, the methods by which he built up his vast fortune, the train of misery and ruin which he left in his wake, are not diminished by comparison with the latter day exploits of Insull. When a man like Gould set his nets for the unsuspecting Grant, the result could only be a foregone conclusion.

The history of the Gold Conspiracy is intricate, and in spite of all that has been written about it, many details of it remain obscure to this day. But the main outline is clear. Gould, who in this particular venture had associated with him the notorious Jim Fiske, one of the gaudiest and most unscrupulous rascals of his time, had hatched a scheme by which he hoped to gain control of the national currency. But in order that it should succeed it was necessary to have an avenue of approach to the President. This was supplied by a certain Abel Corbin, a Washington lobbyist and Wall Street hanger-on, who had married Grant's sister. Corbin was the first of that long series of thoroughly unreliable individuals, whom an unkind fate seems to have placed close to Grant for the express purpose of getting him into difficulties. Corbin, who was a speculator on a small scale, was not proof against the advances of so great a master of the art as Gould. After Gould had explained the project by which he proposed to corner the available gold supply and had thoughtfully made it financially possible for Corbin to participate in the profits if the scheme worked, Corbin was only too eager to use all his influence to enlist Grant's support.

Through his good offices Gould and Fiske were enabled to reach Grant and to persuade him of the advantages which would accrue to the country, if he would take their advice and order the United States Treasury to stop selling gold. Gould apparently succeeded in getting Grant to agree to do this by persuading him that a rise in the price of wheat would follow the adoption of this policy; and that the farmers, who at the period were experiencing financial difficulties, would be greatly benefited in consequence.

The Secretary of the Treasury at the time was unfortunately not the man to open Grant's eyes to Gould's real intentions. With two or three exceptions the men Grant had appointed to his cabinet had not been fortunate choices, and Secretary Boutwell was not among the happier selections that he had made. He seems to have been as honest and honorable as Grant himself, but he was equally ignorant of the complexities of high finance. Both Grant and Boutwell played directly into the hands of Gould who, secure in the knowledge that the Treasury had indefinitely suspended the practice of selling gold, was able to buy a vast number of gold contracts and to bid up the price of gold to unheard-of heights. When Grant at the eleventh hour grasped the realities of the situation and ordered the Treasury to begin selling gold, the great panic of September, 1869, to be known ever afterwards as Black Friday, convulsed the New York Stock Exchange. The net result was that Gould, who had been warned in advance of Grant's intentions by Corbin, emerged with a great increase of fortune, while hundreds of people who did not have his sources of information were utterly ruined.

It was made abundantly clear to the public in general that two clever swindlers had been able to influence the fiscal policy

of the Federal government at great profit to themselves by hoodwinking the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Treasury. For that Grant had been completely deceived there can be no question. Till the very end it never seems to have occurred to him that Gould's operations were being conducted with any other object than to assist the farmers by raising the price of their crop. During the period when Gould was engaged in manipulating the price of gold Grant, to the dismay of the more conservative element in society, gave proof of the absolute confidence which he reposed in Gould and Fiske by appearing at several public functions as the guest of the disreputable pair.

V

Grant does not seem to have been at all disillusioned by his experience with Jay Gould. For when the *Crédit Mobilier* Scandal was brought to light towards the close of his first administration he was to prove himself as credulous as ever. The *Crédit Mobilier*, as Woodward says, "was the Tea-Pot Dome of its day," and it fell to the lot of the Vice-President of the United States, Schuyler Colfax, to play much the same rôle which the Secretary of the Interior, Albert Fall, was to play in the Tea-Pot Dome affair fifty years later. A Congressional investigation into the circumstances that surrounded the building of the Union Pacific Railroad revealed the fact that the United States government had been cheated out of an enormous sum of money by the company which had undertaken the building of the road. The government had loaned the company \$27,000,000 in addition to giving them outright a huge grant of land. The men who controlled the company, by a series of intricate financial maneuvers, had transferred most

of the assets of the railroad to a dummy holding company known as the *Crédit Mobilier*. They had so arranged matters that when the road was completed it was entirely impossible for the government to realize a penny of the sum it had loaned.

It was one of the most colossal swindles of its kind and it marked a notable step forward in the process of uniting Big Business and the Federal government. The details had been handled with great efficiency. While the road was in process of building, in order to prevent any governmental interference with the financial policy of its promoters, Oakes Ames, a representative from Massachusetts, whose family had invested heavily in the Union Pacific, made it his business to see that the enterprise received the support of Congress. His methods were simple and direct. He sold stock in the *Crédit Mobilier* at par to all the more influential congressmen. Those congressmen who could not afford to pay for the stock were nevertheless given it by the accommodating Ames who assured them that they would be able to pay for it out of their dividends. Considering the fact that the stock of the *Crédit Mobilier* shortly afterwards paid dividends in cash, stocks and bonds on the magnificent scale of 100% on the original capital to its fortunate investors, Ames's confidence was justified.

Ames had given a very clear statement of his motives in persuading his fellow legislators to become stockholders in the *Crédit Mobilier*. In a private letter which was eventually published in the *New York Sun* and precipitated the Congressional investigation which disclosed these curious transactions, he wrote: "We want more friends in this Congress," and he added, with a remarkable grasp of economic motives, "There is no difficulty in getting men to look after their own property."

The result of the investigation was a political holocaust of the first magnitude. The Vice-President, the Vice-President-elect, the heads of nearly all the important Congressional committees, Garfield, a future President, and Blaine, a future candidate for the Presidency, were all involved to a greater or less degree. But Vice-President Colfax came off the worst of all. He denied all of Ames's allegations, and swore that he had never received a penny in dividends. He persisted in his denial even when confronted with a cancelled check for \$1200, which Ames had sent him. When the cashier of his bank testified that he had deposited that sum to his account, Colfax asserted that the money had been sent to him as a gift by a wealthy philanthropist who, he explained, admired him for the reason that he had started life as a printer! Colfax's story carried no conviction whatsoever and his predicament is strikingly reminiscent of the subsequent plight of Secretary Fall during the Tea-Pot Dome investigation when he was called upon to explain the reasons which had prompted a great oil magnate to advance him \$100,000.

Colfax was destined to get off more lightly than Secretary Fall. He undoubtedly would have been impeached except for the fact that his term was about to expire. His guilt was so flagrant that no one doubted it except Grant. To the general amazement, Grant, after the investigation was over, wrote a letter to Colfax stating: "I am satisfied now as I have ever been of your integrity, patriotism, and freedom from the charges imputed, as I know of my own knowledge your innocence." The final outcome of the investigation was the retirement of Colfax to private life, consoled by Grant's "vindication." The other congressmen were all whitewashed and given a clean bill of health by the party

leaders in an ambiguous report which admitted that there had been dishonest practices but concluded that nobody had been guilty of them. The promoters of the *Crédit Mobilier* were left to the undisturbed enjoyment of the profit of \$23,000,000 which they had made on an initial investment of about a million.

Grant's attitude towards Colfax was typical of him. He was, whenever he was given an opportunity, to extend a pathetic and stubborn loyalty to shady and dubious characters of whom there were only too many in his official family. The inadequate Boutwell had been succeeded at the Treasury by William A. Richardson. Richardson soon proved himself to be almost as embarrassing an associate as Vice-President Colfax. Before entering the Cabinet he had been closely allied with one of the more disreputable political groups of the day and he lost no time in introducing one of its members into the Treasury Department. He appointed a certain John Sanborn to collect delinquent taxes, on the understanding that Sanborn could keep half of the money which he collected. Encouraged by this liberal agreement, Sanborn showed such zeal and developed such peculiar methods in the collection of taxes that after another investigation (the political history of the Grant régime resolves itself into a series of scandals following upon investigations) a Congressional committee forced Sanborn's dismissal. Moreover, they discovered such irregularities on the part of Secretary Richardson in connection with the Sanborn affair that they also demanded his resignation. Grant, who was as convinced of Richardson's innocence as he had been of Colfax's, used his influence with the members of the committee to save him from dismissal. Richardson was permitted to resign and Grant appointed him a Federal judge by way of compensation.

The activities of the Secretary of War, General Belknap, and of his wife were soon to give Grant another opportunity of attempting to whitewash a badly damaged reputation. Belknap was pressed for money. Mrs. Belknap was young, socially ambitious and extravagant. The pair discovered that they were able to augment their income to a very considerable degree by selling appointments to certain Federal offices which were under the jurisdiction of the War Department. When a Senatorial investigation brought these facts to light, Grant immediately permitted Belknap to resign so that he might escape being impeached. He furthermore asserted his personal belief in his innocence in the most positive manner, without even having investigated the charges against him.

Grant was to be further embarrassed at home by the discovery that his private secretary, General Orville Babcock, who had served with him during the Civil War, had taken large bribes from a ring of whiskey distillers whom he had aided in escaping the government taxes; and his administration was to be compromised abroad by Robert Schenck, who was the author of a famous treatise on the art of poker playing, and whom Grant for some unaccountable reason, had appointed Ambassador to Great Britain. Schenck was to invite unfavorable criticism in England for using his diplomatic position to sell the shares of a highly speculative venture called the Emma Mine, in which he was financially interested. Many English investors suffered heavy losses in consequence, and the prestige of America sank still lower.

All the while that these scandals succeeded one another in the national government the industrial expansion of the United States was proceeding at record speed. In spite of the corruption in high

places, in spite of the chaotic conditions in the prostrate South where Northern corruptionists and swindlers of every kind were profiting by the confusion to accumulate large fortunes by the most devious methods, the country swept on towards its destiny.

VI

In 1873 it seemed for a while as though the apparently illimitable expansion had been definitely checked. Just as the failure of the *Crédit Anstalt* in 1871 was to have such disastrous repercussions in the United States, another financial crisis in Vienna in May, 1873, precipitated the great panic into which America was plunged three months later. The era of unbridled speculation which had followed the Civil War, and which had seemed to offer to everyone clever enough to seize them, innumerable and inexhaustible opportunities for getting rich, vanished abruptly, together with most of its dazzling rewards; and the country passed into the worst depression it had yet known, with all the inevitable accompaniments of bank failures, bankruptcies, unemployment and general mass misery.

When Grant left the White House in 1877, the depression had not yet lifted. To the great multitude who had had neither the luck nor the cunning to escape its ravages, it seemed a major catastrophe; but the wise men who knew how to turn depressions to good account, were busy among the ruins building up the fortunes whose sizes were soon to stagger the world. And it was plain to all who had confidence in the American system that it was only a temporary interruption in the triumphant advance of the country towards an unparalleled material domination.

A man as historically minded as Henry Adams might see in all the phenomena of

the times the symptoms, not of progress, but of disintegration; and looking into the future he might doubt the efficacy of the American system itself. "The political dilemma was as clear in 1870 as it was likely to be in 1970." Thus wrote Adams in a memorable passage in which he has left the expression of those doubts. "The system of 1789 had broken down and with it the Eighteenth Century fabric of *a priori*, or moral principles. Politicians had given it up. Grant's administration marked the avowal. Nine-tenths of men's political energies must henceforth be wasted on expedients to piece out—to patch—or in vulgar language, to tinker—the political machine as often as it broke down. Such a system or want of system might last centuries . . . but as a machine, it was, or soon would be, the poorest in the world—the clumsiest—the most inefficient."

But it was not to men such as Adams that America was to turn for guidance; and his skepticism was powerless to shake the faith of an intensely pragmatic people in their own unbounded capacity for making things work.

At the close of Grant's administration the pattern of the future had been fixed. On the ruins of that agrarian civilization which the Southern slave-holders had sought to keep, the most powerful industrial country in the world was being built. Morgan, Vanderbilt, Carnegie, Rockefeller, all of the men to whom the future belonged, had already started to come into their own. Public life was to be dominated henceforward by what Charles A. Beard has so happily called "the politics of acquisition."

The national philosophy was settled. America was to be the greatest business

civilization the earth had yet seen and was to be conducted for profit by business men. Government was to be something that did not interfere while men made money. And in all of these decisions Grant had acquiesced without understanding any one of them.

"Grant's era outraged all decency," wrote Henry Adams. "But the world was very little interested in decency." Oddly enough, Grant was one of the few men who was interested in decency. He had brought to the Presidency an immense good will and a desire to assure to the great mass of the American people the order which so many of them craved. An order which would insure to each and all of them that free development of their human capacities which constitutes the pursuit of happiness. But Grant in his simplicity did not realize that that order could never be established in an America which was dedicated to other ends. One of the most honest men who have ever held political office, it was the paradox of his career to lend the name which the world hailed as that of the greatest general since Napoleon to an era that was to become a synonym for corruption.

The analogy between the era of Grant and the era which opened half a century later with the administration of Harding, would seem complete were it not for the fact that there is the same fundamental difference between them that there is between the character and destiny of Grant and the character and destiny of Harding. Karl Marx summed it up when he amended Hegel's aphorism that "all great events appear twice on the stage of history," by adding that "they appear first as a tragedy and then as a farce."

PLAYBOY

To Alice B. Toklas

BY THOMAS BEER

BACK then when cats had wings, one night, Albert de Silver and I went to a play. De Silver was not yet a champion of civil liberties. We were reading law at Columbia. Coming out of the theater we picked up John Reed and took him along to the gloomy old Yale Club in West Forty-fourth Street for some eggs and a drink. On the way we collected Thomas Lawrason Riggs, Arthur Hildebrand and a quiet lad named Alan Campbell, still an undergraduate. In the club we gathered John Crawford and Meade Minnigerode. All these men came to dreary ends except Lawrason Riggs, who is a priest in New Haven. Young Campbell died just as Albert de Silver did by a fall from a speeding train. Harrison Smith is a publisher. Jack Crawford was killed at Cantigny. Hildebrand made his fine sketch of Magellan and vanished at sea. Minnigerode and I write. We settled at a big round table in the grillroom and John Reed began to be funny.

In those days "intercollegiate kidding" was considered rather stale and rather bad form. After the war it revived in book reviews and columns produced by grown up men who used such words as "sophomoric," and "puerile." Reed began to be funny about finding himself in the Yale Club. Being responsible for him, I tried to change the subject once or twice and it was probably my fault that the subject changed to Paris. He decided to be funny and illuminating on Paris. He said that a man could

only talk about Paris when he was drinking champagne. So Jack Crawford ordered a lot of champagne. He had beautiful manners and liked to make things easier than they might have been. Mr. Reed fatally spoke of Paris and in a minute it proved that he did not imagine anybody else in the party could know anything about Paris. Alice B. Toklas tells us that he did not please Gertrude Stein by talking about Spain, because Miss Stein and Miss Toklas had been to Spain. Of Mr. Reed's audience, that night, Campbell, Minnigerode and Riggs were partly educated in Europe. The rest of us all had seen Paris. I had left Paris three weeks before this warm fall night. Nevertheless, we sat listening to Mr. Reed being funny about Paris.

Mary Stewart Weyman who introduced me to John Reed came back from Italy in 1933 after living there nineteen years. She went to some parties in New York and they asked her if she was a relation of Dwight Wiman. Young playwrights told her they had a play her husband might like to glance over. People said, "You live in Rome?" and then they told her all about Rome. She found herself wondering and wondering if Americans had always been as awful as they seemed. And then more people asked if she was Mrs. Dwight Wiman and she went back to Rome. That night in the hot and grim grillroom on West Forty-fourth Street I sat and cursed Mrs. Weyman for having introduced me to John Reed in an automat.

We did not know that he was a portent or a precursor of the generation that discovered Europe in 1917 and 1918 and told us all about it for a long time—sometimes nicely, generally not. He was just another bore, talking about the night life of Paris.

“... Rue du Mont Thabor,” said Lawrason Riggs.

“No, Rue Mont Thabor,” Mr. Reed said.

“Well,” Riggs said, in the voice of a wornout Christian martyr yielding to a lion, “it was Rue du Mont Thabor, this summer.” He got out, a while later. I think he was the first refugee. Then Harrison Smith and Hildebrand flitted. Albert de Silver’s jutting face had become set in a firm grin of politeness. Crawford ordered more champagne.

“Lilas,” said Minnigerode. “No, Closerie des Lilias,” Mr. Reed explained.

“Lilas,” said Minnigerode. “My people live in Paris. I was brought up there.”

For some reason, Mr. Reed said, “Nonsense!” Mr. Minnigerode went away. I forget when young Campbell excused himself to catch the last train for New Haven. John Reed said that he was a nice kid and ought to be at Harvard. Yes, he was being funny. All right. I forget when Albert de Silver quit. Maybe it was when Mr. Reed was describing the Halles in early morning. Or when he was explaining that the *apaches* were really a lot of fakes worked up by Thomas Cook. Or when he told the one about the French husband who came home and looked through the keyhole. Or the sailor who got into the House of All Nations. His French was just as bad as yours, too. Crawford ordered more champagne. I have sat through terrible things since, including the sound of my own voice on the subjects of Giovanna of Naples, gallstone, spinal trouble and the mathematic qualities of the superior novel. Once I listened for four hours to a lady with no

sense of humor telling me about Stephen Crane. I went to the first night of the Swedish ballet in New York. In 1926 Paul Rosenfeld left me on a street corner with a young man who told me all about the ivory tower and Karl Marx. But those things were different. As you age, you can stand more of it, even your own. Back then, one was definitely young. Mr. Reed piled the exasperatingly rapid on the horror of the expected. Mr. Crawford locked his hands, dropped his chin on them and stared across the glasses. He began to blink. He indicated yawns by swelling his cheek muscles. He at last shut his eyes. Then we lost John Reed.

“Benno,” Crawford said, reaching for a bottle, “do you think anybody will ever forgive you—at any time?”

In these circumstances, back when cats had wings, I determined to duck when I next saw John Reed. He came abreast of me on Riverside Drive when I was getting some air between doses of Columbia Law School. This happened in winter. I said that the Hudson looked cold as Puget Sound. So John Reed began to talk about the Northwest, and was not a playboy about it. We talked for a long time about Puget Sound and the smell of burning cedarbark in Portland. I told him about a Chinese junk in the bay of Seattle, and he told me about a blind man who grew roses in a back yard in Tacoma. He did all the talking, soon, standing with his hands in the pockets of a loose overcoat, staring at the river. He was no more a brilliant talker than he was a brilliant writer, but he talked about Tacoma and the long Sound, mist, Swedes, ramshackle brothels strung up slopes. He said nothing profound, but he made beauty, talking. Men do that when they talk about things they have loved much, and Americans often talk very well when they are not trying to be wise or funny.

FASCISM IN AMERICAN LAW

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

FEAR of a rising Fascist movement has, within the last year, transformed American social observers into a self-constituted posse for the discovery of khaki and silver-shirted legions. Sound as this instinctive apprehension may be, it is unfortunate that the posse has not been guided by a more realistic understanding of the social tendency which they have been straining every faculty to detect.

In an uncritical and credulous manner, they have dubbed all untoward social phenomena Fascism. But Fascism, contrary to such naïve notions, does not invariably wear a uniform. It may parade in the cloak of conservatism, and, more frequently, in the guise of reform itself.

The powerful, concerted, nation-wide drive for a summary criminal procedure points to the appearance of an unmistakably Fascist sentiment in this country. Before examining in detail the connection between the criminal law reform movement and Fascism, however, it is necessary to point out their theoretical affinity.

Fascism is, of course, coercion. It is anti-parliamentary; it cannot be reconciled with any form of constitutional government, however flexible the particular constitutional limitations may be. Fascism delights in boasting of the swiftness with which it executes the public will as represented in the person of the dictator; likewise, it glories in the fact that it strikes the accused criminal but one blow, for

a Fascist arrest is tantamount to conviction. With Fascism, in fact, arrest, conviction, and sentence, are embraced in one process. Fascist criminal justice is indeed "summary." And so is a lynching. A lynching possesses all the attributes which our unconsciously-Fascist-minded reformers say should characterize criminal justice; it is swift, severe, and shocking. It is almost as effective as a public decapitation by the magistrate. With a lynching, there is no opportunity for delay, for the shyster lawyer to practice his mysterious "technicalities," for juries to disagree. Fascist criminal justice involves the appropriation of the technique of lynching under the thinnest possible guise of governmental regulation.

Where with us criminal law reform was formerly a harmless subject for the entertainment of legislative committees, it has now, in a time of great emotional stress, become a popular fanaticism. The cry for summary criminal justice, generally uttered by those still hoarse from shouting at a lynching, is unquestionably the voice of Fascism. What the reformers have done is to provide a rising Fascist sentiment with an excuse for mob violence. Before considering a specific illustration of the manner in which this fraudulent reasoning operates, it is necessary to point out one or two of the unwarranted assumptions upon which popular criticism of the administration of criminal justice is predicated.

II

Reform of criminal justice in America has always been characterized by three major obsessions. The first consists in the belief that America is perennially in danger of engulfment by a "crime wave." If the hysterical editorial writers and cartoonists responsible for this obsession would consult the files of their own publications they would discover that the same "crime wave" dominated the headlines as early as 1900.

The simple truth is that there is no "crime wave" in America today. Messrs. Sutherland and Gehlke, in the excellent chapter on "Crime and Punishment" in "Recent Social Trends in the United States," after a sober survey of the volume of crime in America from 1900 to 1932 and a close consideration of the complex social factors involved, came to the conclusion that "no support is found for the belief that an immense crime wave has engulfed the United States—the figures do not indicate that crime has swept over the country like a tidal wave."

Crime has not swept over the country; it has merely swept over the newspapers of the country. So extensively has the legend been propagated that it is no longer possible even to gain a hearing for the idea that the crime-wave terrorists are spouting nonsense.

The second major obsession of criminal justice reform is that harsh sentences, quickly applied, have a tendency to deter the commission of criminal acts. To assert publicly that the severity or leniency of sentence, the swiftness or tardiness of its application, are factors which sustain no necessary relation to the volume of crime, is to be dubbed a legal sophist or blind theorist. Yet, in the report cited above, it appears that the potential penalty authorized by law is generally more severe

now than it was thirty years ago. In 1867 John Ruskin effectively disposed of the theory of harsh sentences:

Crime cannot be hindered by punishment; it will always find some shape and outlet, unpunishable or unclosed. Crime can only be truly hindered by letting no man grow up a criminal—by taking away the *will* to commit sin; not by mere punishment of its commission. Crime, small and great, can only be truly stayed by education,—not the education of the intellect only, which is, on some men, wasted, and for others mischievous; but education of the heart, which is alike good and necessary for all.

The two foregoing assumptions are inextricably associated with a third: that criminal justice in America is an obsolete, archaic, ramshackle system, full of easy loopholes and moving at the leisurely speed of a porpoise. The curious might consult Pendleton Howard's "Criminal Justice in England" (1931) for an account of a system so archaic, complicated, and unregulated, as almost to defy description. But the English system, which is baffling to the American student, actually works quite satisfactorily, as everyone knows. Regardless of these obvious considerations, however, Americans for many years to come will devoutly believe (a) that their country is about to be engulfed by a crime wave; and (b) that the cure for this situation is a more severe and expeditious administration of criminal justice.

When social discontent was at a minimum, our criminal law reformers could indulge with relative impunity in their favorite assumptions. No one bothered about their rantings. But within the last few years a marked change has taken place in the character of popular reaction to the "crime problem." A section of the public, recruited particularly from the lower fringes of the middle class eagerly

searching for a high-sounding excuse for a disposition to do violence to those even more miserable than themselves, has enthusiastically seized upon the conclusions of the reformers with an irrationality that is justly alarming.

This popular reaction has uncritically omitted the sound details of the reform movement and has dogmatically accepted the three major assumptions outlined above. From these assumptions, the public, with rough reasoning, has drawn the conclusion that the reformers were too squeamish to draw. For, logically, those who believe that the cure of crime is a swiftly applied and sharply edged punishment, should not stop short of advocating lynching or its thinly disguised legal equivalent, summary justice. If the assumptions of the reformers were correct, then lynchings would stop crime.

Popular advocacy of lynching, which is now quite general, is merely the logical culmination of a quarter-century indulgence in a set of nonsensical assumptions about crime and punishment. The movement to speed up the machinery of criminal justice and to stiffen its sentences dates back at least twenty-five years. But only now is it reaping the full harvest of fanaticism. Public opinion, fomented by social discontent, is at present driving both bench and bar in the direction of judicial Fascism. Of this tendency, I now wish to give a concrete example.

III

Newspaper editorial writers in the East were astonished when Governor James Rolph, Jr., of California issued a statement condoning the San José lynching of Thurmond and Holmes, the Hart kidnapers, and promising a full pardon for all who might be implicated. But there was

no cause for surprise. The Governor, who is perhaps the cheapest groveller for mob approval that ever disgraced high executive office in the United States, was merely giving expression to popular sentiment. The sad and obvious truth is that his voice was the voice of California. A few city newspapers roasted "Sunny Jim," in excellent hortatory styles, but the rural press, with scarcely an exception, endorsed his statement. He was inundated with congratulatory messages from every section of the State. Popular reaction to the lynching was reflected in the attitude of the press immediately prior and subsequent to the affair.

Prior to the lynching, the San Francisco *Examiner*, on November 22, announced that the kidnapers would unquestionably be lynched if they were returned to San José. The San José *News* editorially advocated the lynching at a time before there was much indication of mob violence. Shortly after the arrest of the kidnapers, but before the lynching, it was announced that the accused had retained counsel and that the arraignment would be continued for two days in order to enable him to investigate the case. This innocent announcement (the accused in California, as a matter of right, is entitled to a short continuance of the arraignment) provoked a flurry of editorial abuse. The Los Angeles *Times*, which later smugly denounced Governor Rolph, spewed editorial condemnation upon the system which would allow even so short a delay and went on to outline, in a mocking manner, the course that the trial would probably take. The editorial was in itself an incitation to violence. Other newspapers throughout the State, which were later full of front-page editorial piety and sententious disapproval of Governor Rolph, printed similar misrepresentations of the criminal

process as it would likely be applied to the kidnappers.

I say "misrepresentations" advisedly. The very newspapers which were moralizing about the "delay of the law," carried the story of the conviction, by a jury, of Edward Anderson, in San Francisco, of first degree murder within *less than nine days after his arrest*. The San Francisco *News*, on December 28, 1933, summarized a few statistics on criminal prosecutions in California. From these figures it appears that the average time elapsing between filing murder charges and *final* disposition of the same, was thirty-six days in Alameda County, seventy-one days in Los Angeles County, and seventy-four days in San Francisco County. These figures would surely not indicate a delay that would justify the editorial frenzy that adorned California editorial pages for a week prior to the San José lynching.

But the criminal process was misrepresented in other details. Much talk was rife about technical loopholes in the law. It is common knowledge in California that the Penal Code of the State is replete with so-called "curative provisions," the effect of which is to provide that convictions cannot be reversed upon purely technical grounds. Since 1929, Los Angeles has witnessed an amazing series of convictions in business fraud cases, involving "prominent citizens" ably represented by the most astute counsel without a single acquittal or reversal.

But it is interesting to observe the attitude of the California newspapers, which fairly represented general opinion, subsequent to the San José lynching. A few city newspapers, it is true, did condemn Governor Rolph and did deplore lynchings. But most of these editorials passed softly over the San José affair. It was "unfortunate," "however justified popular sen-

timent may have been"; "the public, enraged at the tardy and uncertain character of California criminal justice, unfortunately resorted to violence." A typical statement was that of the Pasadena *Star-News*, a fairly liberal newspaper: "Violent hangings of this nature ordinarily are to be deprecated and condemned." The "violent hanging," (observe, that it was not a "lynching") in this case was "easily understandable" and "regrettable."

The smaller city journals and the newspapers of the small country towns and rural villages, went completely berserk. I quote from a typical editorial (in the South Antelope *Valley Press*):

To make the case complete their bodies should be destroyed in quick lime that there shall not be left a semblance of such vile creatures. We have not done enough killing of such trash. There has been too much tampering with technicalities; there has [*sic*] been too many shrewd lawyers impeding the quick progress of justice: there has been too much of the cry "Let them have their day in court."

The following newspapers gave implied sanction to the lynching by placing the "blame" on the courts: the Ventura *Star*, the Coalinga *Record*, the Madera *Tribune*, the Riverside *Enterprise*, the Pasadena *Star-News*, the San Rafael *Marin Journal*, the Santa Rosa *Press-Democrat*, the Watsonville *Register*, the Hanford *Sentinel*, the Colusa *Sun-Herald*, the Monterey County *Post*, the Woodland *Mail*, the Antioch *Ledger*, the Burlingame *Advance-Star*, the Vallejo *News*, and the Woodland *Democrat*. I cite these newspapers from a pile of clippings merely to show how general the sentiment was throughout the State. Without an exception, the newspapers of the State apologized for the lynching by advancing the specious argument that the courts were, in the first instance, responsible for mob

violence. In other words, the official explanation was, and is, that California went berserk because it has a slow and inefficient criminal procedure, and *that this circumstance* justified the lynching. A more obvious perversion of the facts could scarcely be imagined.

IV

One might pass over the stubborn loyalty of the California press with unconcern but for the fact that, not content with advancing a fraudulent argument to "justify" an act of atrocious barbarism, the press proceeded to drum up a "crusade" for "criminal law reform" as a "result of the lesson of San José." Within a week after the San José lynching, a committee of San José lawyers, acquiescing in a strong local opinion, proposed a series of drastic amendments to the criminal laws of California. The proposal was promptly picked up by the press and given wide publicity in a manner calculated to divert attention from the lynching itself. The amendments proposed were, of course, aimed at speeding up the judicial process and devising methods for the summary disposition of criminal cases.

Needless to say, the proposed amendments were silent on the crime of lynching. The State Chamber of Commerce promptly launched a State-wide campaign to accomplish the same "reforms." Governor Rolph, with masterly hypocritical smugness, announced the appointment of a legislative committee "to study the subject." Service clubs and civic organizations throughout the State passed sententious resolutions advocating severe sentences, "swift justice," and "no delays." Politically-minded jurists jumped obligingly on the band-wagon, including several justices of the appellate court.

Even the generally sane San Francisco *News* flirted editorially with Judge Louis H. Ward's suggestion that the trial judge be given permission by law to retire into the jury room, "to assist the jury" in its deliberations. Several Fascist organizations were promptly formed, including a Dollar-A-Year-Men-And-Women Club, which released to the press bristling statements from Mary Roberts Rinehart and Rupert Hughes, those distinguished experts on the problem of crime, avowing that "probably mob hysteria" had something to do with the San José lynching, but that "what actually underlies these unfortunate occurrences is the conviction on the part of many citizens that the criminal has too many chances to escape punishment for his crime."

The truth behind this pious cant is most disquieting. The mob that lynched Thurmond and Holmes probably never thought of criminal law reform until after the lynching. Consider the facts of the case. The criminals had been arrested under the most incriminating circumstances; they were, in fact, caught red-handed. They had both signed elaborate and detailed confessions. The body of Brooke Hart had been recovered. The conviction of both men was a foregone conclusion. The hypocritical pretense of "an enraged citizenry whose instincts for justice had been offended" is refuted by numerous circumstances. The mob stripped the bark from the trees in St. James Park as "souvenirs," bartered pieces of the "rope," and waved remnants of the clothing that had been torn from the kidnapers. Literally thousands of picture post cards were sold in California after the lynching, showing the naked and mutilated bodies of Thurmond and Holmes swinging from the trees. The Hon. Will Hays actually had to issue an order to prevent the ex-

hibition of news-reel pictures of the lynching bee, which were being vociferously applauded wherever shown.

The so-called "reforms" now proposed in California have the secret motivation of converting a trial into a lynching. The Californians seem unmindful of Anatole France's definition of justice as the administration of force, or Samuel Butler's remark that it was the regulation of revenge. At best there is only a slight formal distinction between a trial and a lynching; we cannot afford to jeopardize what remains of our sense of decorum by starting now to punish criminals by methods indistinguishable from those of lynchers. As a final and really insufferable piece of California post-lynching piety, it seemed necessary to drag out the moth-eaten Vigilante tradition and to vouchsafe that the San José lynching was a "recrudescence" of "old-time red-blooded California virility."

V

From the foregoing sections it is safe, then, to generalize that the growth of judicial Fascism proceeds in this manner: popular discontent, largely of economic origin, seizes upon academic criticism of the courts and the common law as a justification for mob violence. The fact that this criticism is founded on unwarranted assumptions is not only ignored, but the assumptions themselves are elevated to the lofty eminence of dogma. Then "an aroused public opinion," reacting upon vote-conscious jurists and other cheap opportunists, puts the bench, bar, and legislature on the defense and sets in motion forces which compete with one another in their eagerness to convert criminal justice into a summary process for the conviction of the accused. The matter of em-

phasis is important: the quality of justice is not to be improved but the accused are to be speedily convicted. So much, then, for the growth of Fascism in the law. What consequences attend the process?

The most obvious consequence of Fascist tendencies in the law is to divert attention, by misplaced emphasis and false interpretation, from the factors which, in any rational consideration of the problem of crime, should be studied. It will be recalled that Attorney-General Cummings recently issued a statement calling upon the bar associations of the country "to clean house." The statement was moderate in expression and almost timorous in content. But I had occasion to follow it through the press.

During the process of being related to the public, it underwent a remarkable transformation. It was used as a pretext for advocating the following reforms: suppression of the right of the accused to counsel, the prosecution of attorneys who would knowingly represent a guilty person, elimination of freedom from self-incrimination, and abolition of the jury system. Attorney-General Cummings' statement provoked an almost unanimous newspaper opinion that the "criminal lawyer" was somehow responsible for the "crime wave." It would be just as logical, of course, to assert that physicians are responsible for the prevalence of venereal diseases, or that the quack who performs an illegal operation is responsible for the social situation brought into existence by illicit sexual intercourse.

The shyster criminal lawyer would vanish overnight if crime decreased; he is a consequence of the existence of crime, not its cause. Popular opinion reflected by the newspapers, diverts attention from the character of the social order of which such a crime as kidnapping is merely a symp-

tom. The pursuit of the popular theory leads not to a solution of the problem of crime, but to the road to Fascism. "Quick justice" and the barbaric methods of Hitler have very much in common.

The unfortunate effect of Fascism in the law is to put the law on the defensive; to place it, and not the civilization of which it is merely a manifestation, on trial. But a still more disastrous consequence follows upon the growth of Fascism in the law. In California, during the recent cotton strike in the San Joaquin Valley, a Fascist-minded district attorney attempted to convict a horde of strikers, including Pat Chambers, their leader, of sundry alleged "crimes." The only violence that had occurred during the strike was caused by the employers: they had killed a striker and wounded several others. But in the trial of Pat Chambers for violation of the Criminal Syndicalism Act, a jury, by an even division, refused to convict, and the case was dismissed.

What would the outcome of this trial have been, assuming that the new amendments arising out of the "lesson of San José" were in effect—the amendments, in other words, which propose to permit juries to convict by the affirmative vote of three-fourths, that propose to give the trial judge permission to comment on the evidence and to retire with the jury to assist in its deliberations? Conviction would have resulted as a certainty.

Abolish the jury system by such dishonest indirection as attempting to "make it

more efficient," frighten the bar into an attitude of complete subservency to "the agencies of law enforcement," reform criminal procedure so as to make conviction certain and swift, and you will have forged a weapon for the suppression of recalcitrant minorities which is now the curse of Hitler's Germany.

After all, the organization of Storm Troop brigades is merely the German way of dealing with minorities. In this country, being a self-righteous people, we merely have to convert the courts into Storm Troop units in order to achieve Fascism in practice. This can be easily done, for it will divert attention from our own disposition to lawlessness and, at the same time, give the appearance of decency to our own private conception of mob violence.

Under the guise of reforming our criminal law we are rapidly fashioning an excellent instrument for the use of the new terrorists, whoever they may be. The great State of California, as usual in such things, is in the lead. Only the other day the Riverside County Bar Association unanimously voted a resolution to refuse "knowingly and intentionally" to defend a Communist in court. In Los Angeles two men were convicted and sentenced to the gallows under a fancy new statute which provides that if, in the commission of a robbery, the victim is moved, under threat of arms, ever so slightly, the offense may be punished under a new law making kidnapping punishable by death.

THE HOME MEDICINE CHEST

BY JEROME W. EPHRAIM

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES once said that if the whole of *materia medica* were dumped to the bottom of the sea it would be better for men and worse for the fishes. The genial autocrat of the breakfast table probably did not intend to be taken too seriously. As a matter of fact, he was a physician himself and doubtless was glad to have recourse to *materia medica* now and then. Medical nihilism, however, has had other champions in recent years, including such authorities as Dr. Osler who, while not condemning all drugs, felt that only a small number had any real value and urged against indiscriminate dosage with scores of therapeutic agents whose action (if any) was only imperfectly understood.

As a matter of common sense, the principle seems sound enough. Whatever its validity in medical practice, there is no doubt but that it is the only safe rule for the layman in taking home treatments for simple ailments. Perhaps the best policy of all would be to avoid self-medication altogether, but in practice hardly any one thinks of going to a physician for every trivial and passing malady; and the medical profession itself concedes that there is a need and justification for certain types of home remedies. As a general rule, however, only the simplest therapeutic measures should be undertaken without professional advice, and any unusual or alarming symptoms, or symptoms failing to respond to treatment, should always be

the signal for obtaining competent medical assistance. One of the gravest dangers of self-medication is that it often gives a false sense of security and so affords an excuse for postponing proper treatment; in many cases such delay may seriously effect the chances of recovery.

It should be noted that I am not approaching the subject of family medicines from the standpoint of prescribing for any ailment whatever. My sole thought is to assist consumers to buy rationally and economically in a field where the propaganda of proprietary drug manufacturers makes it difficult, if not impossible, for the average layman to choose products that are useful, reasonably priced and (perhaps most important) practically free from danger.

So many campaigns have been undertaken against patent medicines, so many efforts have been made to discourage their use, that it seems hardly necessary to repeat the warnings that no proprietary product should be purchased except on very competent advice. Yet the patent medicine industry continues to flourish; more than \$200,000,000 worth of nostrums are sold to a credulous public every year; hence it would appear that campaigns and warnings, though often repeated, have had comparatively little effect.

Few persons would think of buying such articles as clothes, food or automobiles blindfolded or without any knowledge whatever of their composition, yet

the average purchaser of a patent medicine is actually as badly off as if he were blindfolded and deprived of a couple of other faculties to boot. Secrecy with respect to ingredients is defended by nostrum makers on the ground of private rights in some marvelous formula, but frequent analyses by the American Medical Association and by the United States Food and Drug Administration have conclusively shown that with rare exceptions proprietary medicines are compounded of very ordinary substances, in accordance with formulas that are usually quite inferior to those openly printed in such works as the United States Pharmacopoeia and the National Formulary. The real reason for secrecy is that without it the manufacturer would find it far less easy to exploit the gullibility of the public. A mixture of baking soda, ginger and charcoal if plainly labeled as such certainly would not go over very big, but given a fancy name and advertised as a panacea for indigestion it is capable of being sold at high prices to millions who naturally have no means of judging the intrinsic worth of the product.

There is such a panacea on the market. It is probably harmless; it may in certain cases do a *few* of the things claimed for it. But a vast number of proprietary products do not have even the faintest kind of justification, being either entirely worthless for the purpose intended or containing drugs that are so potent or dangerous as to constitute a serious menace to anyone who experiments with them.

In any event, the purchaser will have paid a high price for being cajoled into buying these products. In accordance with the well known principle of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, the manufacturer ordinarily compounds his preparation with common-

place, inexpensive ingredients, gives it a fancy name and then puts on a big advertising campaign, with the result that 75 cents out of every \$1 that the public pays may actually represent the cost of overhead and exploitation. For, in spite of reforms, the ancient technique remains: scare the public into believing that it is menaced with some serious disease, offer Quack's Pills as the latest discovery of Science, a sure remedy and preventive, then back up these preposterous claims with testimonials (purchased, if necessary) from "grateful" patients and corruptible doctors.

II

With slight variations this sort of thing goes on year after year. It applies equally to Obfuscated Iron, Electronized Yeast, Mrs. Krinkem's Cabbage Compound, Dothem's Kidney Pills, right down to the latest "cures" for "athlete's foot," obesity and constipation. There is a threadworn story about the doctor who couldn't cure anything but fits and so always used to treat his patients by first throwing them into fits; but the patent medicine men go him one better by playing on the fears and imagination of their victims, making them think they have some serious illness when they really do not. In such cases it is easy to produce a "cure."

There is another factor which works strongly in the nostrum maker's favor. The normal individual has really quite amazing recuperative powers, the gift of nature herself. The doctors call it *vis mediatrix naturae*, and frankly admit that the average person would recover from the majority of his ailments without any medical assistance whatever. Hence arises the common fallacy of attributing to some nostrum the curative effects for which na-

ture alone deserves the credit. A mere sequence of events is confused with cause and effect, which is logically quite a different thing. Actually, the nostrum may have impeded recovery rather than assisted it. Allowance must also be made for "psychological" cures, since the influence of mental states has a definite bearing on many ailments; in such cases "faith" in the medicine, whatever it is, may seem to work wonders.

The essence of rational purchasing is to demand detailed, pertinent facts regarding every product you buy. Under present conditions this rule cannot always be strictly applied, but in the field of home remedies it should never be relaxed. There is no necessity whatever of buying secret nostrums, the composition of which is utterly unknown to you, and the most elementary considerations of safety and economy ought to suggest absolute avoidance of such products even when sponsored by supposedly "reputable" firms.

It ought to be worth while for any consumer—merely as a safeguard, if nothing more—to acquire a certain amount of elementary information regarding standard medicaments that can be properly and safely used in the home. The necessity for this knowledge was urged by Dr. Arthur J. Cramp of the American Medical Association more than ten years ago. "When the public is properly informed, so that it knows what preparations to call for to treat its simpler ailments," wrote Dr. Cramp, "advertising of home remedies will be entirely unnecessary. It devolves on the medical profession, and other agencies entrusted with the solution of public health problems, to give the public just these facts. . . . There is little doubt that when such information has been widely disseminated, even if it takes a generation to do it, the making

of hypochondriacs by suggestion, and the widespread evil of unnecessary drugging will be gone. Gone, too, will be the business of those nostrum exploiters who capitalize human fear and fatten on human credulity."

The medical profession has not taken any official action along the lines suggested. Nevertheless, through its publication, the American Medical Association has done a great deal to spread reliable information, while the increasing number of government bulletins relating to questions of health afford inexpensive and reliable guides that ought to be much better known.

Family remedies should conform to the following requirements:

They should contain no habit-forming or dangerous drugs.

They should not be recommended for diseases that are too serious for self-treatment.

They should be non-secret, *i.e.*, ingredients should be plainly indicated.

For the most part, they should be official products as described in the United States Pharmacopoeia or in the National Formulary.

The designation U. S. P. or N. F. does not always ensure quality; nevertheless, it is a definite (and legally enforceable) representation on the part of the manufacturer that the product meets official standards of strength and purity. The following suggestions are given on the basis indicated by Dr. Cramp, namely, that concrete suggestions will in the long run afford the best method of counteracting the evils of unwise and unnecessary self-medication.

Pain is a symptom, and relieving the symptom does not necessarily mean curing the disease. The nervous system is like a fire alarm telegraph; the use of a drug

to deaden pain will not remove the cause any more than cutting or blocking the telegraph will put out a fire. This fact must never be overlooked, and persistent headaches or other pains should be referred to a competent physician for a diagnosis as to the underlying cause.

The use of narcotic drugs, as opium and its derivatives, should never be tolerated except under medical direction. Secret and proprietary "pain killers" are today probably free from narcotics of this character, but are likely to contain such dangerous drugs as acetanilid, acetphenetidin, antipyrine, which may affect the heart, or cinchophen, which may injure the liver. Soda fountain headache cures, which are usually of the acetanilid variety, should be avoided.

Aspirin (acetylsalicylic acid, U. S. P.) and amidopyrine, U. S. P. (introduced as pyramidon, a trade name) are regarded as relatively safe. Aspirin is, of course, a drug and should not be resorted to habitually or indiscriminately in the absence of medical advice. It is useful for relieving pains and aches and for lowering temperatures, while the body itself corrects the disturbance. Aspirin itself will not "cure" colds or any other known ailment. There is practically no choice between products of different manufacturers, provided they are U. S. P. grade. Quick disintegration is merely an advertising talking point without therapeutic advantage, while the assertion "It will not depress the heart," made by one manufacturer, with the implication that other brands are less safe, is characterized by the U. S. Food and Drug Administration as a bit of advertising deception. This particular brand, according to the Food and Drug officials, is only of about average purity; and the most that can be said is that aspirin, used moderately, is not in-

jurious to most individuals, though it may have harmful effects upon susceptible persons.

External preparations for the relief of pain (where the skin is not broken) are mainly counter-irritants and act by stimulating the flow of blood through the capillaries in the surface region to which they are applied. There are a host of these products, including liniments, ointments, "rubs," balms, etc., mostly harmless, frequently over-priced (considering the nature of the ingredients), and nearly always sold on the basis of excessive and irrational claims. Fortunes have been made and are still made in this field; there are scores of formulae, no one of which can be said to contain a secret of paramount value, and the main problem from the point of view of exploitation is to find the proper ailment for which to advertise your product as a cure-all. One such product has a history going back to the time when it was advertised as a cure for nearly everything under the sun, including tumors or "any soft bunch." At that time it was found to contain oil of wormwood, oil of sassafras, menthol and acetone, no one of which could possibly be regarded as efficacious for the purposes indicated.

Within recent years it has attained a kind of respectability and a new lease on life through widespread exploitation as a remedy for "athlete's foot." It is by no means impossible that this chameleonic preparation started its career as a horse liniment; whether this is so or not, it belongs to the class of products that in former days were usually advertised as being good for "man or beast." Today, thanks to the government's interest in the farmers, it is probably rather less safe to market a useless product for animals than it is for humans.

A liniment is not necessarily useless, but its action is limited. The old-fashioned mustard plaster or poultice is still of value, according to the United States Public Health Service, and has the merit of cheapness. For the relief of neuralgia, rheumatism and painful joints the same authority recommends a mixture of equal parts of oil of wintergreen (methyl salicylate) and olive oil, to be gently rubbed on the painful area. (Keep away from the eyes.) Any good analgesic ointment will serve the same purpose.

III

Indigestion in the popular mind covers such a wide variety of possible ailments—some very serious—that self-diagnosis may be exceedingly dangerous. Any disturbance that does not correct itself or fails to respond to simple remedies ought to be regarded as sufficient reason for consulting a physician. There is, of course, no one “cure” for indigestion as the causes may be various; it may arise from improper diet or from emotional excitement, or it may be a symptom of some grave disorder, appendicitis, gall bladder disease, cancer or ulcer of the stomach. Accordingly the medicine vendor who leads you to believe that you can eat anything and will be prepared for any emergency, provided you have his panacea on hand, is simply the modern equivalent of old Dr. Whoozis, whose Sure Shot, Triple Action Boon to Mankind, would cure practically every disease known to medicine.

Most proprietary remedies for indigestion contain soda, charcoal or laxatives, or all three. In practice the use of such remedies is often entirely vicious. This is particularly true in such diseases as appendicitis, where the use of a cathartic, if it does not prove fatal, may impede recovery.

As household remedies, subject to the considerations suggested above, bicarbonate of soda, sodamint, and milk of magnesia are regarded as satisfactory and certainly preferable to secret digestive nostrums. The remedies mentioned are, of course, “anti-acids”; milk of magnesia is both an antacid and mild laxative. Consumers, however, may safely disregard all efforts to persuade them to dose themselves indiscriminately for the purpose of correcting acidosis, especially in the absence of any scientific diagnosis that such a condition exists. While authorities may not altogether agree, it may be regarded as certain that excessive ingestion of any antacid not only cannot do any good but is likely to be harmful. Under the bombardment of advertisers the layman is apt to forget that the stomach is normally acid, and would not function properly if it were otherwise. Some disturbances, loosely described as acidosis, may be due to an organic disease; in other cases the cause may be a faulty diet, which, when corrected, will relieve the trouble without resort to alkaline medicaments.

For constipation the simplest remedies are undoubtedly the best; where these do not suffice, continued self-medication is hazardous. Causes frequently are incorrect diet, lack of sleep or exercise, organic diseases or neurotic fears.

“The sale of remedies for constipation provides one of the most profitable fields for the proprietary manufacturer,” states a trade organ, but resolute refusal of proprietary preparations of unknown composition will prove to be the most profitable attitude for the consumer. The trade organ mentioned gives a dozen or more formulae designed to assist manufacturers, and as they are representative of current practice it will be instructive to examine them.

Incidentally, if you feel disposed to break into the patent medicine game, you don't have to have any medical background whatever; all you have to do is pick a formula out of a book or magazine and go to it. Oddly enough, if you took the same formula and wrote it as a prescription for a single individual you could be fined or imprisoned for practicing medicine without a license. From which circumstances it may be accurately concluded that it is safer—and more profitable—to do your medical experimenting and prescribing on a large scale. Moreover, owing to a curious loophole in the law, it is actually safer to be ignorant than to have knowledge, since if you are ignorant it is almost impossible to prove fraudulent intent against you. A recent instance of this is the ex-shirt salesman who built up a profitable business selling a fake diabetes remedy (at \$12 a pint) made from a weed called horsetail. The government proceeded against him, presented a sheaf of death certificates of patients who had died in spite of his remedy (many of them had actually given testimonials in behalf of the nostrum), yet the ex-shirt salesman was freed. Why? Because an ex-shirt salesman could not be expected to know anything about medicine and hence could not be convicted of fraud!

Reverting, then, to the constipation formulae mentioned above, the majority are of the "shot-gun" type, with numerous ingredients, the theory being that if one drug does not do the business another one will—in spite of the fact that the medical profession has long since abandoned "shot-gun" medication. Most of them rely on very ordinary drugs, cascara sagrada, senna, rhubarb, magnesium sulphate (Epsom salts), etc., but at least half contain poisons—*nux vomica* (source

of strychnine) and belladonna (deadly nightshade) and hyoscyamus, to name the most common. Now it is very true that in single doses these poisons, if combined in proper proportions with other ingredients, are not likely to do harm, but their presence is potentially dangerous—and for ordinary purposes quite unnecessary. Such drugs of course are occasionally prescribed by doctors—but the question for the consumer is whether he or she is willing to take a chance on a secret preparation manufactured where or how no one can tell (or is willing to tell), and which may or may not be injurious. Merely to state the case would seem to be sufficient to condemn all these "blind" nostrums, and even the most partisan advocates of the patent medicine business are hard put to it to find an excuse.

Acceptable remedies for constipation are milk of magnesia, cascara sagrada, mineral oil, castor oil, Epsom salts (magnesium sulphate), and bulk-increasing substances such as agar, psyllium and flaxseed. Here is a range of medicaments that ought to be adequate to keep anyone out of the clutches of the "medical trust." If they fail, it is hardly a sensible alternative to throw yourself on the mercy of the proprietary manufacturer, who personally may be a very nice gent but who in all probability is just as ignorant of the subject as you are.

One or two specific cautions may be in order. So-called candy or chocolate laxatives nearly all contain phenolphthalein, which is an unfortunate drug to incorporate into a product that may be eaten or chewed by children as a sweet. Fatal poisonings are said to have followed such consumption; moreover, the drug cannot be regarded as altogether safe even when taken by adults in the prescribed doses.

Concentrated mineral waters and proprietary "salts" have no special advantage over Epsom salts or Seidlitz powders (which are usually their chief ingredients). A variety of "crystals" with a most appropriate name, considering the claims made for it, is nothing more than Glauber's salt and will not cure the diseases for which it is so blatantly advertised. Yeast is by no means a panacea; is *not* recommended by many doctors, and sometimes contains added drugs such as phenolphthalein to fortify its action. Bran is probably safe for use in the more prevalent type of constipation, though it is contraindicated in what is known as the spastic type, which in any case should receive competent medical attention. Practically all laxatives and cathartics (even those recommended above) have some objections.

IV

You can save a lot of money by *not* buying preparations for the prevention or cure of colds and respiratory diseases. Without exception they are virtually worthless. Aspirin may help to relieve some of the symptoms, but does not cure. Bicarbonate of soda is sometimes advised; and inhalants may exercise a soothing effect on the nasal passages. But "vapors" of all kinds are extravagantly over-exploited. One of the best known and most expensive consists essentially of volatile oils—especially lavender oil and menthol—and 67% alcohol. Cough medicines are of dubious value, many containing opiates. One brand of "ethical" throat tablets is declared to be a menace, and antiseptic gargles have not been shown to have any value; the same is true of a score of treatments, new and old, for which consumers have spent millions of

dollars without getting a nickel's worth of therapeutic benefit. Even Vitamin A, for which hopes were entertained, has proved a weak reed like the rest; the American Medical Association now proscribes¹ any reference designed to suggest that it has value in the prevention or treatment of respiratory diseases.

The latest "cure" for colds comes from the University of Minnesota. It is composed of opium derivatives and hence would not seem to be suitable for self-medication even if time proves it efficacious.

There are no "sleeping potions" that are safe to use without medical supervision. Diet and exercise are important. A glass of hot milk at night will do all that proprietary "food drinks" can do. As the causes of sleeplessness are more often psychic than physical, the best advice, especially in long-standing cases, is to consult a competent psychiatrist.

Cleansing and disinfecting of serious wounds should be left to the physician. Normally, first aid treatment should stop with checking the bleeding and application of sterile dressing, though if shock is present it may be treated with aromatic spirits of ammonia—a teaspoonful in a half glass of water—or with strong coffee or tea, provided the patient is conscious.

Small injuries, such as cuts, scratches and abrasions, however, may be treated with an antiseptic—but be sure it is an antiseptic. Mouthwashes, though often sold as antiseptics, are practically useless for the purpose. Consensus of medical opinion favors iodine (3½% solution).

¹ "Proscribes" in the sense of refusing to give its Seal of Acceptance to any remedy which is advertised in such terms. The A. M. A. of course cannot control a manufacturer who, in spite of evidence, exploits "Primary Vitamin A" as a marvelous discovery for the treatment of colds.

For many general purposes a chloramine solution (1%) is, however, preferable since it is non-poisonous, practically non-toxic to tissues and does not stain. This is similar to the Dakin solution developed by Drs. Carrel and Dakin during the World War, and is available both under proprietary names and as a standard U. S. P. product—Chloramine, U. S. P.—which is cheaper and believed to be more effective. A very mild antiseptic, useful on some occasions, is boric acid—two teaspoonfuls to a glass of water, which also may be used as a lotion for the eyes or ears.

Outside of these preparations, the average household has no need of other antiseptics for body hygiene or first aid. Claims for the vast majority of popular antiseptics are extravagant and invalid. Even the most powerful germicides have only a limited efficiency under conditions of use, and the popular variety, being absurdly weak to begin with, cannot possibly perform the miracles commonly attributed to them. The commonest method of rating antiseptic power is by comparison with the action of carbolic acid against the typhoid bacillus; this is called the phenol coefficient. On this basis the rating of a widely-touted antiseptic was found to be two one-hundredths, that of another fifteen one-hundredths; the *Journal of the American Medical Association* characterizes such feeble efficiency as ridiculous. The truth is that these commercial products are mostly mouthwashes—and nothing more. They are essentially cosmetics, useful in overcoming unpleasant taste and for lavage, but serving no hygienic purpose that plain water would not serve equally well.

Actually, the supposed necessity for antiseptic washes of all kinds has been

greatly exaggerated. For the average person plain soap and water are all that is required. Even a surgeon about to perform an operation finds it sufficient to wash the hands thoroughly, finishing with a final plunge in 70% alcohol. As Dr. Bauer of the American Medical Association points out, that ought to be good enough for anybody—except that as a daily routine we can dispense with the alcohol.

Some final cautions: kidney cures do not cure but frequently contain potassium nitrate—which may be a dangerous irritant for the kidneys. "Nerve" treatments are commonly bromides or the newer barbituric acid derivatives, neither of which are safe for occasional or continued use in the absence of medical supervision. All cures for "weakness," male or female, are either pure fakes or contain potentially dangerous drugs. Most so-called "quinine" preparations, whether for external or internal use, contain practically no quinine, and are of dubious utility with or without that drug. Hair tonics frequently contain arsenic; hair dyes, with the exception of henna, often depend on dangerous ingredients, lead, silver or pyrogallol. Even those containing aniline derivatives are not wholly safe. Reducing remedies may be composed chiefly of thyroid, a highly potent and dangerous drug, while tonics and "bitters," if of any value at all, probably represent a very expensive means of accomplishing what could better be effected by exercise, sleep and changes in diet.

A good deal of the "patent" medicine business thrives on the old fallacy that any disease can be cured by taking something out of a bottle three times a day. Actually few, if any, diseases will respond to such rule-of-thumb treatment.

HARD TIMES SINGING

BY LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY

THE chances are that the depression—in the Corn Belt, at least—will run its course without having got itself into song. This is regrettable, because just now the Mid-West offers an abundance of singable matter for any rimester who cares to lay hold of it. In the Farm Holiday Movement, for instance, there is material for a little epic or a group of thumping ballads. And there is good ballad stuff in the ten-cent corn of a year ago, the three-cent hogs, the bootleg grist mill, or in any one of a thousand chattel sales and farm foreclosures. Phrases like “farm relief,” “tax sale,” “dirt farmer,” “the forgotten man,” and “sons of the wild jack-ass” are ready to hand for the rural bard. But apparently no such bard is forthcoming.

Within the past year or so, Iowa farmers picketed the highways leading into Omaha, Des Moines, and Sioux City, and turned back from these markets whole fleets of milk trucks, grain trucks, and cattle trucks. They did this even to the point of resisting armed deputies. The deputies didn't, as it happened, blaze away at the farmers; hence there was little or no blood letting. But hundreds of the picketers were thrown into jail. Not one of them, though—so far as I can discover—has made lyric capital of his sorrows. In other words, no rude poet of the prairies has cut loose with a good ballad on these hard and stirring times in the Mid-West.

This is not easy to understand when one recalls that the early settlers of the prairie country were a decidedly musical folk. They had their fiddlers, ballad makers, and dance callers. They had their hard times, too. But they were wont to lighten their burdens by shifting part of the load to the sturdy meters of song. Not so the modern farmer. As a rule, he neither fiddles, sings, nor dances. He is talkative on occasion, and will stop his tractor in the middle of the field to whoop it up for the Farmers' Union or damn the Farm Bureau. And he keeps in stock a supply of not unmusical cuss-words with which to blast the Land Banks, the Agricultural College boys, and the County Agent. But as for singing, neither religion nor rocky times seem to fetch any music out of him.

It is true that he is said to have a heritage of song in the rude pieces that were struck out in pioneer days. But a statement like this is little more than the romancing of ballad students, most of them college dons. During the past few years I have collected songs and ballads rather industriously, but I have rarely made a find in the rural communities. If recoverable at all in the Mid-West, the old songs come chiefly from the memories of people one or two generations removed from the soil. Or they may be songs that the collector himself learned long ago. For instance, the hard times songs that I offer here are pieces that I recall from

my early childhood, when I heard them sung by certain old pioneers.

It was back in the last year of the nineties that I first heard "Nebraska Land." In those days everybody knew the song. But I learned it from Cyrus Korben, a shouting Methodist, out in Chase County. It was a day in mid-summer. A hot wind had been blowing without let-up for a week, and on this particular afternoon old Korben was facing into it with a load of hay. A couple of us kids were with him. Every now and then the wind would lift something like a cock of hay off the rack, and Korben would have to get down and fork it back on.

After this had gone on for a while we caught a couple of damns from him and finally a loud Goddamn. As I've said he was a hallelujah Methodist, but the wind, with its eternal blowing, its dust, and heat, was too much even for a saint. So Brother Korben let go and swore. He reddened up, though, when he saw that we must have overheard him, and right away he began singing "Nebraska Land." I suppose it was the first thing he could think of to cover up his confusion. Anyhow he lifted his strong voice into the wind:

We've reached the land of desert sweet
Where nothing grows for man to eat.
The wind does blow with blis'tring heat
O'er the plains so hard to beat.

Then came the chorus:

Nebraska Land, Nebraska Land,
As on thy desert soil I stand
And look away across the plains
I wonder why it never rains.

And then two more stanzas, the whole sung to the tune of "Beulah Land":

There is no wheat, there is no oats,
Not even corn to feed our shoats.
Our chickens are so thin and poor
They come and peck crumbs off the floor.

Our horses are of bronco breed;
They nothing have on which to feed.
We do not live, we only stay;
We're all too poor to get away.

While Brother Korben was singing, the wind behaved itself so far as the hay was concerned. But when we were almost to the barn it started bedeviling him again. And this time it meant business, for Korben hadn't much more than touched the ground when the wind began forking hay out on him until he was fairly buried. The horses moved on a little, and we could see Korben's head sticking up out of the hay and his beard blowing back across his shoulders. He sat there for a minute; then his face flushed to a purplish-red, and bringing his fists up out of the hay he shook them at the wind and yelled, "Blow, you bastard, blow! Blow, God damn ye, blow!"

II

But since old Korben's day the desert of which he sang has become a land of plenty. So if, by any chance, his song were to be taken over by the modern farmer it would have first to undergo heavy revision. Our trouble is that "we've reached the land of too much wheat" and have corn to burn. The last line of the song could, however, be left exactly as it is.

A sort of companion piece for old Korben's "Nebraska Land" used to be sung by Kate Deems out in Keith County, Nebraska. Kate, when I knew her, had survived three husbands and as many or more panics. And she may, for all I know, be weathering the current depression and laying a fourth or fifth husband under the ground. Her first man, by the way, was a "thieving dog of a Sioux." Back in 1903 she kept her soddy warm with

cowchips, chewed tobacco in Calamity Jane fashion, and rode a cow pony. She said that her third husband had brought the pony up from the Texas cattle country. It seems that she had known Buffalo Bill. And her path, so she said, had once or twice crossed that of Wild Bill Hickok. In summer she tended the town herd.

The ladies of the town gave her a wide berth, and so far as I know she hadn't a single woman friend. But she took a fancy to some of us kids, and on winter nights we would sneak across the tracks to her soddy and eat hot tamales that her Texas man had taught her to make. And she would tell us yarns about the early days, and then sing, in a remarkably young voice, some of the old songs. The talk went that she knew some pretty rough pieces, but she never sang any of them around us. In the main she sang sentimental songs like "The Jealous Lover" or "A Package of Old Letters." And thinking, possibly, of the tough times she had been through, she would sing the piece I mentioned awhile ago as being on the order of old Korben's "Nebraska Land":

A bumper crop of corn we raised in eighteen
ninety-two;

To dress our wife in silk we thought was
plain;

But we sold our corn for thirteen cents,
three cents beside a share,

So the wife stayed in the shanty on the
claim.

Our hogs they died of cholera, our chickens
had the pip;

The baby swallowed buttons like a chain;
Our wife was married thirteen year before

she saw a dime

When we lived in that sod shanty on the
claim.

Yet for all the hardships we went through,
we never gave up hope,

But plugged the harder till we made it
gain,

For love was close beside us in all our ups
and downs

In that little old sod shanty on the claim.

Kate always kept tobacco tucked in her cheek when she sang. The songs wouldn't come just right, she claimed, unless the tobacco was there. And now and then between songs, she would open up the little heater and spit into the cowchip fire. We kids had a kind of proprietary interest in that fire, for we used to help Kate gather cowchips, a pile of which she always laid in ahead of snowfall, keeping them in a little lean-to. It was a matter of pride with her to garner sizeable chips, big and thick, and none of that "thin, wafery stuff that burns out like paper" or that "wore a body out just picking it up."

For some reason or other Kate had it in for Kansas. Maybe it was because her second husband had hailed from there. This second man of hers, she said, had been good enough to start with, but he got churchified all of a sudden and wouldn't touch tobacco even, let alone hard liquor, and didn't want her to touch it. Be that as it may, Kate was always pretty certain, somewhere in her singing, to take an extra chew of tobacco and get off on her Kansas song:

Oh, they chaw tobacco thin
In Kansas.

They chaw tobacco thin
In Kansas.

They chaw tobacco thin
And they spit it on their chin
And they lap it up again
In Kansas.

Oh, they churn the butter well
In Kansas.

They churn the butter well
In Kansas.

They churn the butter well

And the buttermilk they sell
And they get as lean as hell
In Kansas.

Oh, potatoes they grow small
In Kansas.

Potatoes they grow small
In Kansas.

Potatoes they grow small
And they dig 'em in the fall
And they eat 'em hides and all
In Kansas.

Oh, they say that drink's a sin
In Kansas.

They say that drink's a sin
In Kansas.

They say that drink's a sin,
So they guzzle all they kin,
And they throw it up agin
In Kansas.

Come all who want to roam
To Kansas.

Come all who want to roam
To Kansas.

Come all who want to roam
And seek yourself a home
And be happy with your doom
In Kansas.

III

But whether or not Kate had a grudge against Kansas, it is clear, from the old songs, that hard times were as unsparing of one State as another. Life in Nebraska, the Dakotas, and Kansas was largely a matter of drouth, prairie fires, and grasshoppers, not to mention other afflictions, such as blizzards, twisters, and rattlesnakes. Grasshoppers came in clouds—clouds that gave off a low humming sound as they passed over. But generally they didn't pass over. That was the trouble. They settled down and took possession until every green thing was gone. Then they would move on.

There was one kind of 'hopper, though, that always stayed with us. It wasn't of the winged variety, and so couldn't join

the marauding expeditions that went from county to county. It was green and fat, and moved with short, heavy jumps. Pop Adams, another Chase County singer, told us its name. He said it was called the homesteader because it couldn't fly and had to settle down in one place.

Pop knew a lot of the old songs, but he wouldn't sing them until he had "got comfortable." Getting comfortable meant taking off his peg. It meant, too, a little nip of something or other. He had lost his left leg in the Battle of Shiloh, or so he said. Anyway, he could never get a peg that felt just right. He claimed that the government owed him a good cork leg and that some day he was "going back and make the government fit him out."

He was immensely proud of his memory. And when he was pretty well liquored up he would bet anything he had that he could outsing the "singest man in the State." It was said that no one had ever dared to take him up except one man, a bad actor who drifted in one year out of a blizzard. His name was Milo Jacks. Milo held out a little longer than Pop, but he had to run in religious tunes, and the judges figured they didn't count. So Pop won the bet.

Certain of Pop's songs were of the unprintable sort. The printable ones were on the order of "Starving to Death on a Government Claim" and "The Dreary, Weary Life of the Cowboy." Pop was what you might call a loyal Nebraskan. Anyhow, he liked songs that "took a poke" at Kansas, Arkansas, or some other State. "Bill Stafford" was one of his favorites. He said that he "never seen a song that laid out a State the way this one laid out old Arkansas":

My name it is Bill Stafford
I was born in Buffalo town

For nine long years and over
I've traveled this wide world round.
I saw both woe and misery
But few good days I saw
But I never knew what misery was
Till I landed in Arkansaw.

I landed in Arkansaw
One sultry afternoon.
Up stepped a walking skeleton
With a long and lantern jaw;
He invited me to his hotel,
'Twas the best in Arkansaw.

I'll give you fifty cents a day
Your wash and board and all
And you'll find yourself a different man
When you leave old Arkansaw.
Six months I worked and toiled
For this old whisky bloat—
Jeff Harold was his name;
Six feet seven in his boots
And lean as any crane.

His bread it was corn dodgers,
His beef I couldn't chew.
And you bet I was a different man
When I left old Arkansaw.
And if ever I see that land again
I'll give to you my paw
It'll be through a telescope
From here to Arkansaw.

After he had laid out Arkansas, Pop would take pokes at the country in general or at the liquor laws, and, with another pull at the bottle, would swing off into "Old Dad Morton" or "Goodbye, You Old Dry-Landers." The first of these was a kind of moonshiner's lament. The other was a lament over the passing of the open range and the coming of the farmers. Pop said, in fact, that the song "riz out of the troubles between the cowboys and the dry-landers":

A cowboy laid out on the prairie—
Said it was all up with him,
Though he had two pints of good whisky
And almost a quart full of gin.

His saddle he used for a pillow,
His blanket he used for a bed;

And when he awoke from his slumbers
These words to himself he said:

"Goodbye, you old dry-landers,
You're driving me far from my home;
You've set out to plow up the country
Where the slick ears and mavericks
roamed.

"No longer we're able to rustle
As in those days gone by."
And he took a drink from his bottle
Of good old eighty-nine rye.

"I was raised on a ranch in Montana,
All I know is to rope an old cow;
I never did work on a sheep ranch,
And damned if I'd follow a plow.

"Farewell, you sizzer-bill farmers,
I'm leaving you all at last;
But I hope you succeed in the future
As the cowboys have done in the past."

It was in 1899 that I first knew Pop. I saw him for the last time in the summer of 1918. He was far gone in his eighties, and along with the years the ballads had doubtless been slipping away from him. But he did manage to sing "Old Dad Morton." I found him late in the afternoon. He was fishing down on the Frenchman, just above what we used to call Willow Bend. His wooden leg was lying beside him, with a throw line tied to the upper end of it. One of his eyes had gone bad, but his long moustache was still of a silky white. With his good eye he watched me a little suspiciously, I thought. Then he turned and drew in one of his lines.

I helped him bait the hooks with grasshoppers, and asked him if he remembered me. After a time he said that he did. "You're Joe Wentz's boy." He straightened up as he said it, and I could see that he was still pretty proud of being able to remember things. But I wasn't Joe Wentz's boy. I didn't, though, have the heart to tell him so.

He went on watching his lines, and after a bit he snaked a small flask out of his back pocket. It was almost empty. He eyed it calculatingly and a little pathetically. Then he handed it over. I pretended to drink, and handed the flask back. He took a little swallow, and began sizing me up again. I could tell that he wasn't quite sure that I was Joe Wentz's boy after all.

But he didn't say anything. He gave a tug or so on one of the lines, then fished out the flask again, handed it over, and, as before, I pretended to drink. This time he took a couple of swallows. The liquor perked him up, and pretty soon he started humming a tune, but it slipped away from him. Then after a bit he got off on another tune and then another. Finally, he swung into "Old Dad Morton." But he could do little more than hum it. Every now and then a word or so or a full line would come back, but for long stretches there was only the tune.

I knew the song well enough from his singing in the old days. And I wanted to prompt him. But I kept still, and before long, after wrestling with the words, he quit humming and slumped down. But he sat up again, his eye fixed on something across the creek. It was a pale green bottle, long-necked, and fast in the mud, but standing almost upright, with only a slight tilt to the left. It flashed a little when the lowering sun got at it now and then through the willows, and you could almost see tiny bright bubbles winking around in it and racing up towards the mouth. I looked over at Pop. He was draining the flask, and it wasn't any time until, with his head back, he was

putting everything he had into "Old Dad Morton":

Old Dad Morton has got us in jail,

'Tis hard.

Old Dad Morton has got us in jail;

Both father and mother refused us bail;

'Tis hard,

With the doors all locked and barred,

With a big log chain bound down to the floor,

Damn their fool souls, what could they do more?

'Tis hard times in the Criderville jail,

'Tis hard times I say.

They'll keep us here for a year or two,

'Tis hard.

They'll keep us here for a year or two

For makin' a barrel of mountain dew;

'Tis hard,

With the doors all locked and barred,

With a big log chain bound down to the floor,

Damn their fool souls, what could they do more?

'Tis hard times in the Criderville jail,

'Tis hard times I say.

Old Judge Tanner will read us the law,

'Tis hard.

Old Judge Tanner will read us the law,

The damndest old fool that ever you saw;

'Tis hard,

With the doors all locked and barred,

With a big log chain bound down to the floor,

Damn their fool souls, what could they do more?

'Tis hard times in the Criderville jail,

'Tis hard times I say.

And Pop was right. It's hard times in the Criderville jail—even harder, it may be, outside. But you forgot your troubles as you listened to him there on the Frenchman, with the pale green bottle flashing over at you from where the evening sun had picked it out of the mud.

THE POLITICAL SYSTEM OF RUSSIA

BY G. D. H. & MARGARET COLE

THE Communist Revolution in Russia was far more fundamentally a revolution than either the immediately post-war revolutions in the defeated States, or the more recent Fascist revolutions in Italy and Germany, because it changed not merely the political machine and political institutions, but also the entire economic and social system. Such comparisons as are made between the Russian and the Italian and German systems, though based on certain undeniable similarities, only convey at most half the truth. There are some things in common between the Fascist and Communist theories, notably their insistence on the power of the state. But the fundamental differences are far more important.

Russia, to the Western observer, is essentially a country of perpetual shock and surprise—a country which appears to be standing on its head. He finds a country with social relationships entirely new, where the complicated class-structure of the West has disappeared, where there is only a single vast class, divided, but not at all rigidly divided, into occupational groupings. He finds, also, that the social value and importance attached to the various occupations is quite different from the values given by his own society. Again, he finds a great alteration in the professed motives of men and the purposes of social life; and he may observe that a considerable change in sex-relationships and the position of women has come about, al-

most as a minor event, in the course of the revolution.

Further, he sees that the sharp distinction which (particularly if he is English) he has learned to draw between things political and things economic does not exist in the Russian state. In a sense, every question in Russia is a political question and every worker a state employé. He sees a country which contains only one political party, but that so different from the parties in Great Britain and the United States as to be almost deserving of a different name; where no change of government would appear to be possible without another revolution, but where changes *in* government, in the policy of government, and in the personnel of the governors are taking place from day to day; and, finally, where a stiff theoretic dogmatism and a tight state control in matters felt to be essential co-exist, not merely with a high degree of flexibility in policy and administration, which is possibly not surprising, but with a degree of public criticism and discussion and of conscious collaboration on the part of large numbers of the population, which is unparalleled since the days of the city-state.

This he finds affecting the very appearance of the towns, the clothes and conversation of the people, the articles in the newspapers, and the subject-matter of the plays and films; and he is hard put to it, particularly if he has a mind that readily receives impressions, to distinguish be-

tween the specifically Communist features of the new régime and those which are due to the position of the Soviet state in a capitalist world, and further between what is likely to be permanent and what transient in its social life.

II

The political institutions, in the narrow sense, of the Soviet state, *i.e.*, those which are embodied in its Constitution, are comparatively simple, and we describe them briefly below. Far more important, however, for an understanding of Russia than the institutions themselves, which may at any moment be modified, is the theory upon which the Soviet state is based and the practical instruments adopted for translating that theory into social action. The importance of this is very difficult for the English reader—though less so for the American—to realize. For the British political system is wholly empirical and traditional and has never been based on any formulated theory whatever, though various thinkers, like John Locke, have upon occasion attempted to evolve a theory to fit the facts, even as Fascist Italy seems now to be developing an explanatory political theory of its own.

The Russian state has been built according to the sociological theory of Karl Marx, as laid down first in the "Communist Manifesto" of 1848, and interpreted in practice by Lenin; and the policy of the revolutionary leaders has followed with singular fidelity the lines prescribed for it more than eighty years ago, as can be seen from a comparison of the program of revolution laid down by Marx with the measures actually taken by the revolutionary government.

The Marxist theory lays down that the transition from a capitalist to a Commu-

nist society must be carried through by a dictatorship of the proletariat (*i.e.*, the wage-earning classes) acting upon social institutions evolved by the proletariat themselves. This is the method by which the revolution was in fact achieved; and the theory forms the basis of the Constitution of 1923, though only part of it is actually expressed in that Constitution. It was the revolt of the Russian proletariat, aided by the disaffected army, that made the revolution; the institutions which it evolved were the Soviets, or Councils of Workmen, Soldiers and Peasants; and the instrument of proletarian dictatorship was, and is, the Communist Party.

Two points should here be noticed, both of which are peculiar to the Russian situation. The first is that the Russian proletariat in 1917, though numerically insignificant as compared with the vast mass of the Russian people, was very highly "proletarianised" in the Marxist sense. It was both oppressed and remarkably concentrated in large towns and great factories; it was not scattered all over the country in small groups, like the French wage-workers; it had, under the Czarist régime, no "stake in the country," as has the British Trade Unionist, nor hope of individual advancement such as gleamed before the American worker.

It was, as nearly as possible, pure proletariat, pure wage-slave, organised by its masters in gangs which were as nearly as possible chain-gangs; and was thus admirably fitted to make a proletarian revolution. But—and this leads to the second point—the Russian proletariat was, as has been said, comparatively small in numbers, and could not carry through a revolution without enlisting the support of the peasantry by giving them the land. But to create a vast class of peasant proprietors would have been to destroy the revolution;

accordingly, the most strenuous efforts of the revolutionary leaders, over the past sixteen years, have been directed to "proletarianising" the peasant—by force or propaganda—so as to bring him into harmony with the industrial worker.

Hence the preponderance assigned in the Constitution to the urban Soviets, and hence, too, the merciless war against recalcitrant peasants (*kulaki*). It is too soon to say whether this policy, which though essential to the revolution, undoubtedly produced great economic difficulties as well as political repression, has succeeded; what can be said at the time of writing, is that the worst dangers appear to have been surmounted, without seriously endangering the political state.

The Constitution itself is comparatively simple. The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics is in form a close Federation of seven Soviet Republics, of which the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic, stretching from Leningrad to Vladivostok and right down the Volga to the Caspian Sea, is much the largest member. Of the others the most important is the Ukraine Socialist Soviet Republic, with its capital at Kiev, which has an older civilization than that of Moscow. The Ukraine did not join the Union until 1920; its adhesion even then was due largely to fear of the Poles and of such White generals as Petliura; and it is the only part of the Union in which separatist feeling has remained strong enough to give recurrent cause for anxiety. Some of the member Republics themselves include autonomous republics and autonomous regions, of which the Tartar Republic, the German Republic of the Volga, and the Republics of Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan perhaps call for special mention.

The Union is a close Federation, that is to say, the powers which are given to

the Federal authority are very large indeed. They include, for example, foreign trade and foreign relations, defence (including defence against "counter-revolution," which is the province of the State Political Department or G.P.U.), the direction of national economic policy and internal trade, taxation, and the organization of labor and labor legislation. The chief features of both economic and political life are thus concentrated in the Federal machinery, and the subjects on which there is large republican autonomy are mainly those, such as education and public health, in which most countries allow a good deal of local freedom.

The republics have, however—and this is very important—full cultural autonomy of speech, writing and printing. As this was rigorously denied to the nationalities under the Czars, it represents an immense reversal of policy from a régime of extreme oppression to one that is more liberal than those pursued by the bulk of European nations; and it is further a means by which other neighboring states which might adopt a Communist system—Afghanistan, for example, or Chinese Turkestan, or one of the Succession States of the old Russian Empire—might enter the Soviet Federation.

The Soviet Union, though its leaders are Russian and Russian its main language, is not in theory a national unit, but a Federation based on the possession of common Socialist institutions and a common social theory—Marxian Communism: this is one of the many ways in which it differs from any other political entity in the modern world, as it differs from the Empires of Rome and Islam in not extending its boundaries by force of arms. On paper, at any rate, any of the constituent republics has also the right to secede from the Union: whether secession

would be permitted in practice may be open to doubt; but the right at least is there. Within the Union, franchise is uniform, and open to all of either sex, excepting persons employing hired labor for profit (this includes *kulaki*) or living on unearned income, monks and priests, imbeciles, and former agents of the Czarist régime. The vote itself, owing to the working of the Soviet system, is of comparatively minor importance; but the vote is only a part of "civil rights," which include such essentials as trade union membership, ration card, the right to share in the many social services which the state provides, and so on.

The loss of civil rights, in fact, amounts to a kind of semi-outlawry, and commonly follows conviction for any serious offence. It should be noted that the position of women is one of absolute social and political equality; the Soviet marriage laws, the institution of equal pay, and the provision on a large scale of public clinics and nurseries, have gone far to ensure that this nominal equality is a real one, and not a mere declaratory statement with very little practical effect.

III

The political system, as set out in the Constitution, is in form a pyramid, based on the Soviets and built up by delegation from below. At the bottom there are the small town and rural Soviets, including Soviets for large factories, which send delegates to form district Soviets, and so on, up to the central Congress of Soviets, which meets as a rule annually, and is, according to the Constitution, the supreme authority for the whole of the Union. Throughout, urban areas are more heavily represented than rural areas in Soviet congresses.

The Congress of Soviets elects the Council of the Union, a large body which, with the Council of Nationalities (representatives of the allied and autonomous republics), forms the Central Executive Committee of the Union. This body, however, is too large to meet often; and between its meetings the government is in the hands of its Presidium, which consists of a few members appointed by each of the two bodies which make up the Central Executive. Directly below the Presidium, and subject to its orders, is the Council of People's Commissaries, which consists of the heads of the chief State Departments and hence corresponds in composition to the British Cabinet.

Below again are a tremendous and changing variety of councils, commissions, and committees, created to deal with the vast complexity of government business in a socialized state; but, interesting as they and their functions are, there is no space to describe them here. The Supreme Court of the Union and the G.P.U. (of which more hereafter) are also set up directly under the Constitution. There is no President of the Soviet Union, though the Central Executive Committee has several presidents, and there is a President of the Council of Commissars. The latter was the post held by Lenin, but since his time it has become of considerably less importance.

But no summary of the Constitution can give any idea of the real political life of Russia, for the simple reason that so much of the vital part of that life finds no mention at all in the Constitution. In the first place, the Constitution envisages only one type of Marx's "working-class organization," *viz.*, the Soviets. This is no doubt natural, since the Soviets were the bodies which sprang up spontaneously before and during the revolutionary period,

and they were also the bodies which conferred political authority on the revolutionary government. The government of Russia is, as the Constitution states, a government derived from and based on the Soviets. But the Soviets are not by any means the only spontaneously arising working-class bodies; and in the field of administration, as distinct from that of legislation, there is a whole host of bodies, some of them showing considerably more vitality than the Soviets. It must be continually remembered that in a socialized community "administration" covers a very much wider field than we are accustomed to assign to it in a capitalist country. When the whole of industry, trade, and transport, to go no further, is the direct concern of the state, "administration" comes to include the entire sphere of what we now call private enterprise, as well as of public works.

To a certain extent, Soviet administration is run from above, under the orders of the various commissariats and departments, as in most other countries, and it also makes use, as many other countries have done at times, of working-class bodies which existed before the revolution, such as the Trade Unions and Coöperative Societies. But to a very much greater extent than in any other country it is run from below, by spontaneously-uprising groups and committees which form themselves around any and every job or institution and which take to themselves social functions over a very wide field. Every factory, for example, has its factory committee which concerns itself fully with the social life of the factory workers, with the factory kitchens, the factory club, the factory housing estate if there is one, as there frequently is, the factory crèche, and to a certain extent, with the education of the factory children.

As collectivization proceeds in the villages, the same sort of organization is springing up in connection with the *kolkhozi* or collective farms. The same thing can be found in connection with non-productive institutions, such as schools, prisons, and reformatories—even in a house for the reclamation of prostitutes!—though since the main preoccupation of the revolution is with the manual workers from whom its support came, less stress is laid upon them than upon the factory units.

It is a little difficult to convey to anyone brought up upon Western ideas of formal democracy exactly the scope and function of these bodies—for which a compendious general name is "the collectives." In the first place, it is sometimes quite difficult to find out how they are chosen; in most cases they seem to be elected after a fashion, but certainly not in any strict or formal sense. And when by whatever means, they are chosen, though they are undoubtedly responsible to those in whose name they speak, it is very difficult to arrive at a definition of that responsibility or to find out how it works.

Nor is the function of the factory committee anywhere defined. One thing is certain: it is not "control of production" in the sense in which early Socialists of the producers' coöperation type envisaged it. Ever since the brief and disastrous experiment of 1918-1919, the direct control of production has been firmly in the hands of the factory management, itself controlled by the state productive organs. Nor is it a control over wages and labor conditions, which are also settled from above. To a large extent it is a function of criticism and complaint: the means open to any Russian worker of voicing his discontent with the conditions and

methods of his factory appear to be legion.

But the collective is not wholly or even mainly an organ of criticism. It is also definitely coöperating in production and in the planning of production; in the tremendous Union-wide surge of discussion that preceded the launching of the Five Year Plan the workers' collectives played a very large part, and no less a part in its carrying-out, or modification, as circumstances seemed to require it. Further, there are all the social and cultural activities referred to above as well as the function of acting as a sort of court of first instance to try offenses against the discipline of the institution in question. (Prisoners, in Russia, try prisoners who break prison rules.) In fact, the "collective" sometimes appears to be more of a kind of combination of parish council, local bench, and rotary club than an organ of production.

The "collective" is undoubtedly one of the most vital and most interesting phenomena of present-day Russia. It is the institution which vivifies the whole, which brings into active coöperation and citizenship the vigor of any citizen of the Republic who has vigor to be used; and it is the only body which makes tolerable and workable by human creatures the tight discipline which a socialized society struggling for existence in a capitalist world must needs enforce. It may not be possible of transplantation to other countries which have not the same strong communal traditions as have the Russians; but, as it is, it has at the very least the merits of being a very valuable contribution to the perennial problem of democratic social life.

The collectives appear nowhere in the Soviet Constitution. Nor does the Communist Party, which is at least as im-

portant in the system, and more so for the revolutionary period. The Communist Party, it has been epigrammatically said, differs from all other known political parties in that it is very hard to join and comparatively easy to leave; but the difference is wider than that. Historically, the Communist Party is simply the majority fraction (Bolsheviks) of the old Russian Social Democratic Party, which diverged in 1903 on questions mainly of doctrinal difference; but since in the summer of 1917, between the first and second revolutions, it decided to put itself at the head of the forces opposed to the Provisional Government, and raised the cry, "All Power to the Soviets," (*i.e.*, the working-class organizations), it has been in fact the instrument of proletarian dictatorship. Whether it so considered itself at the moment of revolution is immaterial; it was abundantly clear within a very short while that unless there was a strong, disciplined and clear-headed party to take command, the Revolution would collapse into chaos and civil war; and the Bolsheviks, under Lenin's guidance, became that party.

The institutions of Russian political and social life, legislative and administrative, are as described above. But the policy, both in legislation and administration, is decided by the Communist Party. It follows that the really important policy debates are conducted, not at the Congress of Soviets, but in the periodic Congresses of the Communist Party, and that the real authority, whatever the Constitution may say, is the Communist Party Congress, and, between Congresses, its Executive or Politburo, whose secretary is Stalin.

This dominance is secured by the comparatively simple method of seeing that key positions are occupied by Communist Party members, and that Communist

Party members or at any rate persons of proved Communist faith are present on local Soviets and important "collectives" in sufficient numbers to make sure that these bodies toe the party line. It is not, of course, suggested that *all* executive positions are occupied by Party members; the Party membership¹ is not nearly inclusive enough for that to be so, and there are millions of convinced Communists who for one reason and another are not in the party.

The method of dominance has been called simple, and it can be simply stated. But, of course, this does not mean that it is at all easy in practice. It involves a party membership with a very high quotient of discipline, conscious devotion, and—particularly as Russia advances to an economically developed country—of practical and intellectual ability. As this advance takes place, it is found more and more that ideological orthodoxy cannot make up for practical incompetence, and the Communist desiring to reach high position must be prepared to undergo other tests than those of faith, though faith is, and will probably remain, the greatest single desideratum.

Accordingly, the Communist Party must be both a dedicated and a carefully hand-picked body, and the strongest measures are taken to ensure that this end is achieved. In the first place, the general character of the membership is kept strictly overhauled, with a view to seeing that the proportion of industrial workers remains high, so that the party does not lose its proletarian character. Entry to the party is always easier, other things being equal, for an industrial worker than for anyone else. Secondly, no one can, gener-

ally speaking, be admitted to the party unless he or she has passed through, first, a searching test which in many cases almost amounts to a stiff examination, and thirdly a period of probation during which the merits of the candidate are weighed. By these means it is hoped to secure that, both in character and ability, and in understanding of the Communist cause, the new members are well-fitted to undertake their task.

Lastly, there is a very high code of personal service and personal conduct among party members. They are expected, as a matter of course, to undertake voluntary work of many kinds, either on their own initiative or at the behest of their party call; they are also expected not to indulge private whims or amusements to an extent which interferes with their public efficiency; and in general they are expected to set a standard of Communist conduct (or, in work, "Bolshevik tempo") which shall be an example to the rest of the community. The standard of conduct concerns itself much less narrowly with the department of life which in the West is the sole content of the word "moral" than in, say, the United States. Conduct unbefitting a Communist is much more often slackness or pilfering than sexual irregularity, though spectacular aberrations are not condoned save in exceptional cases. But Communist Puritanism is not Evangelical Puritanism.

IV

The same procedure is followed, though it is rather less rigidly applied, in the case of the junior Communist associations, the Komsomols, whose membership runs from sixteen to twenty-four years, and the Pioneers for the school-children. Both organizations have a probation period for

¹ Verging on two million at the time of writing. But the numbers are subject to very great variation, partly owing to deliberate policy of the heads.

would-be members and tests before entrance; and both demand special service as a condition of membership. In the case of the Pioneers, the effect somewhat resembles that of a glorified Boy Scout movement, with this important difference, that the Pioneers are part of the social structure of the state and are called upon to undertake, not one "good deed per day" in a haphazard manner, but definitely prescribed portions of social service. The Komsomols, owing to the comparative youth of the executive in a revolutionary country, play a much larger part in actual administration than a similar organization could hope to do in the West; many persons holding responsible posts are Komsomols.

The orthodoxy of the Party is maintained by its leaders, following out and interpreting the decisions of the Party Congress. In effect, party policy has really been determined by one man, by Lenin until 1923, and since, after a struggle among personalities, by Stalin. But neither Lenin nor Stalin has gained or held his position by virtue of any particular office. Lenin was chairman of the Council of People's Commissaries, Stalin is secretary of the party; but neither of these posts carries with it leadership, which is only given by triumph at the Party Congress. It was not until after some years of struggle that Stalin established his right to the succession over the Trotskyites.

There is no room for dissident groups within the party. "Fractionalism" is one of the most heinous party sins. The observer therefore naturally enquires to what extent the party is itself democratic in the sense of representing in its policy the views of its membership. Obviously, this question cannot really be satisfactorily answered except by a long-service party member; it may be noticed, how-

ever, that the Trotsky controversy was fiercely debated, up and down the country and through the press, long before a decision was finally reached, and that, while conformity with party decisions is rigorously demanded, and "minorities," that love of Western liberalism, regarded with horror, the Communist Party, like other Russian institutions, seems in practice to allow a good deal of local and individual discretion on matters not felt to be essential to the safety of the Union. Nor have the recusants, even in exile, generally attacked the party itself, whatever they may have said about Stalin and his friends.

The Communist Party has been likened to the Fascist and Nazi Parties on the one hand, and to the Jesuit Order on the other. Neither comparison gives anything like a true picture. The Communists share with the first-named parties the demand of personal service from their members, and the determination to run all the organs of society in accordance with a theory and policy of their own. The Fascists resemble the Communists rather more than do the Nazis, at any rate at the present time, both because their membership is more selective than that of the Nazis, and because their propaganda contains more intellectual appeal than do the wild emotional speeches of the Nazi leaders. In the actual technique of propaganda, of course, there is considerable similarity. But, quite apart from the vast differences between a Socialist and a non-Socialist theory of society, the Communists stand well apart from the Fascists, as regards both their highly selective membership and the stern intellectual orthodoxy required of it. As to the Jesuits, it should suffice to say that the Communist Party is not an Order; its members have received no separatist training but undergo the education given to the youth

of Russia at large; they are not cut off from the world, either by celibacy or any other distinguishing condition; and the party is not a hierarchy. Its authoritarianism comes from its dogma, and not from positions reserved for the interpreters of that dogma.

V

Students of Russian politics are often puzzled and perplexed by apparent contradictions, between what appears to be the height of enlightenment and what equally appears to be the depth of obscurantism. When all allowance is made for propaganda on both sides, it remains difficult to reconcile the Soviet child labor code with the persecution of the *kulaki*; the treatment of ordinary criminals, as exemplified in reformatory camps like *Bolshevo*, with the behavior of the G.P.U. to persons suspected of counter-revolutionary activities. It is in this latter instance that the explanation of the contradiction lies.

Soviet Russia is a country which has two sides. The obverse is a socialized community living, and struggling for its existence, in a capitalist world, guided, in part though not wholly, by Marxist doctrine, and prepared to employ every possible expedient in order to save the revolution; the reverse is a country of continual Socialist experiments, some successful, some unsuccessful, but all based on assumptions which have little or nothing to do with Marx, whose writings, indeed, afford no guidance whatever as regards the details of life in a socialized state. To the first aspect belong the Constitution itself, and its basing upon the foundation of Soviets; to it, also, belongs the strong and merciless drive towards the collectivization of the countryside, in order

that no class of peasant proprietors should arise to turn revolutionary Russia into a counterpart of modern France; and with them goes also the apparatus of defence against enemies abroad and traitors at home, the Red Army and the G.P.U. To it, again, belongs the foreign policy of the Soviet Government, though this is far less Marxist than the other features mentioned, for the simple reason that the Marxian philosophy does not include prescriptions for the conduct of a Socialist state in a capitalist world.

The Marxian analysis has been generally taken to assume a world-wide breakdown of imperialist capitalism, with the consequent arrival of Socialism on all sides, if not with absolute simultaneity, at least more or less at the same time; and for a brief while after the November revolution it seemed as if the prophecy was likely to be fulfilled. There was a political revolution in Germany which looked like the prelude to a much more far-reaching social revolution; in Bavaria and Hungary Soviet governments were actually set up; even in Great Britain the industrial workers and the returning soldiers created a situation that momentarily alarmed the governing classes. The Russians, at all events, believed that world revolution was only just round the corner; they had little hope, at that time, of preserving their own revolution without the assistance of other Socialist communities; and they set up immediately the Third International of Communist political parties (Comintern) and the Red International of Labor Unions (Profintern) to help foment revolution in the capitalist countries.

But as time passed it soon became clear that not only was world revolution far away, but no other country was going immediately to follow the Russian exam-

ple; and after they had disposed of their civil war and their foreign invaders, the Russians had to decide whether to pursue the policy of stirring up revolution outside, or to try and come to terms with the capitalist world. The struggle between these two policies formed part of the great battle between Trotsky and Stalin, and in it the adherents of world revolution were decisively beaten. The Red Internationals were not disbanded, for the Russians are still Communists and Communism is still an international creed, and the Red Flag must be kept flying all over the world; but they received less and less attention. Russia's foreign policy has become definitely empirical, aimed at keeping on the best terms possible, without sacrifice of her own Socialism, with countries which she knows would welcome its destruction, and showing her Communism principally by special encouragement and friendliness towards such Eastern and Near-Eastern countries as might possibly follow her course of economic development.

Turning now to the reverse side, we have no space to detail all the social experiments of the Soviet régime; but there is general agreement among all observers that, in intention if not always in achievement, the Russian laws and institutions which deal with women and children, education, culture and similar departments of life, are admirable, and that there has been a real attempt both to industrialize Russia without bringing in the inhumanities and horrors of the Western Industrial Revolution, and to achieve something like approaching a Socialist distribution of the available goods and services. These are matters of internal experimentation, and here all who are not root-and-branch opponents of any form of socialization, including many who bitterly

dislike the repressive side of modern Russia, agree that the Western world has very much to learn, if not slavishly to imitate, from the Russians.

Perhaps the clearest example of the contrast is shown by the Russian legal and penal systems. On the one hand, the normal legal system of Russia is extraordinarily simple and informal; the procedure of the courts is easy to follow, and there is no complicated tangle of case-law. The legal profession is not, as in England, a caste apart; lay judges, who work at their trade between cases and who have only the minimum of legal instruction, sit with the permanent judges in all trial courts; pleaders are remunerated by salary and not by fees, and there is a universal endeavor to see that all that can be said in favor of the accused is said, and that his penalty, if he is found guilty, reasonably fits his crime. Furthermore, penalties are light, and there is a really amazing effort to secure that terms of imprisonment, for example, shall result in the curing of the prisoner.

On the other hand, however, there is the State Political Department, which, enshrined in the Constitution with only a shadowy control by the Central Executive Committee, exercises police and judicial powers throughout the Union against persons suspected of counter-revolutionary activities. It need give no public account of itself, and it maintains, as well as its uniformed force, an unknown number of plain-clothes spies in all quarters. It may be true that, as Allan Monkhouse, a sympathetic but non-Communist writer on Russia has said, the G.P.U. in action is not nearly so terrible as it encourages people to believe; it is certainly true that its members, like the members of the Red Army, perform many social functions of greater obvious fruitfulness than that of

a police force. Nevertheless, a body which is even partly engaged in espionage and terrorism is not one which lovers of freedom can contemplate with pleasure.

What is to be the future of these two elements in Russian political life? No one can answer this question: for the answer depends upon the success of the Russian socialized economy, and, even if that be assumed, upon the attitude taken up towards Russia by the outside world. The orthodox Marxian answer is that with the completion of Socialism "the state," *i.e.* the machinery of coercion, will "wither away." But the completion of Socialism certainly involves, if not a completely Socialist world, at any rate a world in which Socialist states do not have to go in continual fear of attack by their capitalist neighbors. Russian internal institutions have progressed at least far enough to show what can be done even under present circumstances; but no one who looks realistically at the way in which foreign nations, even those which are not at all

likely to take actual part in an invasion, still regard the Russian system, can expect the machinery of coercion to do much "withering away" at present. A Russian who should propose immediate disarmament against the enemies of the Soviet either at home or abroad would be a political idiot.

The real question, apart from success in the economic field, is whether the security which alone can make a relaxation possible can be achieved before the coercive institutions have acquitted that secondary life of their own which has often in past history caused institutions to survive after they have ceased to have any practical utility and have even become noxious. There is always the danger that this may happen; and those who desire the coercive institutions to wither, and the Socialist institutions to go on experimenting and developing, should realize that the practical answer to their question lies not in Russia itself, but outside—in effect, in their own states.

THE INSIDE OF THE GAMBLING INDUSTRY

BY JOE BIGELOW

SUCH academic titles as Professor of Mathematics and Doctor of Psychology will hardly ever be incorporated in the epitaphs of members of the gambling profession. Yet such titles, denoting great knowledge of a special kind, would fit very well many of the more important personages of that field of endeavor, which some call a profession, others a racket, but which, in view of the rôle it plays in our daily financial life, might aptly be termed an industry.

Professional gamblers have reached their prominent status in and out of their trade through constant and studied devotion to the Great God Percentage, and not, as may be supposed, due to any special favors bestowed by the Goddess of Luck. The latter, to hear the gambler describe her, is no more than a fanciful creation of poets and saps, a purely mythical young woman, in theory as well as in fact. To them there just ain't no such lady.

They have carefully guarded reputations, these master minds of the gaming room. They aim to be known among other gamblers and laymen alike as "on the level"—and they are in reality "on the level" to the greatest possible extent in a business in which the customer is conceded just about as much chance as Frank Buck gives a lion.

These gentlemen do not have to "go brace," which is to say that it is not necessary for them to be crooked, or, at least, criminally dishonest, in order to derive a

steady and quite satisfactory livelihood from the business of gambling. The "brace," or cheating device, such as the marked card, the loaded or "capped" dice, or magnetized roulette wheel, is shunned by them and reserved exclusively for the cheap gambler or chronic cheater who is neither a student nor master of his craft.

For the professional gambler who prides himself in being "on the level" there are other weapons. These can suffer no mechanical breakdowns, and their "honesty" is never questioned. Invisible to the eye, but ever present, the weapons preferred by the headline gambler are a pair of unwritten but universal laws which govern the ways of the world—the natural laws of percentage and human nature. The laws always work. The professional gambler who understands them thoroughly and intimately needs no more except the proper financing to tide him over the rough breaks until the laws draw their inevitable dividends.

The percentages against the amateur player in a gambling house (and it's in gambling houses that the bulk of our fanciest gambling is done) run surprisingly high, even without the help of "the brace." They are sufficient to assure the defeat of any non-professional player who plays the game long enough to permit the law of percentage to take effect.

Approximate percentages in favor of the house and against the player in the five most popular "games of chance" are:

Dice—1.41 %.

Roulette—5 5/19%.

Chuck-O-Luck—7 47/54%.

Hazard—2 7/9%.

Faro Bank—3%

These basic figures have been reached through long and complicated mathematical analyses, and from them spring the intricate formulas which govern all play when the law of percentage is permitted to run its natural course without impetus from "the brace." That is, when the game is run and played strictly "on the level."

But the basic percentage advantage, not to be translated into figures, is provided by that other law, relating to human nature. Everything about a supposedly high-class gambling casino is arranged with studied care. The ingeniously lighted gaming rooms with their hot, exotic, exciting atmosphere, the well groomed and courteous attendants, and the luxurious appointments all conspire to make the player reckless with his money. Equipped, as he is, with keen knowledge of the amateur player's state of mind, the shrewd gambling house proprietor knows exactly how it may be best exploited. He knows that the average winner minimizes his profits and the loser invariably exaggerates his losses.

II

Aside from those of the gambling fraternity, perhaps not more than one person in 10,000 has the slightest knowledge of the establishment's advantages. Seldom will any player, man or woman—and women constitute about 50% of the heaviest gamblers at roulette and other games in the better class casinos—win as much as he or she will lose at a single sitting. This "edge" in the establishment's favor is seldom mentioned except by professional gamblers. They understand it thoroughly.

The amateur player, for example, may lose \$1,000 in one night at roulette. The following night the same player, if ahead by \$300 or \$400, will cash in his chips, quitting the game a "winner." This player can never know how far he might have gone. Of course, he might have lost all eventually, but if he happened to be running a streak of good fortune he might have recovered his losses of the previous night, maybe even more. But the amateur gambler won't be cured of this weakness, partially prompted by fear of losing what he has won, and an overwhelming desire to tell anyone who will lend an ear, that he "beat the gambling house."

Another trait of the amateur gambler with which the professional is well acquainted, is lack of will power. Consider the man who sets his "stop loss" limit at \$50. When the \$50 is gone he alters his original decision and chances additional sums of \$50 in hopes of at least regaining his investment. Such a player—and his name is legion around the gaming rooms—soon abandons all hope of winning and, with a defeatist complex working against him will frequently lose four or five times the amount originally set.

A conservative business man, who in his own business is more than satisfied with a transaction that nets him 100% for his money, usually loses all sense of proportion around a gambling table. Few are ever satisfied with doubling their money at gambling. And rare indeed are those that keep what they have won.

So-called "systems" for beating the various games are innumerable. Some for a time appear to give the player the advantage. But there is no "system" to insure success in the long run. All eventually succumb to the inevitable percentage toll. Most "systems" depend on increased stakes to retrieve past losses, and a player with

unlimited capital might achieve his end, were it not for the fact that the gambling house insists on a fixed maximum bet. Thus the house is made invincible.

While there is no recognized authority on the subject of luck, it is a widely discussed topic around the gambling rooms. Everybody has some pet theory or superstition regarding his own luck, and the possibility of changing it from bad to good. But the professional gambler in his saner moments knows that "luck" will not change simply because a player changes his seat or the cards or dice. But the change may cause the player unconsciously to vary his method of play. The sometimes successful result is usually mistakenly associated with "luck."

If a player has the good fortune to win a considerable amount of money in a "legitimate" gambling resort, he is shown every courtesy. He can obtain protection for himself and his money, and often a limousine is placed at his disposal for transportation home, if he so desires. That sort of service generally brings the winner back for another session the following night, giving the law of percentage an opportunity to continue on its natural course toward the side of the house. The proprietor needs only enough capital on hand to meet any emergency while the percentage pendulum is quietly swinging in his direction.

The best advertisement for a gambling house is a winner of, say, \$5,000. He is certain to spread the news, and attachés of the establishment will lose no time broadcasting the word that Mr. So-and-So "beat the house" for \$25,000. Thus new suckers are attracted.

No mention is ever made of how much the establishment won on any given night. To do so would be an unforgivable breach of gambling house ethics.

III

"Breaking the bank" at roulette is a rather inaccurate description of what actually occurs on rare occasions. It simply means that at a single roulette table the croupier has exhausted his supply of chips or cash, causing a temporary halt in the proceedings while more funds are brought to that particular table by the cashier.

Of all the games of chance in vogue in the better gambling establishments, roulette is the most popular with both sexes. The women who frequent gambling resorts are especially addicted to the whirling wheel and bouncing ball. And, next to chuck-o-luck, roulette is the most disadvantageous to the unsuspecting player.

The house, or bank, as I have already said, has an "edge" of $5\frac{5}{19}\%$. On a 37-space wheel, including the 0 and 00, the payoff is 35 to 1. If all the numbers are played the house clears a margin of 2 on every spin of the wheel. The bank's risk naturally varies in ratio to the number of chances which are not filled, but the percentage is certain to show itself regardless.

"High" and "low" and black and red bettors are also going up against odds of $5\frac{5}{19}\%$, while those that play five numbers (and many do) are facing even greater odds of $7\frac{1}{9}\%$. The certainty of roulette showing a profit for the house accounts for the fact that in any class club there are usually three times as many roulette tables as dice tables.

In the game of dice, or "craps," and when absolutely fair cubes are used, the natural odds against the various possible points are:

- Odds against 4 are 2 to 1.
- Odds against 5 are 3 to 2.
- Odds against 6 are 6 to 5.
- Odds against 8 are 6 to 5.
- Odds against 9 are 3 to 2.

Odds against 10 are 2 to 1.

Chances of throwing any given point on one roll of the dice are 1 in 36; on 11 in a single roll, 1 in 18; on 7 on the first roll, 1 in 6.

The 1.41% in the establishment's favor is based on the natural chances against appearance of any of the 36 combinations that are possible to make with the 11 numbers available.

"Hard way" points (pairs) on most dice tables usually pay 7 to 1, although the establishment's advantage on 6, if made with two 3's or 8 with two 4's, is 9 1/11%. While the "hard way" 4 or 10 is an 11 1/9% bet. Some establishments pay 9 to 1 for "hard way" 6 or 8, but the majority adhere to the short 7 to 1 adds on the universal contention that the player won't know the difference anyway.

On big 6 or 8 bets the advantage in favor of the house is 9 1/11%. But the payoff is at even money. Wagers placed on the "over" or "under" sections of the dice layout figure 16 2/3% in favor of the house. Yet in this case, too, the payoff does not exceed the amount wagered. Paying 4 to 1 against a seven appearing on the first roll gives the house a 16 2/3% advantage, but the average player doesn't know it.

Those who bet the dice will come out 3 or 11 are bucking an 11 2/3% handicap, on which the house usually pays 15 to 1; the proper odds on this wager would be 17 to 1. Betting either that aces or 6's appear in a single roll gives the house 14% the best of it, since the proper odds are 35 to 1, against the standard payoff price of 30 to 1. On some dice tables ace-deuce, two aces and a pair of 6's are in the "crap" section of the cloth, and whereas the proper odds for either of the three combinations are 9 to 1, the winner receives no more than 7 to 1.

Bets placed in "the field" in which the

point 4 is included (another one-throw proposition) provide the house with an advantage of 11 1/9%. If 5 replaces 4 in "the field" (known to gamblers as the "sucker's paradise") the establishment's advantage is 5 5/19%.

Percentage calculations on dice serve to show that while the establishment's advantage over the player is 1.41% on the whole, it frequently runs as high as 16 2/3% on some of the wagers that the novice player may be induced to make. Some dice tables permit the player to bet merely that the dice are "wrong." In other words, that the shooter does not make his point. On such tables the ace-deuce combination is barred, giving the bettor about 6% the worst of it.

Chuck-o-luck, or bird cage, of all games gives the establishment its largest percentage advantage over the player. Usually the game is strategically placed close to the entrance to attract the curiosity of those who happen to be entering a gambling house for the first time. The machine is simple, yet intriguing, and women are easy marks for it.

Gambling mathematicians differ in opinion as to chuck-o-luck's percentage favoritism for the proprietor. Some figure the game to be an 18 1/2% proposition for the house, but the majority believe it to be 7 47/54%. And yet both conclusions will be disputed by numerous professional gamblers who contend that chuck-o-luck is at the very least 52% to 64% in favor of the house. They call it the "champ chump game."

In arriving at the 7 47/54% contention, the majority of casino operators and proprietors assume that a player bets 216 times, or as many times as there are number combinations on the three dice. His corresponding chances for a single number would be \$75; for doubles, 15 times at 2

to 1, or \$30; for triplets, 1 time at 3 to 1, or \$3. The player's expectation therefore is \$108, while the establishment's share of the wager is \$125. The difference, of \$17, represents the establishment's advantage. Dividing 17 by 216 decimally gives the 7 47/54%.

A hazard contraption is generally made with chuck-o-luck numbers 1 to 6, which pay even money on any single number, 2 to 1 for doubles and 3 to 1 for triplets. "High" and "low" bets pay even money. If a player bets on "low" there are 108 ways (total three dice combinations) to make the numbers, including three combinations of triplets—aces, deuces, treys. But the house has the triplets on its side, which means a certain net advantage of at least 3 in 108, or \$1 on every \$36 wagered. Dividing 1 by 36 decimally gives the establishment's percentage on a dollar as 2 7/9%. The same ratio applies to bets placed on "high" numbers, as opposed to "low," since there are three triplets in any event.

IV

A favorite in the old days in the Klondike, faro bank has been transplanted to the more refined soil of Miami, New York, New Orleans, Hollywood, Chicago, Detroit, Monte Carlo, and all other resorts where fashionable gambling palaces are situated. The percentage in favor of the house generally is estimated at 3%—but it varies.

This game is positive poison on all "systems," since it is based on mathematical certainties and principles which give the house a shifting but unfailing percentage break which no amount of out-guessing can overcome.

At best, the amateur faro bank player can hope only for an almost even break. But only an expert should expect to receive

it. The odds can be reduced almost to nothing if the player knows how. For that reason faro bank is selected by the shrewd professional when he is inclined to do a bit of free lance gambling for his own amusement.

Two games imported from France and now quite familiar sights in the better class casinos in the United States are chemin de fer (nicknamed "shimmy") and baccarat. The former requires six decks of cards and the latter but two, although the two games are similar and both may be played on the same apparatus. There is no certain percentage against the player in either game, but the house exacts a small commission on each bet made, usually 5 %. In the end, if the players stay with it long enough, the establishment's brokerage fees will total more than any player could possibly win.

The argument advanced by all amateur players when reminded of the ancient axiom: "You can't win!" is that the doctrine is not hole-proof, because people do win large sums in gambling houses. That is true. The winners are the well-known exception that prove the equally w.k. rule. The man who wins and never plays again will remain a winner. But if he returns with consistency, the law of percentage is pretty certain to beat him.

The experienced professional gambler knows full well that the law of percentage is bound to take effect soon or late. So certain is he that the name gambler, when applied to him, is practically a misnomer.

He realizes that if the house appears to be losing despite all the advantages in its favor, it will ultimately come out on top. He knows also that if there were no ups and downs in life, there would be no such thing as chance, and that if there were no chance he would be minus a very profitable profession.

ARYANS AND NON-ARYANS

BY FRANZ BOAS

THE present policies of the German government are based on the assumption that an "Aryan" has certain biologically determined qualities which are entirely foreign to every "non-Aryan."

There are said to be 600,000 non-Aryans in Germany, but since according to the prescribed definition a fourth part of non-Aryan blood is enough to stamp the individual as non-Aryan, the actual number may well be close to 1,000,000 or even more. According to the policy adopted by Germany these are practically excluded from all participation in German economic, social, and intellectual life.

What is an Aryan? Aryan is a linguistic term and nothing else. It means that there was once one language, nowadays called the Aryan language, which gradually spread over a large part of Europe and Asia, and developed into all the different "Aryan" languages spoken today. In this sense an Aryan is anyone who speaks an Aryan language, Swede as well as American Negro or Hindu.

A judgment of the German policy requires the answer to two questions: one, what, racially, are the so-called "Aryans" and "non-Aryans"?; the other, to what extent does the behavior of a single human being and of a people depend upon hereditary traits?

Roughly speaking, we may divide the population of Europe into three groups, which are situated in strata extending from west to east: in the north the tall

blond blue-eyed Northwest Europeans; in the middle, in the region of the Alps and east and west of them, the darker Alpine type; and in the south the small, very dark Mediterranean type of Spain, Italy and Southern France. Of course, there are other local types which do not conform well with such a hard and fast classification.

We do not know the age of these larger groups. By analogy with the development of animal forms we may assume that in very early times groups of human beings came to be isolated long enough to develop certain types through inbreeding, selection and through the influence of the environment in which they lived.

Besides the occurrence of local varieties, we find in the case of human beings that many racial forms are quite comparable to those of domesticated animals. Blondness, the deep blackness of skin and the curliness of hair in the Negro are analogous to the same features in domesticated animals. Eugen Fischer and B. Klatt have proved conclusively that blondness and blueness of the eyes are characteristics of domesticated animals and very rare in wild animals. We have blond horses, rabbits, and pigs. We have black poodles, with tightly curling hair. These forms, too, hardly ever occur among wild mammals. Anatomically, human blondness is exactly parallel to the blondness of domesticated animals. The occurrence of blondness in all kinds of domesticated animals proves that blondness may have developed inde-

pendently in different races, as in those of Western and Eastern Europe.

Now the taming of animals is based essentially upon change of diet and upon protection against climate and enemies. In the earliest type of domestication artificial breeding of certain strains hardly played a part. We know that even in the glacial period, perhaps 50,000 years ago, man prepared his food by the use of fire, and knew how to protect himself with weapons. Therefore we might say that man is the oldest domesticated animal, self-domesticated through the use of fire and weapons.

The complete isolation essential for the development of fixed types did not last up to recent times, certainly not even up to the end of the glacial period.

II

All that we know of the history of mankind points to constant migration. During the glacial period the severe climatic changes forced man to abandon the ice-covered regions. The desiccation of Central Asia drove him to outlying districts, into Europe and Southern Asia. From Asia man went to America and occupied the New World from the extreme north to the extreme south, passing from the arctic through the temperate zone, through the tropics and as far as the inhospitable southern end of South America. The Negroes of the upper Nile region overflowed the greater part of South Africa. Probably much later the Malays traversed the whole width of the Indian and Pacific Oceans and reached Madagascar.

All these migrations have led to a mixing of tribes. The history of Spain offers a good example of this. In early times the peninsula was inhabited by Iberians. Then the Phœnicians founded their colonies on its coasts. Later on the Celts of Gaul came

in great numbers and intermingled with the natives. The Roman colonists followed and Romanized the entire country. Then came the migrations of the Goths, who dominated the country for a long time. During the great Mohammedan period the Moors conquered a large part of Spain, settled and mixed with the natives. Numerous Jews were living there and they mixed with these other types. The greatness of Spain developed at the time when the mixture of peoples was at its height.

In other parts of Europe conditions were similar. Germany in particular has always been the scene of migrations: from north to south, from east to west and vice versa, swarms of people passed through the country. Assimilation of Eastern, Slavic people through colonization was a later phase of the process of mixture. What we see now is the result of these historical events.

A settled life developed at a time when land became personal property, either of the free peasant or of the lord whose serfs were bound to his property. Since that time more definite, local types of man have developed, which are all based, however, on the racial mixtures formed during the period of migrations.

Within a village in which landed property is handed down from father to son, where the wife is selected from the same village, pronounced local types may develop through inbreeding, although the differences among the ancestors will still make themselves felt in the individuals composing each family.

We are too much inclined to suppose that if all the individuals of such a group are similar in regard to color of their hair and eyes and physical build, they must be similar in all other respects. This is not at all the case. The physical attributes of the body are not so closely bound together that they are inherited en masse. On the con-

trary, the study of heredity shows that physical form is never inherited as a whole but that the characteristics of a long line of ancestors recur in ever new combinations.

It is a fiction to speak of a German race. We should rather ask what types of physical build are represented among the Germans. Here we encounter a complete lack of unity. Blonds with long heads in the North, darker people with short heads in the South; broad faces here, narrow ones there; noses turned up and aquiline, the general build tall and short, broad and slight. There is no "German race"; there are only local types which are very different one from another, each of which comprises individuals of different characteristics, so that representatives of all these types may be found in any part of Germany and of the neighboring countries. The East German is closer to his Polish neighbor than to the Frisian; the Tyrolese shows more similarity to the East Alpine Slav than to the North German, the Rhineland more to the neighboring Frenchman than to the German in more distant parts.

National groups and local types have nothing in common.

Since the Jews are considered as a thoroughly different element, we must define their racial position. There is no more a Semitic than there is an Aryan race, since both terms define linguistic groups, not human beings. We can only speak of Near Eastern types. There are at least two or three very different Near Eastern types: dark Armenians, lighter Kurds, and the long-headed Southern type. As long as we have known Jews at all, all three—and perhaps even other European strains—have been represented among them. The Jews are not a uniform race. The Armenoid type is very closely related to that of the Dinaric peoples, the inhabitants of the re-

gion east of the Adriatic Sea, so much so that in some cases the Tyrolese and the Armenoid can hardly be distinguished with certainty. Similarly, a relationship exists between the Syrian and the Mediterranean types. The contrast between the blond Northwest European and the dark Southeast German is just as great as the difference between the latter and the Armenoid Jew.

This statement does not mean that there are no finer distinctions in physical build between most Jews and most non-Jewish Europeans; the differences, however, are not fundamental. It is well known that dark Syroid Jews are often taken for Spaniards or Italians, Armenoids for South Slavs or other Alpines, and blond, blue-eyed Jews for Northwest Europeans.

III

In addition to all this, the Jews of different countries are not similar in their physical characteristics and a certain similarity exists between them and their neighbors. To us, this fact is most strikingly apparent in the case of the old East African and Asiatic Jews, who closely resemble the people among whom they live or lived. Toward the end of antiquity and in the early Middle Ages, when Jews as well as Christians converted people of their beliefs, miscegenation was not rare. Jews converted their slaves to Judaism and made proselytes just as the Christians did. Likewise, in the first centuries of our era marriages between Jews and Christians were frequent. In the year 633 the Council of Toledo decreed that marriages between Jews and Christians should be dissolved unless the Jew embraced the Christian faith—a clear proof that such marriages were quite common. In Southern Germany it has happened that a whole ghetto was driven into

a river and forcibly baptized. With that they became marriageable.

Intermarriage is probably not the sole factor which has led to the development of local types among Jews. The human body is not absolutely independent of its environment, and it is probable that the local types depend in part on the natural and social environment to which the inhabitants of a certain sector are exposed.

It follows from all this that we cannot draw sharp lines of distinction between present-day European groups, and that in larger groups—German, French, Jewish, Finnish, Hungarian, etc.—there exist many hereditary lines with similar characteristics, and even when physical attributes such as blondness occur with great frequency, other physically conditioned characteristics vary widely.

IV

Nevertheless, all this is merely the background for the question on which is based the whole "Aryan" theory of the uniqueness of the German's character; that is, to what extent psychic behavior is dependent upon physical form. That there do exist individual relations between physical build and mentality cannot be doubted. A human being whose brain contains anatomical defects and therefore does not function properly cannot be mentally normal. A genius cannot be made out of an idiot.

It is rash, however, to maintain that any difference in physical build is inevitably connected with a difference in psychic life. The functions of the body are extraordinarily adaptable. The circulation of a physically inactive person living in a hot climate at sea level and that of the same individual, physically active and living on a high plateau where the air pressure is low, are fundamentally different. All the bodily

functions alter considerably with the environmental conditions. This is equally true in regard to mentality. Social conditions most emphatically influence the mental attitude as a whole. Attempts have been made to correlate the mental behavior of man with his physical build, to find out, for instance, whether a long-headed, blond person will have reactions different from those of a round-headed, dark-skinned individual.

All strictly scientific experiments of this nature prove that within the same social background such relations do not exist. Even the studies of human constitution, in which the relations between abnormal mental phenomena and physical build are investigated, do not show that every human being of a certain extreme physical build *must* suffer from mental disturbances. These occur with greater frequency among extreme physical types. But no group consists of extreme types only. On the contrary, the intermediate, average types are the most common, and in regard to them no relation between physical build and mental behavior is demonstrable.

It can easily be shown how dependent mental differences are upon social conditions. For instance, exact observations have been made on Negroes who have moved from the country to the city and it has been shown that assimilation of these people to the behavior of the city population takes place within a few years. Likewise it has been shown in the case of Italian immigrants that they grow to resemble the Americans in behavior the longer they have been in this country.

Naturally, bodily forms are not alike in separate regions or in different classes of society, but in every population may be found such utterly different types that it would be difficult to assign any one individual with certainty, solely by means of

bodily form to the local or social group to which he belongs. Yet every region and every group has a fairly definite mental character. It has never been proved that this is determined by the physical type of the people, but there are many observations indicating that it is due to the unifying cultural bond which unites the people.

Heredity may explain a part of the pronounced mental similarities between parents and children; but this explanation cannot be transferred to explain on hereditary grounds the similarity of behavior of entire nations in which the most varied hereditary lines occur. These assume their characteristic forms under the pressure of society.

An attempt is being made by those who are in power in Germany to justify on scientific grounds their attitude toward the

Jews; but the science upon which they are building their policies is a pseudo-science. No one has ever proved that a human being, through his descent from a certain group of people, must of necessity have certain mental characteristics. A nation is not to be defined by its descent but by its language and customs. Otherwise Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians would not be nationalities. Language and customs are determined far more by the environment in which the child grows up than by its descent, because the physical attributes, so far as they have any influence at all, occur with extraordinary variety within every group.

Just as the Germanized Slavs and French have become German in their culture, as the Frenchified Germans have become French, the Russianized ones Russian; so have the German Jews become Germans.

THE MUSICIAN STARVES

BY GRACE OVERMYER

THE plight of the musician in our time is no longer news, but neither is it ended. Among certain classes of musicians it is somewhat less acute than it was a year ago and considerably less terrible than two years ago. Yet by the best obtainable calculations, about 60% of formerly employed musicians in the United States are still out of work. At the height of the economic depression, unemployment in American industry as a whole never went above 50%. The musician has thus got the worst of it.

In one important respect, the economic crisis in music reverses the general rule of the depression. There has been no under-distribution in music. The technical devices which have robbed the musician of his birthright are distributing devices. With bounteous hand they have strewn the musician's product, first near, then far and farther, like a sower scattering seed. Music, from the banal to the truly beautiful, now blossoms forth where no music ever grew before; while the musician, be he so favored as to have a crust of bread, eats it in tears.

The term musician is highly generic. Professional musicians range all the way from composers of all ranks, through many types of performing artists (as well as performers who can scarcely be called artists), teachers, and jazz and dance hall players, all of varying degrees of competence. The crisis in music has quite impartially touched them all, often bearing

down hardest on those of finest sensibilities, and sparing from deprivation or actual hardship only those securely established or attached to stable institutions, or those with financial resources outside their profession.

The musical profession and the industry which it supports—publishers, managers, makers and purveyors of instruments and equipment—heard the rumblings of the economic cataclysm a few years before it reached the ears of the rest of the world. Perfection of the radio to the point of general utilization came between 1920 and 1925; and in 1926, the sound film (the now universally used "movie talkie"), which overnight threw 20,000 American theatre musicians out of jobs. Already, for some years, the phonograph, almost imperceptibly, had been making inroads on the demands for services of living performers and of teachers. Music is a luxury, and the general collapse of 1929, banning all luxuries but mechanically cheapened ones, only added despair to the destruction which mechanization had begun. In addition, the Eighteenth Amendment may be credited with a modest share of blame for the shattered state of music, its enactment having automatically removed 30% of the players in the "jobbing" (general entertainment) field.

The country was still riding the prosperity wave when the sorry state of the musicians began to get into the newspapers. Organized movements for the as-

sistance of musicians—at first private, and later under governmental auspices—have been in existence for at least four years. Possibly the earliest resulted in the formation of the Unemployed Coöperative Orchestra, of eighty members, in New York City in January, 1930. The Musicians' Emergency Aid of New York began work two years later. State and official aid to music is of still later development.

II

If there is anybody who comforts himself with the thought that it is only musical incompetents who are out of work, he should be permitted, as was this writer (incidentally with a solemn promise to keep the name side turned down), to glance through the record cards of one day's applicants for places in emergency orchestras and bands, recruited in New York recently as a "made work" project for jobless instrumentalists. Fewer than two dozen unsorted cards revealed some amazing facts. Here were past players from the Philadelphia and Boston Symphonies, the Detroit and Los Angeles orchestras, the old Russian Symphony of New York; from the Berlin Philharmonic, the Queen's Hall Orchestra of London; Colonne Concerts of Paris; Concertgebouw of Amsterdam; Brussels and Warsaw orchestras; graduates of the Vienna Conservatory and of the Conservatory of Paris; players from the Grand Opera of Paris, the Metropolitan and German Opera Companies of New York; the Grand Opera of Copenhagen; former conductors, concert masters, chorus masters; soloists who have played in all the European capitals; a former accompanist to a world-famous operatic star; a composer decorated by a European monarch. Such are some of the educational and artistic ac-

complishments of a score of routine applicants, jotted down under "previous experience" and "positions held." In the space allotted to "comment" are such brief, plaintive lines as "Needing badly, will accept any kind of position," or "Very great need of work, out four years," or "My need is greater than my pride." More personal items here are lacking. There is nothing about the dispossession notices, nothing about the unpaid grocery bills, nothing about pawned overcoats or that last desperate resort—pawned instruments.

Though the musicians' trials are universal, the first community in this country to give official recognition to them appears to have been the city of Buffalo, New York, which organized in the summer of 1932 a symphony orchestra of seventy-five men, its members paid by the city, and its activities (free public concerts) under the direction of the Board of Education. This work, since augmented by the formation of a half dozen additional "free time activity" orchestras and bands, has continued under State and Federal auspices and financing. In New York City, in the summer of 1933, an experiment along similar lines gave employment to nearly four hundred men whose salaries were paid by the State. More recently, in the same city, free music schools, under combined Federal, State and city auspices and financing, have created teaching posts for additional musicians and music teachers.

Federal funds, made available through the Civil Works Administration, appear to have awakened communities in widely separated parts of the country to the needs of their musicians. From Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon, come reports of activities for musicians, either begun or under consideration, to be worked out in accordance with methods devised locally, and to be financed by Fed-

eral funds. In Los Angeles approximately 325 musicians are employed on a rehabilitation project, and are paid from Federal Emergency Relief Administration funds for the time they spend in rehearsing and giving free concerts. Philadelphia has a newly launched program financed by the State. The up-State cities of Rochester and Syracuse, New York, have inaugurated programs patterned after Buffalo's, and are also receiving Federal support. St. Paul, Minnesota, and Newark and Jersey City, New Jersey, aided by Federal appropriations, have set aside sums for made work activities for musicians.

Whether the discontinuance of C.W.A. activities will in the end seriously interfere with any of these newly instituted projects, probably depends upon local sentiment concerning them, and the possibility of substituting State or Public Works Administration funds for those withdrawn. The work in the city of New York, being well advanced, carefully organized, and only partially dependent upon Federal funds, has a good prospect of continuance as planned.

Any movement for alleviating the condition of musicians through made work is faced by a dilemma. The only suitable work for competent musicians is such as will enable them to produce more music, of which there is already a greater diffusion than was ever before dreamed of. Yet the persons responsible for devising work relief programs for musicians, are combating too much music with more music; fighting fire with fire. In this they are not merely following a philosophy of necessity. Being themselves musicians, or music lovers, they know that the appetite for music grows by what it feeds on. Instead of anticipating increased unemployment as a result of offering free concerts and free musical instruction to

thousands, they are proceeding on the theory that wider acquaintance with musical essentials on the part of the whole population will so stimulate interest in the art, that with the return of better times all forms of living music will reap the benefit. Hence the plan to turn the music crisis into a far-flung educational program, in the hope not only of utilizing the present excess supply, but of creating a future demand.

New York State's official work for musicians, now being carried on with Federal and municipal assistance, and most extensively developed in New York City, began as part of the "emergency education" plan for white collar workers, instituted in December, 1932, by the State Department of Education. It was financed at the start by the Temporary Emergency Relief Administration, from the State's general appropriation for unemployment relief. Dr. Lewis A. Wilson, assistant commissioner of education for the State, is credited as originator of the plan, whereby the unemployed of the professional classes are recruited to teach and entertain the rank and file of unemployed.

III

By an estimate based on figures of the American Federation of Musicians, New York City is the home of one-eighth of all the professional musicians in the United States and Canada. The Musicians' Emergency Aid estimates that three-quarters of the native and naturalized musicians of artist rank are congregated in this city. New York's problem, therefore, is proportionately more serious than that of any other city in the country; and both its private and official work for musicians has more than local importance.

Despite this fact, the State-sponsored

plan for musicians, as applied in the city of New York, has proceeded so quietly that few persons not directly affected have been aware that such a movement was in progress. It was in May and June, 1933, that there were inaugurated in the metropolitan area of New York ten to a dozen musical units—chamber music sets, and orchestras and bands, ranging from dance to symphonic proportions, their members chosen from among more than 4,000 jobless ensemble players who had been obliged to appeal to the city's Emergency Work Bureau for part time employment.

The new musical units were assigned to give free performances in tax-supported institutions, thus avoiding competition with organizations of musicians regularly employed. Without exception these bodies of players, which are still functioning, reach auditors who have no other opportunity to hear music performed at first hand. The quartets and trios take the rarest of Schubert, Beethoven and Brahms into libraries and schools, and slightly more popular programs to hospitals and homes for the aged. The bands play in parks and on recreation piers in summer; this winter light and cheerful programs have been given in the corridors of jails. The largest unit—the Civic Symphony Orchestra—gives one concert each week at the Natural History Museum and one at the Brooklyn Museum (in the sculpture court in summer), thereby bringing standard symphonic programs to large numbers of people with a taste for music of the better sort, to whom the cost of concert tickets is prohibitive. This orchestra also appears weekly at Ellis Island, where it is greeted like a liberator by the semi-imprisoned group of hospital inmates, stranded travelers, and *déportés*, who comprise the Island's population.

As an outgrowth and expansion of the

State's work for orchestral players, the musical education program of the State Civil Works Service Bureau was put into operation last October, financed largely by the State but with Federal coöperation. Its executive director is Mrs. Frances McFarland, director of the music division of the National Federation of Settlements. Its activities, thus far confined to New York City, have resulted in the establishment of free music schools, in which previously unemployed musicians and music teachers are given jobs as instructors of unemployed adults. For the development of this program the City of New York has donated class-rooms; and three of the city's settlement music schools, supported privately, have put at the free disposal of the State their buildings especially equipped for music study. Long before the project was publicly announced, more than 3,000 applications for admittance were received.

It being the policy in these schools, as in the emergency orchestras and bands, to interfere in no way with private musical enterprise, there is no individual instruction, nor, from the appearance of the crowded classes, would such be possible. Piano, voice and violin are taught to groups of earnest men and women who occupy all the chairs in the class-rooms and overflow to the window sills. The large number of trained musicians available as teachers permits instruction in a variety of supplementary subjects. There are ear-training classes, both elementary and advanced, and also classes for vocal training, sight-singing, and French, Italian and German diction. Courses in theory, harmony, counterpoint and composition (practical scoring) provide not only unusual opportunities for ambitious students, but also an outlet for the more scholarly among instructors. Music appre-

ciation, music history and folk literature are offered to music-loving laymen. Such up-to-the-minute, practical subjects as radio technique, music and showmanship in the theatre, music for hotels and restaurants, and program making for various types of audiences, complete for the present this unusual curriculum.

Questions regarding salaries paid to beneficiaries of publicly supported musical projects are difficult to answer, though it is known that they are little more than nominal. During the past summer each player in the emergency orchestras and bands in the city of New York received \$15 a week for twenty-two hours of his time. In Buffalo the players are paid from \$18 to \$25 a week. No information is available as to the wages received by the teachers in the free music schools. For the men and women engaged in these projects it is fortunate that they offer compensations in addition to money. Much of the worth of the work to the musicians is in its enabling them to retain the consciousness of their profession, to keep the feel of their instruments, to be in condition if a call should come to a post with salary attached. All are giving value far exceeding the trifling wage they receive.

Public aid to musicians has supplemented, but not lessened, the activities of the Musicians' Emergency Aid of New York, the largest of the organizations created and sustained by voluntary contributions, which began work in February, 1932. Headed by Walter Damrosch and other established musicians, this group extends its assistance in the form of made work only to professionals who were earning their livings by music previous to 1928. Those so young or so intrepid as to have embarked on musical careers since the depressed state of music began, must be denied its assistance.

Although the Musicians' Emergency Aid sponsors an orchestra of 175 men, it ministers chiefly to operatic and other singers, to teachers, accompanists, and instrumental soloists, many of them non-union musicians. In two years it has secured individual engagements, at the rate of five and ten dollars each, aggregating \$106,000, for musicians, many of whom formerly commanded several hundred dollars for a single engagement. With the donated assistance of distinguished soloists, its huge orchestra is presenting its second season of concerts at Madison Square Garden, the proceeds from which are used to continue the organization's work.

Like the officially sponsored plans for musicians' employment, the newest project of the Musicians' Emergency Aid contemplates extension of musical education, in the hope that it may prove a beneficent boomerang. The organization is enlisting the services of two or three hundred of its most talented registrants to give a series of one thousand concerts of high artistic quality in the New York public schools. Although the schools have had good music courses, these heretofore have not included artists' concerts. With the co-operation of music supervisors the programs are designed to acquaint students with the best concert répertoires, the long range idea being, of course, to arouse in high-school children a taste for very fine music, later to be gratified by their patronage of music of quality.

IV

Through the stark years of the music crisis, the American Federation of Musicians has suffered no loss of its professional membership. It is stated, however, by its president, Joseph Weber, that it has

been necessary to make loans to members for the payment of dues. Being a protective labor union, and not a relief organization, the Federation has not attempted to provide made work opportunities for its many jobless members. But it has engaged in extensive relief activities and has maintained a staff of personal investigators to look into individual needs. Some local branches, outside of New York, have adopted the policy, in extreme cases, of direct grants of money, food and fuel.

During 1932 and 1933 the New York union, Local 802, spent \$175,000 for the relief of its members. This amount was raised by an assessment of 5% on the salaries of all members regularly employed. Since the total thus realized lasted beyond the date set for its expenditure, the assessment has since been lowered to 1%. Another relief measure, the "stagger" system of distributing work, whereby all musicians in permanent employment in theatres are required to give one week's work in four to an unemployed colleague, has been in operation all over the United States throughout the depression. Although, to the outside observer, this seems a humane and broadly equitable arrangement, it has been the cause of much strife, and at the time these lines are written it is being bitterly contested by some of the union members in New York.

Union officials report an encouraging improvement in conditions of employment, due to a revival of orchestras in legitimate theatres and a pick-up of vaudeville, as well as to repeal of the Prohibition Amendment. In the first six weeks following repeal, two hundred hotel and restaurant musicians returned to work as a direct result, and it is expected that spring will bring a seasonal acceleration, which probably will be augmented by the opening of beer gardens in the summer.

In the New York theatrical field at the present time five hundred musicians are employed. Though only a sixth of the number in jobs before the introduction of the "movie talkie," this is an encouraging gain from two years ago, when the number of theatre musicians at work in the city had dropped to practically zero.

The musical union, however, has no figures as to the number of musicians engaged in radio work. Nor are the leading broadcasting companies able to supply even an approximate estimate. To make such an estimate would present obvious difficulties, owing to the temporary character and shifting personnel of many commercially sponsored programs, as well as to the large number of performances by outside organizations whose members never enter the studios. It is hinted also that there are good go-getters among commercial musicians who, with the alleged collusion of agencies, occupy posts in several radio orchestras at a time. Yet with an effective method of registration a radio employment census probably would not be impossible, and if one were made it might help us to a more just appraisal of the radio as a social instrument.

In point of time, we stand too near the advent of the radio to view it in entirely clear perspective. But whatever its blessings, whatever its crimes, whatever the vulgarities to which men have subjected it, it is a fact to be accepted, somewhat as is the universe. Almost in a spirit of challenge, the leading musical institutions of the country appear to have decided upon a thorough try-out of radio's power to develop a new and larger music public—a public that eventually will want to spend its money freely to hear music at first hand. Hence the well-nigh reckless policy of giving every radio owner in the country the equivalent of a season ticket to con-

certs by the best symphony orchestras, as well as to weekly performances of opera. To music lovers of small means, particularly those remote from music centers, the advantages of this policy are immeasurable. The possible effect on mind and spirit of this new accession of beauty might form a theme for poetic speculation. Yet it is surely of little immediate aid to out-of-work musicians, and as to its future effect upon them, only time can tell.

Similarly, the gain to the music lover, as well as to the public, from the various plans devised to save musicians for their own profession—or the profession of music for musicians—leaves little room for question. The pity of it is that, inevitably, too small a percentage of the men and women whom the projects are designed to benefit, can be materially aided by them. In admitting this, there is no disparagement of these efforts, either of their methods or intentions. It is merely a recognition, not only of insufficiency of funds, but of the quantitative limits of made work in the musical field today. With admirable resourcefulness, the director of the State's musical activities in Greater New York, G. A. Baldini, was able to arrange a public concert circuit—including Ellis Island and the city's jails—where music by live performers was previously altogether lacking. But out of four thousand capable musicians available to furnish this music, only four hundred could be placed.

V

What of the others? Some, no doubt, have found a professional market for their services. Others, despite the musician's proverbial one-track mind, have been able, temporarily at least, to turn to other occupations. There are authentic instances

of musicians becoming porters, ditch diggers, sign painters, clerks, waiters, insurance agents, taxi drivers. The less adaptable among them still walk about the streets—men whose profession has been taken away from them. For them there should be a suitable compensation—not a charity, rather a pension, or a merited emergency wage—if one takes the hopeful view that their profession will eventually reclaim them. Given a willing and a duly grateful public, such a compensation might be possible. A suggestion—simple, but far from preposterous—has been offered, of a five-cent tax on every moving picture ticket for the creation of a fund to be apportioned among organizations working for the betterment of musicians. This would seem a not inappropriate way to atone for the sound film's cruel treatment of musicians.

Then there is taxation of the radio, a difficult undertaking, to be sure, though other nations have managed it. This, in addition to creating needed revenue for the government, might be used to augment emergency funds. Furthermore, it would, provided it were so devised as to tax listeners as well as broadcasters, put a check on the indiscriminate use of the radio, and thus help the musician by enhancing the value of his product. Here, as in all other well-intended efforts, the public would be the gainer along with the musician, and perhaps more quickly and to a greater degree. But government, musician, and public, all three, seem destined to wait for this solution of the problem. So far as can be learned, there is no bill for general radio taxation before the present Congress.

Nevertheless, a beginning has been made toward meeting the appalling problem of the musician, a beginning which in one respect is full of large potential-

ties. There has been a simultaneous movement in many parts of the country to apply temporary grants of Federal funds to the restoration of musicians. In the State of New York we have seen State's money spent for the assistance of musicians—a procedure that would be fairly revolutionary in ordinary times. To be sure, the government at Washington has not seen fit to intervene on a national scale for musicians, as it has for painters and sculptors, but local experiments suggest the possibility—however seemingly remote—of government support or subsidy of music, along with that of art in general.

If it is objected that public aid to music is thus far on too small a scale to justify such an assumption, it may be replied that the art project, sanctioned by Washington, provides jobs at the start for only 2,500 artists—a fraction of the number of those throughout the country, who, in recent years, have endured more than the artist's usual measure of hard times.

One might even go a step further and

recall that from time to time Americans have discussed the possibility of a Department of Fine Arts at Washington. At the height of the prosperity period the creation of such a Cabinet department was spoken of as probable. A few years ago, the erection (with private funds) of a chamber music hall in the Library of Congress, and the establishment of an annual music festival in the national capital, seemed to have provided the opening wedge for official recognition of music by the government.

It would now appear that bad times might hasten what in good times was only talked about. Adversity has shaken us somewhat out of the rut of materialism. Mechanized music—chiefly radio—has made us, broadly speaking, musically literate. Radio taxation might fittingly finance a national music movement; a movement which, whatever its plan and direction, would recognize the musician as a human being and a highly useful citizen, without whom the best receiving set would be in large part valueless.

SCAB!

BY ALBERT HALPER

I PULLED out of the Big Garage on West Fifty-fourth Street early in the morning, because I thought the pickets wouldn't be on the job yet. But they were. At the door, Mrs. Steur, the wife of the fleet manager, checked me out, holding the big book in her hand. I spoke my number so low she didn't hear me at first. She stuck her head into the cab.

"1544," I said again.

"Listen," she told me, "don't let them scare you, fella, the police are behind us, they can't do anything to you," and she gave me a big smile as I zoomed out of the garage.

Mrs. Steur is big and getting stout and knows how to give the boys a big smile. Since this strike has been going on she has done a lot of smiling, especially when we roll out of the garage in the morning, but she isn't fooling any of us. She wears a fur coat that must have cost her five hundred dollars if it cost her a nickel, and every time I look at it I think of my own wife and two kids and I get mad around the mouth. Goddam her anyway. Last week, just before the strike started, she used to give us dirty looks every time she checked us out in the morning, and her dirty looks said: "You bums are lousy drivers, you don't know how to hack, all you do is to warm your fannies in our nice comfortable cabs while Jake and me worry over the intake." But now she calls us sonny and fella and all that baloney.

I zoomed out of the Big Garage in

third and saw the pickets strung all along the street with signs on their backs. But luck was with me. The green light was showing up the block so I hit the bus up to forty-five miles an hour and none of them jumped on my running-board to argue with me. I've been working for the Steurs for over two years now and every hack-man in the garage knows I'm a square-shooter, and they can't figure out why I'm driving with the strike going on. Only a few know about the hole I'm in and about the wife's operation— But what the hell, I'm not telling everybody about my troubles, everybody's got plenty of their own these days, so I don't say anything to anybody.

I whizzed up the block as fast as I could hit it up. There were two cops on motorcycles resting at the corner and though I was going way over the speed limit they didn't stop me but waved their hands and smiled. I smiled back, but it was not the same kind of smile they gave to me. My smile said, "To hell with you, beefsteaks!"

Two blocks down, three of the boys started running toward my cab, so I had to cut west on Fifty-second. This is a bad street with some deep holes in it, but I shook them off. Then I cut east again and headed toward Fifth Avenue, praying for a fare. It was already half-past seven in the morning and the city was waking up. As I sent the car along, I could see pieces of fog floating up the

street. I like to drive early in the morning. There is something about cruising in an empty cab with the fog coming up the street which gets me. I don't know what it is. Sometimes I can almost smell it. A lot of times, if business has been good the day before, that is, if I make over three dollars, I will coast about in the East Sixties and Seventies for a good half hour just to get that feeling on a foggy morning. In the East Sixties and Seventies there is not even a dog in sight at 7 A. M., and most of the houses are boarded up because the rich people that own them spend their time mostly down in Florida or in Europe, so it's nice and still and quiet there early in the morning.

But I was out for business today, so I didn't stall around. I picked up a fare at Eighth Avenue and carried him to Fifth and Fifty-ninth. The fare was one of those tall rich guys around fifty who like to bend forward and act chummy with the driver, just to show you he's a regular fella. I know those kind. They tip dimes and always expect you to say thank-you twice.

"Do you mind if I turn the radio off?" he asks me, leaning forward.

I felt like telling him he could throw it out the window for all I cared. When I hear that goddam sad music early in the morning I keep on thinking about the wife and how the doctors bungled the job and it gets me nuts sometimes. Why did they have to put radios in cabs for anyway?

"How is the strike going?" the man asks me next.

"I guess it's going," I mumbled back.

He kind of laughed soft-like and said the men didn't have a chance. With my left arm I reached around and turned the radio on again, real loud, because I started feeling down at the mouth again.

It was those exercises this time: "One-two, bend from the waist, three-four, take a deep breath." You know those kind of daily dozen business they have on the air in the morning.

II

I was glad when that fare stepped out. But he sure surprised me. I mean he gave me fifteen cents. I picked up another load and took her to Grand Central. She wore a classy shiny brown fur coat and looked to be the bucks. Just before she got out she says to me, "You men are having trouble with your employers, aren't you?" I said yes. Then she gave me a quarter tip. "Well, I hope you win out," she said, in a kind of nice tone. "I like to see you men put up a fight."

I sat in the cab burning up after she was gone. Did she say that to me on purpose, just to get my goat? Didn't she know I was a scab?

Then I heard some one hollering at me and when I looked back I saw a big guy in a cap running toward me. I wasn't taking any chances, so I started roaring up the block away from him. When I looked back again he was still hollering and waving at me, and then I saw him step into another cab. He wasn't out to slug me after all. He was a fare. I got my nerve back, turned around in the middle of the block and played the line on Lexington Avenue. There were only three cabs in line. In a half a minute all of us got fares.

Luck was with me all morning. I mean that every single fare I carried wasn't near Times Square or downtown. It was mostly East Side business with swell tips. By eleven o'clock I took in almost seven dollars. This is swell business even in a snow storm.

But after noon the trouble started. I was passing Thirty-fourth Street and Seventh Avenue when another cab cruises up to me and the driver calls out, "They're burning and wrecking cabs downtown, don't go below Fourteenth Street."

So I turned one fare down. I told the man I'd take him as far as Eighteenth Street where he could get a subway, but he looked at me disgusted and called another cab. I wasn't taking any chances. What would happen to Ethel and the kids if I got put away in the hospital? Goddam the whole business anyway! Why can't it be worked out somehow that we men could get paid a decent wage so that we wouldn't have to go out on strike and have the papers say nasty and untrue things about us? Why can't—Goddammit, I forgot. I'm a scab! I'm a—

"Hey, you!" yelled a blonde dame. "Can you take me to Twelfth Street?"

"Sure," I hollered back, sore at myself. "I'll take you anywheres."

"What a man!" she sings out and steps high, wide and handsome into the cab and when she gets inside she lights a cigarette and starts humming a song. I had a feeling right away she was good for a two-bit tip. "Play, taxi, play!" she sings out and turned on the radio. It was one of those damn sad songs again which I can't stand right after noon and I started thinking of Ethel and the doctors, but I didn't tell the fare to turn it off. She was painted up like hell, but I saw right away she was a good sport.

At Sixteenth Street they stopped me. There must have been over fifty of them. There were three cops, but the cops couldn't do anything.

"Come on, lady, get out," the drivers hollered.

The fare told them to go to hell. I had to hand it to her.

"Come on, get out, or we'll knock you out!"

"You and who else?" she hollers at them.

"Turn that damn radio off!" they yelled at me.

I turned it off. Then two of them hopped on the running-board and I had to kill the engine. They bunched all around me. The cops tried to get to me, but the boys kept shoving them away. They shoved in a kind of good natured way, but they meant business. It was a kind of shoving that told the cops that all they had to do was to just start to get fresh and the boys would have flattened them. Then one of the boys who jumped onto the running-board poked his head inside, and I saw it was Goldstein.

"It's Tom Davlin," he said, and he started talking to the others to let me alone.

"To hell with that!" the others told him. "Let's drag him out if he doesn't turn around and shoot back to the garage right away. Let's drag him out!"

But Goldstein kept on arguing. Goldie is one of the few fellows in the Big Garage who knows what a hole I'm in. I heard him whispering something and I felt cheap as hell sitting there, but they wouldn't listen to him. "Drag him out!" they said again. I sat there wringing wet. "Drag him out!" they hollered, and I thought they were going to give it to me for sure, and I wouldn't have put up a battle, because I knew just how they felt. But just then three patrol cars came up with their sirens screaming and the cops piled out. They started swinging their clubs and cleared a way for my cab. I shot the car into second and tore like hell down the street.

"What was that pal of yours whispering to the others?" the fare asked me when we

were about a block away. "Have you fellows got a magic pass-word?"

"I don't know nothing," I said.

"Oh, so that's the way you feel about it," she said, then turned on the radio again. "Play, taxi, play!" she sang out, and Christ, what a nice long beautiful throat that woman had! She was singing happy over something and couldn't keep it down. She must have gotten a good hunk of cash from her daddy or something, I figured to myself.

"Hey, you," she called to me from the back seat, "hey, you, do you know what?"

"What?" I says, not turning around.

"I'm going to have a baby," she sings out to me, "and I feel so goddamned happy."

Then I knew she was tight. Any girl like that who feels happy over a kid must be either tight or crazy. I figured she was nutty.

She gave me the address and I stopped in front of a doctor's place.

"Here, sweetheart," she says and gives me two one-dollar bills. "Keep the change, handsome," and then she goes up to the door and rings the doctor's bell. A girl dressed like a nurse opens it. Then the door closed again.

What a tip! A dollar and twenty cents! I took time out and went into a coffee pot on Bank Street for some grub. There were two or three guys at the counter looking funny at me, so my meal was spoiled. I got up and paid and walked out. Goddammit, I'm a scab! I said to myself.

I shot the car into third and cruised east. When I hit Fourth Avenue I heard a lot of yelling and hollering. I got off at University Place and let the motor run. Then I hoofed it to Fourth.

There was a mob there, almost three hundred drivers. They were burning three

taxi-cabs, while a big crowd of people were watching on the sidewalks. The cops couldn't do anything. They hit a few of the boys, but the boys socked them back. I saw them stepping on one policeman. They got him down and started tearing his overcoat to pieces. You ought to have seen their faces when they were doing that! The cop reached for his gun, but they stepped on his hand. They were yelling and screaming at him all the time. I got into the crowd and started helping them. A cop came for me, but I cracked him one. Then I got a sweet blow behind the ear and the next thing I knew I was laying on the street. Two of the boys helped me up and I sat on the curb for a while with my head in my hands. I was half-unconscious but I could smell burnt rubber, burnt paint and the stink of gasoline. And all the while the crowd was yelling crazy.

I got up again, but by this time the cops on horseback came up. They started hitting the boys right and left. It was terrible. One fellow's ear was hanging by a piece of flesh and he kept holding his hand to his ear trying to put it back. The cops went for him and cracked him another one. There were a few women, and nice looking ones, standing on the curb who started screaming at the cops to let the poor boy alone. One of them even came over to the horses and started to argue.

Then the fire engines came. They tried to put out the flames. They lay hoses from Tenth and Eleventh Street, but by the time the water was turned on the cabs weren't worth a dime. Then the gang started toward Union Square. I started with them, then suddenly remembered I had my bus parked up the street. I started thinking of Ethel and the kids again. Goddammit anyway!

I walked back to the cab and shot it west. I picked up a fare and took her uptown to Forty-fourth Street. She tipped me twenty cents. My pockets were heavy with silver so I got out and went into a restaurant and had it changed to paper money. The cashier looked funny at me. I felt so lousy that I didn't count my money twice and maybe he gypped me out of a quarter or so, because I remember—

Then I heard yelling on Seventh Avenue. I ran out and started the bus in a hurry. I didn't stop until I got to the Sixties. I cruised up and down those side streets until I got my nerve back. It started raining a little. A fare hailed me, but I didn't stop because I didn't have a good grip on myself yet. But in another minute I got another, this time for Ninety-second Street.

When I dropped that fare the rain stopped for a while. I was good and hungry again, because I had only taken a few bites out of my sandwich in that coffee pot on Bank Street, so I went into a place on Ninety-third, but first I put my hat in the cab.

But when I came in, some truck drivers at the counter recognized that I was a hack-man anyway. You can always tell one if you know them. We all have clothes shiny around the seat, and that shininess is a special cab driver's gloss. I can't just describe it, but the gloss gives us away. I can be walking down the street with the missus and if I see a fellow walking ahead of me with that gloss on his rear-end, I can turn to the wife and say, "Two to one that that guy is a hacker." Ethel knows that I am not the betting kind, but she gets sore at me sometimes. "Can't you forget your lousy business even when you're not working?" she asks me. This gets me sore sometimes,

but I know she hasn't been herself since the operation. So I just keep quiet.

Anyway, when I sat down and ordered a bowl of soup I saw the truck drivers giving me the once-over. Then one of them started talking louder. "I bet he's a scab," he said. I turned around with murder in my eye. "Goddam you, what if I am?" I hollered at him and I was so worked up that I started spilling all about my wife and the kids and the deep hole I'm in. The cook came out from the kitchen and looked at me. By the time I was through I was almost screaming. The guy who had called me a scab didn't know what to say and sat there looking at the counter.

"All right, all right," he says kind of quiet and he wanted to let the matter drop.

"All right hell!" I screamed at him and got up and went out.

The cook hollered at me to pay the check, but I told him to come outside and I'd beat hell out of him, and he didn't make a move when I told him that.

I got into the bus and had to cruise around for a good fifteen minutes to cool off. I was so hopping mad I felt like speeding the car up to sixty miles an hour and driving square into a building.

But when a fare hailed me, I calmed down. I started to think of Ethel and the kids and I realized I couldn't act like a damn fool.

So I picked up the fare and cooled off. It started to rain again. When I dropped the fare, I got another right away. I kept uptown. Business was heavy and I was on the jump all the time.

I worked straight through until eight o'clock, then I bought a newspaper to see how the strike was coming on. The headlines said the strike was still dead-locked. There was a lot of stuff written about

what the fleet owners said about company unions, but we all know what those company unions are. The boys were still putting up a fight. I parked my bus in a side street and read the piece to the last line. When I read about the fights and the riots and the burning of the cabs I felt so thrilled I wanted to sing and scream with happiness. Then all of a sudden I remembered I wasn't in it, and the feeling flopped inside of me.

III

A half hour later, when I pulled into the Big Garage, Mrs. Steur let out a big sigh of relief. "Oh thank God," she said, "I thought they burned your cab."

Then she saw the dented fenders and the broken windows and her face fell. She started cursing the strikers to beat the band. I never heard her swear like that before. Then she told me to check in and go home and get a good night's rest and report for duty in the morning. When she saw the meter reading she complimented me, but she was still swearing at the drivers.

I got home an hour later, tired as a dog. The first thing when I closed the door, Ethel asked me how much I made. I put eleven dollars on the table. It was the most I had ever made in a single day's hacking. She looked at my face and didn't say anything. I started to tell her I was through until the strike was over, when I heard Sonny start to bawl in the bedroom. Then I kept my mouth shut.

When we sat down to eat Ethel got me to talk. I told her how I had seen the burning cabs, how they had stopped me, and how Goldie and the cops had saved me from getting slugged. I didn't tell her how I got out and socked a cop and then got flattened out. Women sometimes can't see things a man's way.

"You'd think they'd let a man work in peace," she said finally, and then I got sore as hell. I started to holler. I couldn't help myself. I told her how I had gone to the coffee pots and couldn't eat because I was looked at in a funny way, I told her how I felt about it, and I said something about the fog drifting up the street and the East Sixties and the Seventies where the houses were boarded up with the rich people spending the winter down in Florida or over in Europe, and the first thing I knew I was standing up and screaming at her across the table.

The kids started bawling in the bedroom. Ethel hollered at me, but I couldn't stop.

"Goddam it to hell," I screamed, "I'm through! I'm not the only guy driving a hack with a wife and kids on his hands. I'm through, I tell you. How do you suppose I feel at the wheel of my cab making money with my buddies out on strike? I tell you I'm through. I'm not reporting in the morning, nor the day after. I don't care if we starve. I'm going tearing through the streets with the other drivers because that's where I belong. I'm going to help them burn and wreck every goddam cab in sight!"

And then I told Ethel something I promised myself I would never tell to anybody.

I told her about how just before I started back to the garage I parked in a side street and took out my tire-wrench and bashed in the fenders of my cab and then broke every goddamned window with my own hands. I screamed that out to her. She asked me why I had done it, and I didn't know what to answer.

Then I hollered out, louder than ever: "A man's got to keep some of his self-respect, don't he? What do you take me for, a scab?"

THE STATE OF THE UNION

WAR COMES TO THE WORKING-MEN'S PARADISE

BY T. L. MORTON

Vandergrift, Penna.

THIRTY-SIX years ago a dour Scotch-Irish iron master solved a bloody strike in a steel plant at Apollo, Pennsylvania, by moving the works bodily two miles down the Kiskiminetas River. There, on a peninsula formed by a horse-shoe bend in the stream, George G. McMurtry set up his mills and hired Frederick Law Olmstead, Sr., the architect who had laid out the grounds of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, to design for him a "workingmen's paradise."

He called the paradise Vandergrift, and made it the scene of the first American experiment in industrial idealism—a social New Deal that preceded by more than a quarter of a century the subsistence communities and similar experiments that are regarded as revolutionary under the present New Deal.

In Vandergrift the iron master, George G. McMurtry, and his financial backer, Captain J. J. Vandergrift, realized their dream of a "square deal" for the man who labors with his hands. In and around Vandergrift, in the steel and coal producing district called the Kiskiminetas Valley, thirty miles up the Allegheny from Pittsburgh, the student of social trends can find concentrated today all the influences of force and persuasion, of coercion and indulgence, of evasion and misrepresentation, that make the industrial scene so kaleidoscopic.

Perhaps a decade after McMurtry left them stranded, the impoverished citizens of Apollo recovered from their shock sufficiently to father an independent plant of their own, the Apollo Steel Company. In the meantime, the Vandergrift plant went through a series of mergers that cast it at last into the maw of the United States Steel Corporation. Last summer blood flowed in the streets of Ambridge, a steel town down the Allegheny from Vandergrift. In Vandergrift the American Legion patriotically organized a "vigilante committee" which was dubbed "the bloody shirts" and was laughed out of existence when the citizenry found that its guns and clubs and ammunition were to be paid for by the Steel Corporation.

Last fall Mrs. Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, wife of the Governor of Pennsylvania, stood at a draughty second-floor window of a closed national bank building in Vandergrift, her red hair gleaming in the spot-lights, and cried, "I said I'd come in spite of the steel bosses if you wanted me, and here I am." Late this winter Mrs. Pinchot arose on the floor of the N. R. A. criticism forum in Washington, recounted the history of efforts to bar her from Apollo and Vandergrift, and charged, "The N. R. A. is big enough to punish small restaurants, but not the steel industry!"

And a few months afterward a thousand employes of the Apollo Steel Company saw history repeated before their eyes when they gathered in the municipal building hall from which Mrs. Pinchot

had been barred by proclamation and heard the warning of their officials: "We'll shut this plant down rather than recognize any outside union."

It is war—the never-ceasing conflict between capital and labor, and it now seems inevitable that Vandergrift, the workingman's paradise, where there has been no labor trouble of consequence for more than thirty years, is to be invaded. From all sides the opposing forces of organization and of rugged individualism are converging upon it, as the one city where no union has ever existed.

When McMurtry stubbornly moved his factory from Apollo to Vandergrift rather than negotiate with striking employés, he vowed that he would find reliable labor and that he would make an end to industrial conflict. He found the labor in the Scotch-Irish-German-Swedish farm boys of Westmoreland and Armstrong, two counties which the Kiskiminetas River divides. From this Nordic stock, alert of mind and sturdy of back and arm, the iron master quickly developed the finest steel workers in the world.

But these men, owning the inheritance of generations of stubborn independence, would never be ruled by the bludgeon, and McMurtry knew it well. These steady workmen, these fanatical freemen, must be conquered not by force, but by indulgence; must be ruled not by a master, but by a mistress.

McMurtry gave them Vandergrift.

She was beautiful, and is today. The only planned industrial community in the nation at that time, she was the result of long planning, brave dreaming and much expense.

Parenthetically, the United States Steel Corporation, years later, was to pattern after Vandergrift the city of Gary, Indiana, and was to discover, so the re-

port goes, that the steel workers of that community were so unfamiliar with bath tubs that they used them for coal bins.

Not so the free Nordics of Vandergrift. They took to luxury as naturally as their fathers had accepted hardship. They petted and pampered their civic courtesan. Although her wide winding avenues had been paved, her sewers and sidewalks laid, her shade trees planted and her parks established before ever a lot was sold or a house built, the Nordics adorned her further. They added fine homes, smooth lawns, ornate flower beds, the best of churches and schools and theaters.

Vandergrift became the center of the most contented and reliable community of workingmen on the American continent. McMurtry's dream proved its worth in dollars and cents, and the company prospered. But the inevitable occurred. Paternalism could not outlive the father. McMurtry went to join his ghostly clans and Captain Vandergrift weighed anchor and set sail for whatever shore the Dutch have colonized in another existence. The United States Steel Corporation was no McMurtry. Paternalism was not in its lexicon. Company donations to community affairs stopped abruptly. Company care for workmen as individuals ceased. Indulgence disappeared. And in the place of these things came, almost imperceptibly at first, interference and coercion into the private affairs of the citizens.

The bewildered Nordics of Vandergrift, made trusting and childlike by years of paternalism, felt the first touch of the hand under the glove. A quarter of a century after the town was founded, men began to speculate whether Vandergrift had become the scene of a mass operation in emasculation.

How long this state of polite serfdom might have persisted had nothing dis-

turbed it is problematical. But a series of incidents that began with the passage of the N.I.R.A. brought home forcibly to the Nordics just how completely they had been enslaved by indulgence.

Section 7 (a) of the National Recovery Act was the entering wedge for which the American Federation of Labor and its affiliate, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, had been waiting. Here was the weapon with which to hew a path into the vast non-union steel districts of Western Pennsylvania. The Amalgamated Association moved joyfully to the attack. Its prime objective was Vandergrift and its Kiskiminetas Valley—dubbed the Black Valley by union men. The Steel Corporation prepared to defend its ununionized plants.

The Nordics felt the iron hand hard when Mrs. Pinchot, Lieutenant-Governor without portfolio of Pennsylvania, accepted an invitation from the Amalgamated Association to visit Vandergrift to discuss the N.R.A. and the rights it offered to workingmen. The Amalgamated suddenly found every hall in town closed to Mrs. Pinchot. Owners reported, one after the other, that they dared not accept union money. They mumbled vaguely about mortgages. The pressure was on. The hand was closing.

The Amalgamated, balked in Vandergrift, played its ace—a permit it had obtained previously from the Burgess of Apollo, allowing the union to hold meetings in the municipal building there. Experienced in the wiles of publicity, the Amalgamated had set a trap for the steel interests, and into it they walked. The Burgess of Apollo revoked the municipal building permit eighteen hours before Mrs. Pinchot was scheduled to appear.

The newspapers had something on which to fasten—an official proclamation

by the Burgess of Apollo. They snatched it with avidity. Throughout the nation, by press and by radio, sped the word that steel workers in the Kiskiminetas Valley were denied their constitutional rights. The complaints of oppression made by union organizers were verified by the proclamation. Mrs. Pinchot, most wily of politicians, took full advantage of the break, and in screaming headlines she and her Governor husband (now a candidate for the United States Senate) found a million dollars' worth of free political publicity.

Quietly, in the morning of the day Mrs. Pinchot was to appear, the Amalgamated Association rented an amusement park near Apollo and arranged for an outdoor meeting. A half-hour later the park owner, after receiving two sizzling telephone calls, tried frantically to recall the lease. But the Amalgamated refused to be balked again, and that night Mrs. Pinchot, guarded by two hundred Pennsylvania State troopers and highway patrolmen, delivered her address.

The vigilante incident occurred earlier in the summer. Steel officials, worried by the spreading strikes and the roving pickets in coal fields and factory cities, thought they had an inspiration. They arranged that the impulse should seem to come from the Vandergrift post of the American Legion. Patriotically, the post was to organize a committee of armed men to prevent the big bad pickets from entering Vandergrift and to protect the steel workers in their right to work.

But the scheme didn't work. A subordinate steel official let slip the information that the corporation was going to buy the war materials and pay the Legionnaires, and an unwary sheriff told newspapermen in the county seat much the same story. The vigilantes disbanded

hastily, and the corporation nursed another black eye in the opinion of the public.

Privately the officials admit now that their gravest error was their treatment of Mrs. Pinchot. The incident alienated the public support for which the iron masters had been angling, aroused dark suspicions of their motives, and focussed the attention of the whole State and of much of the nation upon the oppressions that are practiced in the name of Big Industry.

The rugged individualists have lost much ground. A year ago when the Corporation organized a company union in its Vandergrift plant, not a dissenting voice was raised. In February, eight months later, when the employ  s balloted upon liberalization of the company union rules as part of a Corporation move to prepare for a possible court battle with the National Labor Board such as the Weirton Steel Company faces, 1,464 voted yes, 660 voted no, 556 handed in unmarked ballots and 10% did not go to the polls. In this is seen clearly the hand of the Amalgamated Association, and the tabulation has given the steel tycoons something new to shiver over.

But the war goes on. What the result will be is impossible to predict. This summer may see bitter strikes that will not stop short of Vandergrift.



GEORGIA AT LAST HAS A GOOD GOVERNOR

BY PEYRE GAILLARD

Atlanta

WHEN that bristling little farmer, Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia, discarded the plow for politics in 1926, he aspired to the then powerful

political post of Commissioner of Agriculture. This office, with its hundreds of inspectors, thoroughly dominated the legislature. Talmadge promised the farmers that if they would elect him, he would smash this machine and give them a square deal. They took him at his word and election night found the State with a new commissioner.

Scarcely had he entered upon his new duties when the fireworks began popping. He accused fertilizer manufacturers of putting excessive sand in their products, and he set up a laboratory to prove it. He had a law enacted reducing the gang of over two hundred oil inspectors to a paltry half dozen. Then, to the delight of the agricultural fraternity, he launched a tirade against the packers, whom he charged with combining to break down the hog market. The big boys were quoting four cents under Chicago, but Gene pegged the price at two cents and was instrumental in shipping over two hundred cars of pigs to consuming points. The State Bureau of Markets lost heavily on the deal, but he had helped his farmers, so what the hell!

During his tenure as commissioner, he claimed to have saved thousands of dollars which reverted to the State treasury, but he incurred the enmity of certain political interests who were somewhat clamorous in stating that he forgot to return a large part of the money. This brought on an attempt at impeachment by the gentlemen of the legislature. When Talmadge finished with these boys, they were eating out of his hand, so to speak. He was not only acquitted, but accorded the dubious honor of personally addressing the House of Representatives. No State official, except the Governor, had ever been granted this privilege; so politically, he was coming fast.

At this time the cotton growers were facing ruin because of their persistent over-production. The commissioner addressed a large gathering of farmers, whom he had invited to assemble on the capital plaza.

He was so outspoken in his determination to start something, that the uneasy Governor, in an effort to keep him quiet, shunted him to Texas, where a meeting had been called to devise means of improving the market.

Talmadge could make no sense out of the many shot-in-the-arm schemes proposed at the conference. He knew cotton farmers; knew they were human, even as oil barons, steel magnates and bankers; knew they would plant more and more acreage if the price was raised artificially.

Chop it up? Well, it seemed to the commissioner quite the height of inconsistency to expect a farmer to squirt boll weevil poison with one hand to save his crop and wield a destruction cotton-chopper with the other. Why not let nature take its course!

It was then that he advanced his startling plan of limiting production by legislation. The proposal was greeted with shouts of derision throughout the Cotton Belt and was laughingly shelved along with Hoover's idea of plowing under every third row. The little commissioner, one may casually observe, was just three years ahead of the present big shots in Washington. He is now shouting: "I told you so!"

The hard times of 1932 convinced thirteen Georgia statesmen of their fitness for the Governor's chair. With this plurality of candidates in the field the thought naturally prevailed that it was anybody's job. Not so. The leader had to poll a clear majority of the county unit votes or participate in a run-over race

with the next highest candidate. Gene was swept into office by more than the required majority.

During his campaign, the new Governor very modestly promised to reduce the automobile tag tax and reorganize the Highway Department; to reduce public utility rates, freight rates and cut down general taxes!

Within one year from the day he entered office, he carried into effect, in spite of legislative opposition, every one of these major promises, with the single exception of lowering freight rates, which, because of its tie-up with inter-State commerce, has not yet been accomplished, but likely will be. His method of bringing about these results has been called crooked, high-handed, unconstitutional, dictatorial and tyrannical.

Almost simultaneously with the Governor's inaugural, the new legislature convened. In two and a half months, they enacted no important legislation. The automobile tag tax reduction bill was Gene's pet measure. It would be a tremendous vote-getter. The final day passed for legal use of the old tags. The Governor urged action. The law-makers squabbled. The people prayed for adjournment. A few minutes before the session ended *sine die*, the legislators crammed through a make-shift revenue bill carrying a rider doubling their mileage. As one of the boys put it, "If we don't get it, some other son-of-a-gun will!" They then drank a little gin, sang "Auld Lang Syne" and went home.

This made Gene sore. He called in a stenographer and dictated a terse proclamation suspending all automobile tag taxes, with the exception of the general \$3 tax, regardless of size. The lowest previous rate was \$11.25 for the smallest cars, with the scale ascending to \$1,125 for some classes of busses and trucks.

The big boys in the Highway Department started howling because it reduced their revenue for road maintenance from \$4,000,000 to \$800,000. A few city newspapers joined in the protest, but the roar of approval from the little automobile owners and big corporations with hundreds of trucks, who felt that they were being mulcted on the gasoline tax (7 cents a gallon), soon convinced the Governor as to the popularity of his action.

Thousands of applications for the cheap tags came pouring in from forty-eight States. Tag war threatened on many fronts. Obstreperous policemen in other States began waving down automobiles and ripping off Georgia license plates. A passport is now practically essential when legal residents venture beyond the State boundary.

When the Governor found time to glance over the work of the legislature, he promptly vetoed forty of their little bills, hopped into an airplane and flew to Cuba, where the liquor was understood to be excellent. No Governor of Georgia, or of any State, ever exercised his veto power with such utter abandon.

Talmadge's next problem was the reorganization of the Highway Department, popularly, though doubtless erroneously, thought to have been shot through with graft. People began wondering how he would tackle the job. Once previously, a Governor had removed the chairman, but the State Supreme Court held that no such power vested in the Executive.

The Governor, however, uncovered a weapon that seemed to have been overlooked. The law requires Executive approval of all departmental budgets. When the quarterly sheet was submitted he refused to approve it unless the Board made drastic reductions in personnel, including the humiliating dismissal of certain

engineers whom the Governor ostensibly claimed were inefficient. The chairman met every demand, except that he refused to wreck his engineering department. After a futile exchange of letters, Gene blew up, declared martial law, called out the militia and threw the recalcitrant chairman out on the sidewalk.

Then the discharging began in earnest. The poor engineers were the first to go, but they were all given better jobs by a less discriminating Federal government. Humorously enough, the Chief Engineer, whom Talmadge seemed particularly anxious to decapitate, is now approving all Federal road projects in the Governor's own State before ground can be broken.

His next act was to hamstring the so-called Public Utility Octopus. The people had looked upon this part of his platform as the usual preëlection rate reduction hokum. With a wave of the hand, Talmadge told the Public Service commissioners to reduce electric light rates, telephone rates and freight rates (on fertilizers!) or resign. The Public Service boys retorted that they were elected by the people and wouldn't take orders from the Governor.

Gene blew up again. He ordered a trial at which he himself acted as prosecutor, judge and jury. Having made up his mind in advance just what he intended doing, naturally the boys were found guilty of something or other and out they went. He was on solid legal ground this time as the Supreme Court had previously upheld the Governor's right of removal.

When Talmadge appointed the new figure-heads, who didn't know what it was all about, he instructed them to reduce rates or he would set up another commission that would. The new boys began issuing orders faster than Roosevelt sends messages to Congress. Smart

railroad officials embarrassed the green commissioners with long and short haul technicalities and have succeeded in holding up their reductions; the power company suddenly got good and reduced rates without the usual litigation and the telephone companies, after carrying the case to the Federal court, where an injunction was denied, reduced their rates about 22%.

An annoying situation has emerged as a result of the electric light rate reductions. The power company's rates are now lower than those of municipally owned plants. Since many towns have reduced general taxes because of revenue derived from their own plants, the controversy is not without interest to municipalities everywhere.

The Governor's fourth major promise was carried out by another of his characteristic executive proclamations. Facing a tremendous deficit, he ordered a 20% reduction in general taxes!

The Talmadge proclivity to plunge in and get out as best he can, has brought on one court action after another. Yet, in every case (except the railroad order) he has either won out or his opponents have been worn out and quit. The bitterest fight centered around the ousted Highway chairman. When a Superior Court attaché served the papers on the Governor at an American Legion banquet, Gene tore up the summons and threw the pieces in the bailiff's face, greatly to the amusement of the former dough-boys and to the embarrassment of the people at large. He criticised the bailiff for serving the paper at a public function, seemingly overlooking the fact that since the declaration of martial law, he had surrounded himself by a pompous adjutant general and a gang of over-stuffed colonels. It was impossible to get within shouting distance

of him at the State House without a general military order. Wiser counsel later prevailed and the bristling one accepted service.

After many legal handsprings by the Governor and his nimble-witted counsel, the case finally reached a jury in an obscure country town, where they succeeded in turning it into a personal investigation of the ousted chairman's official conduct. No fault was found with the gentleman before the bar, save that once or twice he had his pants pressed and charged it in his expense account. The pressed breeches weighed heavily with the jurors and they returned a verdict for the State. The former chairman rightfully appealed his case to the Supreme Court, but when the Judges back-pedaled on their decision in his favor, he finally threw up his hands in disgust and accepted a compromise settlement of a few months' salary.

The latest victim of the Official Decapitator was the State veterinarian. When the horse doctor, as Gene facetiously called him, sought an injunction in the Superior Court, it was promptly denied. A few days later the good judge was appointed by the Governor to fill a vacancy on the Supreme Court bench.

When the telephone company sought to enjoin the reduced scale of rates, Gene swore that he would order every telephone set removed from State property if the court acceded to the petition. Presumably, had the new light rates been restrained he would have reverted to lanterns.

During the fourteen months of his administration, Talmadge has pardoned or paroled dozens of convicts, including many murderers serving life sentences. The chief of the Atlanta Police Department says: "As fast as we put them on

the chain gang, the Governor turns them out. However, we can catch them again and put them back, so the Governor can turn them out again."

Talmadge has never been popular in Atlanta. When he mounted his prancing steed and headed the great N.R.A. parade last summer, he received scant notice from the crowd. In fact, nobody seemed to recognize him. They are doubtless better acquainted now, with reduced light and telephone bills coming in every month, to say nothing of lowered taxes and 50,000 cheap automobile tags. The Governor, however, is essentially a country man and gets his support from the farmers. He overlooks nothing that he thinks will please them. When he moved into the beautiful executive mansion, he built a barn, brought in some chickens, cows and pigs from his farm, and set out a turnip patch.

Talmadge learned early how to fight for a principle. As an embryonic country lawyer of twenty-four, he accused an influential judge of sharp practice, led the campaign against his reelection, and saw him defeated. Later, the esteemed judge was barred from practice. Yet the Governor's boxing prowess seems to be in disrepute. Although denying an acquaintance with Lawrence Tibbett, persistent rumor has it that the baritone, becoming offended at a certain remark while attending a recent social function, took a healthy punch at the convivial Gene, with most gratifying results.

Not unlike other present-day Governors, Talmadge has been buried in a mass of deficits. When he first took office he attempted balancing the budget by the simple expedient of cancelling unpaid ap-

propriations to State institutions. He thus charged off in the process some million and a half dollars. The 1934 deficit is \$5,384,355, over two million less than when he took office. He says the State will be entirely free of debt by 1936 if his plans are carried out.

His program includes outright transfer of funds (gasoline tax money) from the Highway Department to the general treasury. Most States are up against this thing of a rich road department and a bankrupt general treasury. Since this procedure calls for legislative action and courts to sustain it, Gene is out in the sticks every week possum hunting with the boys and telling them to return legislators and judges who will support his program. The idea is doubtless gaining favor everywhere. The people want a real balanced budget. They are tired of trick bookkeeping.

Talmadge will doubtless be returned to the Governor's chair unopposed for his second term. Surely no political opponent of any standing, with the lights before him, will be so foolhardy as to run against him this fall.

Once reelected, Gene will be looking ahead, and the Junior Senator, Richard B. Russell, Jr., had better see to his laurels. He won his senatorial toga principally through a tirade against the Power Trust, but it remained for Talmadge to do the tangible thing and reduce the rates that Russell seemed satisfied with denouncing. If the Governor can hold what he has, perhaps add a little more and not fall out with the New Deal, nobody will be surprised to find the bristling one in Washington about Christmas, 1936, dusting off a seat in the Senate Chamber.

THE LIBRARY

The Lower Depths of Journalism

THE NEW DEALERS, by the Unofficial Observer. \$2.75. 6½ x 9¼; 414 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster.

THIS book was first serialized in the *Washington Post*, and during its serialization it caused a considerable local uproar. General Hugh Johnson, in one of his almost infinite stupid moments, said of the anonymous author that he had "more than a trace of rodent blood." The noisy and naïve cavalry officer, needless to say, was wrong. The Unofficial Observer has no more rodent blood than most of God's children. He is a newspaper man, ignorant of his country's history, deficient in the understanding of his times, rather obtuse in the detection of human motives, and immensely credulous in the field of ideas. Which is to say, he is a firm believer in the Roosevelt "Revolution." If General Johnson were as smart as he thinks he is, he would hunt up the author, and give him a desk in his office.

"The New Dealers" will apparently have an enormous sale, before it joins the company of Joan Lowell's "Cradle of the Deep." This is not to say that it is wholly without merit. In parts, it is cleverly written, and a few of its characterizations have almost a classic finality. The sections on Secretary of State Hull, the glorified Sunday-school superintendent; Colonel House, who has beaten God by taking full credit for everything; and Colonel "Lousy Louis" Howe, who has built up a massive reputation for political sagacity by offering President Roosevelt

advice, which he seldom took, and which would have ruined him politically if he had taken—these sections are worthy of praise, and are written with enough perspicacity to raise them above mere journalism. But otherwise the book is blarney.

The author begins with the almost incredible statement that "the ideas on which Roosevelt rode into office" were the ideas of Henry George, Edward Bellamy, Populism, Free Silver, Samuel Gompers, Phillips Brooks, and Christian chivalry! This explanation is naturally infallible, since it is all inclusive, but it is hardly illuminating. The author sums up the first year of President Roosevelt by saying that "he has 'it,'" and that he has given the people "hope, action, and self-respect, the holy trinity of political progress." I dare say that the more than 10,000,000 people who are still unemployed are inclined to think differently. President Roosevelt, apparently, "is determined to make this a laughing revolution." Unfortunately, there has so far been very little laughter and certainly no revolution.

The Unofficial Observer then plunges into a consideration of some fifty New Dealers, who are helping the President make the country laugh. First in order comes General Johnson, who, it seems, is full of "demoniac energy and . . . mischievous intelligence. [He] is both an elemental force and an artist," unless, adds the author innocently, "the two things are identical."

The general and Mr. Roosevelt have put into operation "radical experiments." "When you get the coal, iron, and steel

barons marching in the N.R.A. pageant you have done something of epochal significance." Epochal significance of what?

As for Donald R. Richberg, Johnson's right-hand man, the author seems to be surprised that he is not the "liberal" some thought he was, but he hastens to excuse his apostasy in this remarkable fashion:

If he should opt for the flesh-pots after a life with the crack-pots, liberalism need not mourn him as a lost soul. He has done as much as any one man, not intrusted with political power, could do to advance the principles of liberalism in his day and age. . . . After all, he is over fifty years of age and if any man has earned a vacation from progressivism, he has. Perhaps, in the ideal commonwealth which may arise from Richberg's New Deal, there will be a constitutional provision by which a man is permitted to change his political opinions and social philosophy without obloquy after passing the age of forty-five.

Gerard Swope of the General Electric, the "labor arbitrator," "without question is one of the most far-sighted of American industrialists. . . . All indications are that his mind really runs toward social planning and that his intellectual curiosity, fertility of social invention, and broad philosophy of life are the marks of a really big man." But that is not all. Swope is "continually brimming over with ideas. . . . He is one of the small clan of relatively disinterested industrial managers who think in terms of function rather than profit." And there is still more. "Swope is . . . an industrialist, but if all American industrialists had his social vision, the reconstruction of the economic system would be as simple as a sausage." But Senator Robert F. Wagner, one of the few men in the Senate with an inkling of what is going on in the country, "is a Fascist."

After such stuff one is prepared for this contribution to economics: "[The salva-

tion of the country] lies neither in industry nor in labor, but in the development of the interest of the consumer as a corrective to both the dollar-snatching industrialist and the dime-grabbing laborer." Apparently the *Unofficial Observer* has fallen for the old hokum that there is a distinction between the laborer and the consumer. If the laborer is not the consumer, who is? But we must not chide the anonymous author too much. To do so would be as sensible as to find fault with an infant of three for not comprehending Latin. Who but a child could write the following: "The C.C.C. experiment is one of the few completely successful emergency measures in our history. It may not be as good for the forests as its advocates maintain, but there is no question about its being good for the men whom it employs. And, after all is said and done, men are still more important than trees."

Secretary of Labor Perkins "is not a mere union labor leader but a wideawake representative of the interests of all the workers," from which we are to infer that there is something evil in being a union laborer. "Let the barons of industry beware of this little woman in the revolutionary three-cornered hat!" Blah! Little Frances is far from being an enemy of "the barons of industry." She is a fine strike-breaker. Only the other day she boasted that "there isn't a first-class strike in America." But what can one expect of an author who says of "the audacious Civil Works Administration . . . that there was imagination and grandeur in the idea of the government putting four million people to work at real wages on useful projects." What *useful* projects? And what are *real* wages? And what about the four million who are out of work again, now that the C.W.A. has been abolished?

Plainly, the Unofficial Observer is a little boy blue. He is at his most characteristic when writing about Mrs. Roosevelt. First, he tells us confidentially that the First Lady "sometimes trots instead of walking," and that "she always scrambles the eggs herself in a chafing dish and still does so at the White House, although when the supper table is large, eggs scrambled in the kitchen are also served." It is a wonderful thing that Mrs. Roosevelt is as busy as she is, for "what women want, they generally get, and behind the banality and commonplace verbiage of 'It's Up to the Women' rests a very deep truth. . . . The ideal balance is found only in a combination of a woman's woman and a man's man, and in all sincerity, America sees in the Roosevelts a glimpse of the society of the future." Mrs. Roosevelt possesses these qualities: "Tremendous thoughtfulness, complete naturalness, lack of what the English call 'side,' unconventionality, a strong sense of social responsibility, reportorial ability, open-handed generosity, devotion to her husband's career, intellectual versatility, and motherliness." Finally, "she is in love with all forms of life," and "she loves people and they love her."

As for the Brain Trust, Raymond "Moley is still a big force in the New Deal and is growing stronger," which, if true, is certainly nothing to be happy about. But the Unofficial Observer thinks otherwise. He thinks that Moley is a powerful thinker and has great skill "as a literary obstetrician" and "does belong in the White House," for "no one has arisen to take his place as a reliable first aide and trouble-shooter for F. D. R. . . . Since Moley's departure, no one in intimate contact with Roosevelt has had the breadth of view to keep the long-range objectives of the New Deal continuously in mind in

making daily decisions. His absence explains some of the terrifying lurches and wobblings of Administration policy." Anyway, Moley is making a great thing out of his magazine *Today*. It deals with "the central problems of the day" in a forthright manner. He and Tugwell make a pair of "titans," and apparently Berle is a close runner-up in intellectual power. Felix Frankfurter has helped, but the failure to use "that other great Jew, Bernard M. Baruch . . . is the most glaring wastage of good brains in an administration which prides itself on preferring intelligence to political regularity."

The greatest public enemies of the New Deal are the international bankers. Personally, the Unofficial Observer reassures us, they are in the main "an extremely likeable lot; they are cultured, urbane, and frequently men of magnificent intellectual equipment." But they have lost touch "with the main current of human life and are the high priests of a system which stands between humanity and the possible satisfaction of its desires." Mr. Roosevelt is going to educate them, though how and when is not made clear. The game he is playing with the bankers and with the rest of the country is "a gentlemanly game, and none of the cards is marked," whatever that may mean. In conclusion, "the New Deal is a laughing revolution. It is purging our institutions in the fires of mockery and it is led by a group of men who possess two supreme qualifications for the task: common-sense and a sense of humor."

Who the Unofficial Observer is, or whether the pen-name represents a collaboration, I don't know. The matter is really of slight importance. But it is important that so bad a book should issue from among the Washington correspondents. One would think that being so near

to the center of things and in almost daily contact with the political and economic leaders of the nation, they would be wise to fraudulent people and meretricious ideas. I am speaking, of course, of the minority, one or a group of whom undoubtedly wrote this book. The majority of Washington correspondents have always been Mark Sullivans or even worse stuffed shirts, but there have nearly always been a few Paul Y. Andersons, Ray Tuckers, Robert Allens, and Drew Pearsons. They knew Presidents Coolidge and Hoover for what they were, but apparently the Roosevelt smile and the Moley hooley have deprived them of their former realistic observation. Is the disgraceful quality of their present writing to be attributed to their intellectual callowness and lack of familiarity with American history, economics, and politics, or is there a more personal reason? Has the lesson of Wilson's New Freedom escaped them completely? How can Mr. Anderson, who wrote so discerningly about President Hoover, fall for a man like General Johnson? How can Mr. Allen, who saw so clearly through the Senate Progressives, succumb to the cant issuing from Secretary Perkins's office? We are living in what should be the golden age of journalism, especially daily journalism, but practically all of the journalists are ruining their chance of a lifetime. Not since the shameful days of the World War has American journalism been in so low a state as it is today. CHARLES ANGOFF

Ex Nihilo Nihil

A JOURNAL OF THESE DAYS: *June, 1932—December, 1933*, by Albert Jay Nock. \$2.75. 5¾ x 8¾; 309 pp. New York: William Morrow & Company.

IN THE years 1920-1925 the name of Mr. Albert Jay Nock used to be heard fre-

quently in the fancier literary salons of New York. He was always referred to with a considerable awe, and was regarded as a sort of contemporary Joseph Addison, and sometimes even as a contemporary Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The ambitious young literati of that bygone era were advised to study carefully Mr. Nock's editorials in the old *Freeman*, and to note especially their "charming rhythm" and "rare content." In time the *Freeman* died, and Mr. Nock took to writing books, which he has done ever since, save for a brief interruption as a contributor of editorials to the *New Freeman*, Suzanne LaFollette's literary miscarriage. His books have had an almost uniformly favorable reception. Dr. Abraham Flexner, in reviewing his "Theory of Education in the United States," said that it was "worthy in style and content of Matthew Arnold's pen and brain." John Dewey was so impressed by the volume that he gave the author the following blanket endorsement: "Anything Mr. Nock writes is worth pondering both for its style and for substance." When "On Doing the Right Thing and Other Essays" came out, the *Boston Transcript* praised it for containing "such sound, salt, and crunchy fodder." Mr. Herbert Gorman, writing in the *New York Times Book Review*, felt the same way about it.

I have always had doubts about Mr. Nock, and now that I have read "A Journal of These Days" I am convinced that there is almost nothing in the man. He writes pleasantly enough, but if his prose has "charming rhythm," then so has a lump of mud. As for his ideas, most of them are patently not true, and the rest are either banal or meaningless. He boasts of his aloofness from the world, which is his private affair, but the wisdom issuing from his ivory tower is mostly rubbish.

The present book is a fair sample of the workings of his mind. Made up entirely of day-to-day notes jotted down in the period between June, 1932, and December, 1933, it contains all his chief ideas. He is still sold on Henry George and his Single Tax, "against which nothing has ever been said, or can be said." He still thinks that Belgium is the most civilized country in the world, and that after it come Rhode Island and Nantucket, with Portugal as a possible runner-up. He still thinks that illiteracy is "a considerable blessing" and that "our literature would become quite respectable if half our people, at the very least, were illiterate; I should put it, in fact, at three-quarters." And he is still full of an almost pathological reverence for "Mr." Jefferson. He employs no such prefix when referring to Walt Whitman, Hippocrates, Marcus Aurelius, Edmund Burke, Turgenev, Dickens, Andrew Jackson, Sophocles, Plato, Dante, Rabelais, Socrates, and Jesus; but Thomas Jefferson is nearly always "Mr." Jefferson.

What else is there in the book? What supernal wisdom, which has escaped us inferior people? I quote:

1. In America, I like the country best in winter; if I must be in New York at all, I prefer to be there in summer.
2. I never met Mr. [Nicholas Murray] Butler but once, for a few moments only; he was very courteous. I have great respect for him, more, I am sure, by a great deal, than for any other man at all prominent in our public life, or who has been prominent in it since the death of William Jay Gaynor. [Page 10.] . . . Nicholas Murray Butler, . . . A strange character! . . . He has dabbled in politics all his life, and knows nothing about them. He has been a university president for thirty years, and knows nothing about his university. . . . He was for years a professor of philosophy, and is incapable of proceeding with the strin-

gency of a philosopher or even of a logician, with respect to any public question. [Page 19.]

3. [England] deserves no great men, and now at last has none.
4. My notion is that the depression furnishes a pretty good pretext for people to do what they want to do with their money.
5. The best time and place for one to live in is when and where there is the most doing in one's own line, and the things that one loves are respected.
6. Each nation tolerates what it understands, for comprehension is always more than half way to sympathy.
7. Our book-reviewing is usually amateurish and dull, rather shabby, but I find it surprisingly honest, and I never saw reason to believe that publishers bring any pressure to bear through advertising, in order to get good reviews. As for log-rolling, it is usually so amiable and extravagant that I doubt it does much harm.
8. [October 16, 1932.] It is a disagreeable surprise to see street-walkers about New York again. Coming here seldom and at long intervals, I notice it. I saw none when I was here last; in fact, I have seen none for over fifteen years.
9. A falling stock-market seems to clarify and stimulate thought.
10. My notion is that time is an important element in education, and that the development of any kind of society which can be called human is a matter of much longer time than most people think.
11. [Sir Walter] Scott's objectivity will give him a place in literature forever.
12. Misfortune is always a challenge in either direction, to a better course of life or a worse one.
13. One could write a very good essay on the practical value of reverence.
14. I should not be surprised if Einstein's fiddling had helped along the human spirit almost as much as his mathematics, maybe more.

Does John Dewey really think that this sort of stuff is "worth pondering for its

style and for substance"? There is more sheer ignorance, smelly snobbishness, and muddle-headedness in this volume than in any that has been published in America in years. Mr. Nock says that newspaper-reading "is as bad and debilitating a habit as one can form. Either one is or is not taken in by what one reads. In the first case, one is debauched; in the second, one is outraged." But it would certainly be a good habit for Mr. Nock to acquire. He might learn something; for example, that the world has moved since Mayor Gaynor and Henry George died, that people really are starving, that there have been street-walkers in New York for years, and that there are men now living in the United States more worthy of respect than Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

Mr. Nock says: "What interests me is civilization." Fine! But before writing about it, one must first know something about it. If Mr. Nock will take a brief leave of absence from his beloved Belgium, Rhode Island, Nantucket, and Portugal, and spend a few weeks at the New York Public Library, he will learn that American history is not made up exclusively of "Mr." Jefferson, Henry George, and Mayor Gaynor. Of course, at the New York Public Library he would have to rub shoulders with common people, but he might overhear things that might be of value to him. Jesus had some good things to say about the common people, and so did even "Mr." Jefferson.

C. A.

The Golden Age of Opera

JEAN DE RESZKE AND THE GREAT DAYS OF OPERA, by Clara Leiser. \$3.75. 6 x 9; 337 pp. New York: Minton, Balch & Company.

WHILE the younger generation of music lovers will wonder whether there were any

greater days of opera than those made part of their experience, older addicts of the lyric drama will be grateful to Miss Leiser for having written some record of days of golden memories. The book is an interesting story of the artistic career of a singularly gifted man and incidentally of a period in which a remarkable company of singers glorified the operatic stage. Miss Leiser has marshalled with conviction the evidence about the real nature of M. de Reszke's voice. He began his career with a blunder, mistaking himself for a baritone and singing baritone rôles for a time. Eminent singers and able critics assured him that he was a tenor and he was wise enough to confess his error, retire for study, and emerge again to write his name among the creators of musical history.

The position of Jean de Reszke in operatic art was not determined by his voice. There have been several greater voices than his. But his art was more subtle, more intellectual and more varied than that of any other tenor ever heard by Americans. The range of his répertoire tells an astonishing story of versatility. That he sang Romeo and Siegfried, Faust and Tristan, the Chevalier des Grieux and Lohengrin with a finer and more purposeful vocal art than any other singer who ever trod the Metropolitan boards is enough to stamp him as one of the foremost operatic artists of all time.

Miss Leiser's volume throws light on some of the motives and reflections that lay behind the undertakings of M. de Reszke. Her account of the restoration of opera in German to the Metropolitan through the efforts of the two de Reszkes and of the impression of the performance of "Tristan und Isolde" on November 27, 1895, in which they appeared with Lillian Nordica as the Irish princess, is rich in detail and in revelations of the characters of

the artists. The brief but striking picture of Jean de Reszke embracing Anton Seidl, the conductor, and telling him that the spirit of Wagner must have hovered over him that night should be illuminating to the reader, though not to this reviewer, who was often a witness to the respect shown the illustrious conductor by the tenor.

The figure of Edouard de Reszke, the big brother, looms large through the pages, and one catches glimpses of other celebrities who made the company of Maurice Grau world famous. It is to the credit of the author that she reflects with literary skill the glamour of that brilliant period when Melba, Sembrich, Calve, Eames, Nordica, Lehmann, Maurel, Lassalle, Plancon and Scotti, the last then in his young days, were the stars of an incomparable constellation. Her narrative of the triumph of Jean de Reszke as Romeo, when Gounod himself conducted a historic revival at the Paris opera and Patti was the Juliette, is excellent descriptive writing.

Miss Leiser introduces certain personages not illustrious in operatic annals, and one of these is George Bernard Shaw, from whose slashing musical criticisms she makes some pointed quotations. There is also a valuable letter from the mighty man to Miss Leiser. Mr. Shaw seemed to be proud of his share in urging M. de Reszke to enter the Wagnerian field. It should not be forgotten, however, that the entry was effected at the Metropolitan Opera House, and that from New York the news of the first beautifully sung Tristan went out to the world. Amusing is the only term applicable to the demeanor and comments of the amiable Queen Victoria when the brothers sang for her at Windsor with Mme. Albani. "They are most gentlemanlike fine men and their voices (though Jean's is a tenor) have a great likeness." It is also delightful to read how the King

of Greece, hearing the brothers at the Prince of Wales's home, said to Edouard, "You have a very fine voice and I can't sing, but I'm fairly sure you can't do what I can do." Thereupon he turned a hand-spring. Edouard met the challenge by sending "his well nourished six-feet-two hurtling through the august chamber in a cart-wheel."

There are many other happy disclosures of intimate nature which add much to the strong human interest of the book. Miss Leiser has been especially successful in writing of the death of the famous artist. She has told the story simply and with feeling, and without approach to the sentimentality which so often mars such narratives. In the latter pages of the volume the reader will find light thrown on M. de Reszke's methods of teaching and his attitude toward pupils. These addenda will perhaps explain to some questioning minds why the tenor did not turn out any distinguished successor. Those unacquainted with the activities of famous musicians after their retirement may be mildly astonished to learn that those who teach seldom give famous successors to the world. In some instances this is because they have no sound teaching method, but oftener because they so rarely get an opportunity to train a pupil from the beginning. They are besieged by young aspirants who have already contracted bad habits almost ineradicable and others who have little voice or no talent, but who fondly believe that a famous singer can make them famous too. One who reads the portion of this book treating of M. de Reszke's teaching years will be convinced that he was a devoted and conscientious master, cherishing the highest ideals of his art.

Miss Leiser's biography and her view of the "great days of opera" will be welcomed by music lovers and should be in

the library of every person desirous of gathering all the records of a period whose glamour equalled that of Grisi, Mario and Rubini.

W. J. HENDERSON

A Liberal Looks at Revolution

REBEL AMERICA, by Lillian Symes and Travers Clement. \$3. 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$; 392 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

AMERICAN history is best understood as a continuous revolution, whose inner process has been given a sort of x-ray luminosity by the clear atmosphere of the frontier, which did not close historically until after Reconstruction and which psychologically is still with us.

We have had two revolutions and are now in the long and desperate throes of a third. The first American revolution, in spite of leaving slavery intact, was the most successful of all bourgeois rebellions. It completed what Cromwell had begun but could not finish. It freed itself of the feudal entanglements of monarchy and landed aristocracy.

The next revolutionary upsurge in American history was Jacksonian democracy. It represented the resentment of the lower middle class, which had been cheated in the War for Independence. It spoke for the "awakening" Middle-West, for the hardy farmer and his small town allies on the expanding frontier against the older finance-mercantilism of the East. Jacksonian democracy is the parent of all our subsequent populist movements. Like all lower middle class radicalisms it contained within itself its own reactionary and chauvinistic features. One of the last and noblest spokesmen of Jacksonian democracy, in proletarian garb, was Eugene V. Debs. Today populism has deteriorated into mere "white trash" know-nothingism, such as Huey Longism or the Silver Shirts.

After the Jacksonian era, came the high

revolutionary tide of the Civil War, our second American revolution. Under the centrist leadership of Lincoln, a revolutionary leader of almost Leninesque proportions, the big bourgeoisie reëntrenched itself at the expense of all other classes by defeating the Southern plantocracy, which had been able to paralyze all classes into an equilibrium. Big Business was able to reëntrench itself because in the course of three-quarters of a century it had grown from a mercantile into a nascent industrial economy. During the Civil War and Reconstruction, Northern industrialism had an authentic revolutionary function to fulfil. This function was the development of monopoly capitalism.

The growth of monopoly capitalism brought with it its own contradictions, roused new radicalisms against itself, developed within its structure a new revolutionary class. The modern Socialist and and Syndicalist and trade union movements were born in Reconstruction days, between the end of the Civil War and the Spanish-American War, when we emerged as a "great" power. This third major phase of our revolutionary history, in whose midst we are now living with such bewildering uncertainty, derives its ideological impetus from the vast literature of the Nineteenth Century enlightenment, which is so amorphously called Marxism. Our labor movement, as all other American social forces, has been deeply modified by our indigenous cultural conditions. But we must not forget that even the "pure and simple" cretinism of the A. F. of L. is after all nothing but a stunted form of syndicalism, which is a bastard variety of Marxism.

Such, in almost reckless epitome, is the history of radical America. To this rough sketch of our revolutionary dialectic we must add, of course, the fumes, the noises and confusions which invariably accom-

pany the deeper correlations of revolutionary forces. But the innumerable pink and red will-o'-the-wisps all through American history need only be mentioned to complete the clinical picture of our revolutionary labors. In American history we have suffered every variety of utopian and Bohemian lunacy, every kind of anarchism, from Fourierism to puritan-nudism, from "free love" to the fake of modern "welfare" work. Even insane healing cults assume with us the forms of social radicalism.

These crack-brained libertarianisms, all of them petty bourgeois, no doubt contribute, by their very evasion and phantasticalness, toward revolutionary clarification. But they must not be studied by the social historian as the actual fulcra of revolutionary changes. And yet that is exactly what the historians of American radicalism invariably do. They tell us all about Robert Owen and Albert Brisbane, Thoreau and Horace Greeley, Bellamy and Whitman, Henry George, Emma Goldman, and Jane Addams. And they almost always forget all about Tom Paine, Sam Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Jackson, Lincoln and Thaddeus Stevens.

Probably the worst history in this sense is Miss Symes's "Rebel America," which she wrote in collaboration with her husband, Travers Clement. Miss Symes begins the story of "rebel" America by leaving out the American revolution. Then she proceeds to leave out the Jacksonian upheaval. Then she skips the Civil War. She has nothing to say of Reconstruction. She never even mentions Thaddeus Stevens, who fought so bravely against the Confederate counter-revolution, but she spends pages on Albert Brisbane.

In the 1770's Sam Adams was a very busy man. He was conspiring against the British empire. So were all the other

"founding fathers." A new chapter in world history was being opened. But to Miss Symes the most interesting "rebel" of those days is a certain "hysterical young Quakeress, Jemima Wilkinson," for Jemima in her fits established an early Communist colony, the "Jerusalem Community" in upper New York State. After the Quakeress Jemima Wilkinson comes the Shakeress Ann Lee, whose shimmies started the Christian Communist colony of Mount Lebanon in New York.

In the 1820's Jackson was frightening the moneyed interests out of their wits. But to Miss Symes the most significant radical of the period is, of course, Robert Owen, who in the mid-eighteen twenties founded New Harmony, Indiana. The Owenites, father and sons, got all mixed up with the left humanitarian obsessions of Frances Wright, an early edition of Annie Besant. Fanny and her coterie of Splendid Christian Characters, who were in the center of every lunacy of their day, disport themselves for some twenty pages. Finally Fanny, at bottom a puritan, disappears in a free love scandal in a colony she founded.

Then come the New England Transcendentalists, who in 1841 founded Brook Farm, a sort of left-wing colony of Desire under the Elms, inspired partly by the messy *Naturkind* Thoreau—vegetarian, pacifist and escapist—and one of the most objectionable spiritual perverts in American history, a sort of New England Ghandi. Brook Farm wound up as a Fourierist colony. Fourierism was a scheme of brotherly love between all classes, who were to live in "Little Hordes," of Phalanxes, until these Phalanxes were "projected into interstellar space." Fourierism died in the mid-fifties. By that time the issues of the Civil War were militantly drawn. But to Miss Symes the Civil War is far less significant to American radical-

ism than the Oneida Community, which was founded in 1847 partly on the mystical theory that sexual promiscuity will do away with private property.

The Civil War was fought and won by the North, chattel slavery gave way to wage slavery. Reconstruction was in full swing, a period of enormous significance to our own day. The "robber barons" were at their height. But Miss Symes is primarily interested in the Claflin sisters. They began life as fortune tellers and professional part-time prostitutes, who had developed a hoydenish appetite for "radical" publicity—on the money of Cornelius Vanderbilt. They became Wall Street brokers, Marxians, Anarchists, suffragettes, free lovers, and phantastic labor agitators.

Finally, Miss Symes gets down, totally irrelevantly, to the beginnings of our contemporary labor and Socialist movements; to the Knights of Labor, to De Leon and the Socialist Labor party, to Gompers and the A. F. of L., to Hillquit and the Socialist Party, to the Wobblies, the Anarchists, the Communists, up to our own day. The American historian in Miss Symes disappears and the reporter of her age, comes to the fore. As such she is very often nearly excellent, always sound. Her judgments are shrewd and she displays a real sophistication in our radical sectarianisms. I know of no brief and informal account of our

contemporary labor and radical movements which is clearer.

When Miss Symes's book first appeared her publishers sent out some publicity in which she was described as a "liberal." She immediately and vehemently called them to order. She is, she would have them know, not a liberal but a radical, though only an "intensely interested on-looker." Her "belonging days are over," to be sure, but her radical devotion is the same.

I happen to have a good deal of sympathy with Miss Symes's predicament as a rebel on furlough. Radical homelessness is understandable in the revolutionary fog of our time. Hence the more important the need for radical criticism, of which a revaluation of our revolutionary history is of paramount significance. And in this Miss Symes fails completely. She has not thought through American history. She has not studied primary sources. As an individual she no doubt is what she says she is. But as a historian she is distinctly "liberal." The historical part of her book might have just as well been written by Amos Pinchot, or even by Walter Lippmann. It expresses the typical liberal confusion between Bohemianism and revolution, the fallacy that great social upheavals derive from utopias rather than from history itself. It is true that Miss Symes is disposed to laugh at these utopias, but laughter is no substitute for lack of acumen as a social critic.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

THOMAS BEER's latest book is "*Mrs. Egg and Other Barbarians*."

JOE BIGELOW is on the staff of *Variety*.

FRANZ BOAS has been professor of anthropology at Columbia since 1899. He is a member of many scientific societies in this country and abroad, and the author of a dozen books and a large number of monographs.

ELEANORE CAREY was born in Elgin, Illinois, and for a time studied medicine at Cornell. For the past eight years she has been a journalist.

G. D. H. COLE is one of the most eminent British economists and political scientists. He is the author of many books, of which the latest is "*What Marx Really Meant*." His article in this issue will form part of a book on economics to be published next fall.

KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS was a naval aviator in the World War. He has also been a flying instructor, an airport manager, and a pilot on international air mail lines. He is the author of "*Flight Hazard*."

JEROME W. EPHRAIM lives in New York, and manufactures and distributes various household products in accordance with the principles of "buymanship." He is the author of "*Consumers' Guide to Scientific Buying and Saving*."

PEYRE GAILLARD was born in Savannah, George, in 1890. He has lived in Atlanta for the past ten years.

HAROLD M. GROVES is professor of public finance at the University of Wisconsin, and has been a member of the Wisconsin Legislature and the Wisconsin Tax Commission.

ALBERT HALPER is the author of "*Union Square*" and "*On the Shore*."

W. J. HENDERSON has been music critic of the *New York Sun* since 1902.

BENJAMIN H. HIBBARD has been professor of agricultural economics at the University of Wisconsin since 1913. His most recent book is "*A History of the Public Land Policies*."

CAREY MCWILLIAMS is a Los Angeles lawyer, and author of a standard biography of Ambrose Bierce.

T. L. MORTON is a Pennsylvania newspaper man of long service in the mining and steel regions.

GRACE OVERMYER was director of publications of the New York State Department of Labor in 1929-1933, having been appointed by Frances Perkins, now Secretary of Labor. She was previously on the staff of a musical magazine.

HILDA PERINI (MRS. HEIM) was born in Natchitoches, Louisiana, in 1912. She has an A.B. from the Normal College of Natchitoches.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a New York journalist.

ESTHER STRACHEY was born in New York City and educated there. During the past five years she has lived a great deal in France and England.

TOM TIPPETT was born and brought up in a family of union coal miners in Pottstown, a small coal camp in Illinois. He worked in the coal mines of that State and participated in the affairs of the miners' union. He was also an organizer in the great Steel Strike of 1919, for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and in other union campaigns. He is the author of "*When Southern Labor Stirs*" and "*Mill Shadows*."

LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY is professor of English at the University of Nebraska.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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CORRESPONDENCE

MICHAEL PYM, long a student of Spanish history and politics, offers some criticisms of "Spain Gets Her New Deal," by John Dos Passos in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for March:

I find Mr. Dos Passos's article disappointing. Not only is he often inaccurate in detail—his description of the scenes attending Don Alfonso's last days in Spain, his allusion to the origin of the Guardia de Asalto, his rather hackneyed ascription of the fall of Spain to the Inquisition, and even the story of the "revolt" of January, 1933, are cases in point—, but he doesn't seem to have grasped either the historic or the actual psychology of the people from whom, after all, actions and events proceed.

In a short letter it is impossible for me to analyse Mr. Dos Passos's article as I would like to. I can only, therefore, hint at certain points which, I think, must be remembered when discussing Spain. In the first place, it should not be forgotten that in the minds of the Spanish people Spain, in the modern nationalist sense, barely exists. Perhaps a few internationally educated *intelligentsia* may really think of "Spain," and to some extent the aristocracy may do so. The people think in terms of Basques, Catalonia, Andalusia, etc. The long continued revolts against the Bourbon dynasty have been based on two things, namely, their foreign origin, especially their French origin, and their typically Bourbon tendency towards centralisation and nationalism, in the modern sense. The regional aspirations of the Spaniards are recognised in the new Constitution.

With this intense local feeling goes, also, an intense individualism. To a large extent the survival of the Republic hinges upon this. As Spaniards of all classes have said to me, often: "We have had a Republic before. Whether it survives or not depends upon whether, as individuals, we can unite sufficiently to keep it going." It is, of course,

possible that when and if the land question, the second great problem of Spain today, is solved, it may result in the creation of a country of small conservative peasant proprietors, and that with this will come a reversion to the traditional Spanish form of government. This would be a series of semi-autonomous provinces, each with its own Cortes, bound together by a loose Federation.

Spain has not, for centuries, been sufficiently industrialised, nor has the peasant been sufficient of a serf to allow of the growth of class feeling such as exists in most modern countries. There are very few, not half a dozen, really large cities in Spain, and out of a population of some twenty million only about eight hundred thousand are engaged in industry. It is, in fact, very difficult to induce the Spaniard to accept work in a factory. But there, again, it depends largely upon the province or region. Your Catalanian is worlds apart from your Andalusian or your Basque or, again, your Gallegan. Nevertheless, it is true that throughout the career of the Republic there has been no popular uprising against the aristocracy as such—wherever incidents have occurred they have been questions of personal unpopularity. In the same way, wherever bitter anti-clerical feeling has been displayed it has, almost invariably, either been directed against a particular order, such as the Society of Jesus, or been provoked by locally unpopular prelates, notably those of Toledo and Sevilla.

The present swing to the right in Spain is, in my opinion, quite definitely a popular movement. I do not think that the Casas Viejas affair had very much to do with it, except in so far as it may have served as a purely political pretext in professionally political circles. I was in Spain before, during and after the so-called January revolt, and near Casas Viejas when the affair occurred. It was fully reported—the Spanish press is amazingly free compared with

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other countries, and its general level is quite the highest in Europe—but it created very little popular sensation.

By April, 1933, this conservative tendency was overwhelming. The divided right factions were uniting, through the efforts of Gil Robles and Franch y Roca. The people were more and more exasperated by the dizzy rise in taxes, the interference with Church festivals whose celebration brought them a good deal of money, the government's lack of firmness in dealing with hired Communist agitators and terrorists who constantly paralysed work and business, and the wide-spread revelations of graft and corruption on the part of various highly placed members of the government.

In Sevilla, Holy Week served for a quiet but unmistakable popular demonstration. There were no processions, and officially no holidays. Nevertheless, the shops shut down as usual, the people put on Andalusian dress, and the churches were crowded, day and night, with men of all classes. Two strikes were called, designed to impede city life. One was that of the bakers, the other of hotel employes. I talked with a number of the strikers, teasing them about the money they were losing for the sake of a holiday.

They assured me that they really did not want to strike. They said that Sevilla was not really Communist, and that the leaders were men from "outside," highly paid and with plenty of funds, who terrorized them into obedience with threats of bombing. They also were furious with the government because they said—and it seemed to be true—that the arrest of such agitators was usually a farce, ending in release within a few hours.

Incidentally one of the most widely circulated books in Spain while I was there was Dr. Albinaña's "Prisionero de la Republica," which contained, among other things, lists of the various jobs, and the pay therefore, held by members of the government at one and the same time. This book was written and published while Dr. Albinaña was still in prison, with a number of other

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Fascists and monarchists. I cannot sufficiently stress the fact that throughout Spain it was said that the then government included many men really favorable to Communism, and that monarchists and Fascists were arrested and imprisoned much more frequently than Communists or "ancho-sindicalists."

The following is Mr. Dos Passos's reply:

Argument about matters of opinion is not a very remunerative business. I stated my opinion in the article and Mrs. Pym states hers in her letter. Curiously enough, she seems to agree with me on several points. It is obvious that we surveyed the scene from different points of vantage and wore spectacles of different colors. As for the spectacles supplied by the good Dr. Albinaña, patrioteer, fire-eater, Fascist martyr and soothsayer, I've tried them and find that they give a very false picture of events. If Mrs. Pym wants to continue wearing them, she has every right to, I'm sure.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY printed "My Uncle, Stephen Crane," by Helen R. Crane in the January issue, and "Mrs. Stephen Crane," by Thomas Beer in the March issue. Both articles have brought forth a considerable number of letters, and some of them will be published during the next few months. The following letter by Mr. Richmond Barrett of Newport, Rhode Island, is of especial interest:

I was a new-born baby at the time of the filibustering excitement in Florida; but the rest of my family remember those thrilling days with extraordinary vividness. My mother and father always spent their winters at the old St. James Hotel in Jacksonville; and they knew Crane well. My sister, aged nine at the time Crane arrived

on the Florida scene, promptly became infatuated with him and was always dogging his heels. Melodramatically absorbed in the plight of Cuba, looking upon the charming Stephen as the divinely appointed Saviour of the island, she wrote a lurid poem which was published in a Jacksonville paper. One stanza ran as follows:

Little Cuba, gripped with an iron hold,
In years Thou art young but in troubles
old.

Thy streets are covered with water
blood-red

That appals the living and o'erflows the
dead.

Women and children run shrieking for
food,

Men with clothes tattered and babies all
nude.

Except for that uproarious last line, there's a decidedly Miltonic ring to this fervent outburst of a nine-year-old girl!

My sister was a lion-hunter as well as a poet. She had an autograph album devoted, not to tepid childish acquaintances and relatives, but to the celebrities of the day. Loie Fuller, William Jennings Bryan, John L. Sullivan, Sylvester Scovill and Fox, the owner of the *Police Gazette*, graced its pages. And of course, she was determined to get Stephen Crane. But he was so tremendously busy preparing for the heroic voyage of the *S.S. Commodore* that he just couldn't spare her a minute. Off he dashed one day on that famous exploit; there followed the swift catastrophe and the days in the open boat. Naturally, Jacksonville was in a ferment of conflicting rumors, my sister in a delirium of excitement. Then came the news that Crane was safe, that he was on his way back to Jacksonville. When he appeared with an excited escort in the door of the St. James, my sister was in the lobby to greet him. He was wearing the same sailor-suit in which he had set out; it had shrunk to half its former size and was generally in a woe-begone state.

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He waved and called out, "Where's that album?" She always kept it at the clerk's desk, the quicker to waylay elusive prey. So she grabbed it and presented it to Crane. He wrote (on the page facing Bryan's signature) "Stephen Crane, able seaman S.S. *Commodore*." We still have it, incidentally.

Now—as to the Cora business. I have no documents to *prove* anything in that connection. Perhaps my parents are unreliable witnesses; but they solemnly swear to the truth of their stories. And their stories bear out Crane's niece rather than Thomas Beer. According to them, the blonde Cora *was* the hostess of the smartest house of joy in the vicinity of Jacksonville, out near the Sub-Tropical Gardens. The St. James was run by a charming, strait-laced old gentleman named Jerry Campbell; but it was apparently one of the most ribald, free-and-easy hostleries of that gawdy era. The clerk, whether with or without the permission of the God-fearing Jerry, had a list of the better houses of ill fame for the intelligent guidance of guests of the hotel. And Cora's establishment was given a "Class A" rating on that list. My parents insist that Crane was a constant visitor at Cora's house; but they admit it was Cora herself who was the attraction, not just any of her girls who could satisfy an undirected male lust! They also state that, when Crane got safely ashore from the open boat, Cora chartered a private car, rushed to the scene and carried him back to Jacksonville in state. Evidently Cora was very much in the grand manner, a sort of Tannhäuser Venus among Madams; and I suppose, with a woman like that as one of the central figures in a spectacular intrigue, there would naturally be a good many apocryphal yarns. But the bald fact remains that Cora did keep a bawdy house—and of a specialized kind that would teach her a lot about playing hostess to the "right" people. And I see no incongruity in a woman of that sort becoming popular in after-life with the great figures of the English writing world. She was obviously a figure of distinction and authority. I'm

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CLAUDE H. BENNETT
General Manager

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not writing a gallant defense of Madams as a class, mind you; I am simply saying that Cora must have been the intelligent and resourceful type that could adapt herself with equal skill to the most nefarious practises and the most reputable career.

My sister remembers a little episode that occurred just before my family left Florida. My mother, my sister and brother were bicycling one morning out towards the Sub-Tropical. Mr. Crane passed them in a carriage. He waved his hat gaily, the Barrett children responded with enthusiasm; but my mother acknowledged the Crane salute with a very chilly little bow. My sister remembers how chagrined and disappointed she was at this lack of cordiality and how she puzzled her head over it for weeks. Naturally, she knew nothing of Cora then. It wasn't till a good many years later that she found out why my mother stiffened so perceptibly on that long-ago day in Florida.

MR. CHARLES E. FORD, managing director of Universal Newsreel, objects to various statements in Robert Littell's recent article on the newsreels:

In a period in which much of history has been rewritten with emphasis on the most private lives of the outstanding personalities and on the foibles of the common people in various eras, the newsreels of today again are "taken for a ride" because they provide some entertainment along with their motion picture recording of the events of the day.

In the November, 1933, issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, a writer named Robert Littell chooses to appraise the newsreels of this decade and has very few kind words to speak in their behalf.

It is one of the fundamentals of fallacious argument that almost any generalization can be reached if only a few isolated instances are corralled for the purpose, while a vast amount of counterevidence is left unconsidered.

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Mr. Littell has built himself up an interesting indictment of the newsreels of today by noting his grievances and giving little credit for the pictures of genuine historical value presented by the more enterprising of those reels, pictures often made possible only by the risk of life or limb.

Take last year, for example—the very year in which Mr. Littell has chosen to speak his piece. What were the big news stories of that year? And how much of them did you get in the newsreels, genuine records and not rehearsed or reenacted events, as this critic insists most of the motion picture news is given to us?

There were all the vast developments of the Roosevelt New Deal and I can say authoritatively that most of the picture record of that progress was made first hand and not before or after it happened. True, some of it did show the President reading from prepared copy or some other official speaking a piece he might have committed to memory. And, at the same time, those subjects were also news.

The outbreaks in Cuba? I know one newsreel man who was arrested for his aggressiveness in keeping abreast of the swift tumble of developments there. And another who got fifteen shotgun slugs in both legs for his trouble in being "on deck" when things were happening. Certainly he doesn't fall under the Littell charge that newsreels "have largely abandoned the service of history and set up shop as entertainers."

The critic obviously was ignorant of the hours of patient waiting that falls to the lot of newsreel cameramen because they are determined to be adequate as news sources, because they prefer recording the news to "cooking" it. Add to that patience the courage needed because of the size of newsreel equipment to cover stories that are easy for the newspaper reporter or "still" photographer.

Possibly there was a brief interlude in which changes in equipment forced them

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In these confused and unsettled days ideals and traditions which past generations have taken for granted are being ruthlessly tested for their right to survive.

MOST fateful of all is the test of the democratic ideal. Can great populations govern themselves with the intelligence which complex industrialism demands?

THE issues which veer in and out of the newspapers are incredibly disordered; currency, labor, tariff, agriculture, public works, taxation, and a hundred others appear and disappear and reappear dizzily.

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Suppressing the opposition is truly a wonderful method for simplifying problems. Our Cro-Magnon ancestors used it exclusively, splendidly careless of the fact that one suppression leads invariably to another. In many parts of the world, their descendants have turned to it today as a way out of their perplexities. With modern weapons at hand, the method is even more simple—and its results are more appalling.

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to adjust themselves to slightly altered methods. Today they are just as much "on their toes" as ever.

THE Chicago office of Halsey, Stuart & Company sends in a complaint about Mr. Mitchell Dawson's article, "Censorship on the Air," in the March issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

The author states: "While outlawing fortune-tellers and astrologers, they permitted that arch-fortune-teller of Halsey, Stuart—the Old Counsellor—to advise people to invest in Insull stocks, with more disastrous consequences than ever followed the suggestion of any star-gazer." The facts are that Halsey, Stuart & Company, at no time, on the air or otherwise, offered stocks of any kind, neither did it advise their purchase. Our business from inception to the present has been confined to interest-bearing securities, that is, bonds, notes, debentures, etc., and has never included public offering of stocks. Moreover, any statement or inference that Halsey, Stuart & Company radio program was used to sell or promote the sale of Insull securities, or any other specific securities, is totally in error. From the very beginning the policy was laid down that no reference to any particular security would be made—and this policy was strictly adhered to. Invariably the talks dealt merely with principles of investment and with observations as to the purposes and methods of investment under various circumstances.

To which Mr. Dawson makes reply:

The objections raised by Halsey, Stuart & Company to my reference to the Old Counsellor are technical rather than substantial. The Old Counsellor was sponsored by Halsey Stuart & Company, like any other advertising program, to drum up business for its sponsor and not for altruistic purposes.

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It was perhaps inaccurate to say that the Old Counsellor advised people to invest in Insull "stocks." What actually happened was that thousands of people were inspired by his fatherly talks to apply to Halsey, Stuart & Company for advice about their investments and bought securities issued by Insull companies. Among the securities so sold by Halsey, Stuart & Company were tremendous issues of notes and debentures of such corporations as the Corporation Securities Company and Insull Utility Investments, Inc., whose assets consisted principally of *stocks* in other Insull companies.

The investor who bought notes or debentures of these companies was not technically buying stocks. He was buying what the underwriters cheerfully term "interest-bearing securities." These "securities" could not by any miracle acquire any virtues superior to the Insull stocks which constituted the assets of the companies issuing them. As the public is well aware, the above named companies have completely collapsed, with the prospect of little salvage.

It is also noteworthy that during the year 1930, when the Old Counsellor was broadcasting, Harold L. Stuart was president of Halsey, Stuart & Company and at the same time was a director of Insull Utility Investments, Inc., and with Samuel Insull and his son, he was a director and one of the three voting trustees of the Corporation Securities Company. He is also one of a group of defendants under indictment in case No. 26900 in the United States District Court in Chicago, in which it is charged, among other things, that the defendants, with intent to defraud, engaged "in an extensive nation-wide campaign for the sale of, and did sell, through Halsey, Stuart & Co.," common and preferred stock of the Corporation Securities Company. Perhaps the government is wrong, but it may be fairly assumed that it had some evidence upon which to base this allegation.

aak

as i see it

JAMES P. WARBURG, the distinguished banker who was President Roosevelt's appointee as financial adviser of the American delegation to the London Economic Conference, has written a book which I have just published under the title of *The Money Muddle*. It is a timely book, one that is bound to provoke controversy and that no thoughtful reader will overlook.



It is a book that any newspaper reader can understand. In the first third of it Mr. Warburg has sketched the general background of money and banking. He has sought to provide in simple terms the basic elements of the origin and

nature of our money mechanism. The balance of the book — the core of it — tells the inside story of what we have done since March 1933, why we have done it, and where it leaves us at the present time. Mr. Warburg avoids all criticism where he has no constructive suggestions to offer. But he definitely does make such suggestions. The final chapter, "What Really Ails Us," is likely to have repercussions in Washington. (\$2.00).

Here are the comments of two distinguished economists to whom I sent advance copies of

the book. Professor Ernest Minor Patterson, of the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce of the University of Pennsylvania, writes: "Mr. Warburg has rendered an invaluable service in preparing this volume and has presented his material in an unusually vigorous and effective manner. His frankness and clarity in describing the affairs in which he personally participated are especially helpful. The American public needs to know just what he has told us of the preliminary arrangements regarding the London Economic Conference of 1933 and the fiasco at London and its relationship to the inexplicable change of policy by our Administration. This material should be in the hands of the public just as promptly as possible.

"Also to be recommended is Mr. Warburg's frankness in criticizing the superficial and, at times, ludicrous monetary views of incompetent spokesmen who are bringing pressure on the President. His straight-forward opposition to the Committee for the Nation and to Father Coughlin are particularly to be commended. One of the most serious difficulties in connection with public affairs is the persistent efforts of persons untrained in technical fields to press their views and to secure political action. Even where their motives cannot be questioned their failure to understand what they are talking about means that the aims which they seek

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as i see it



cannot be attained, but that, instead, all of us will suffer from the consequences. Mr. Warburg, as an experienced banker of high ideals, does much to uncover the influence that they have been exercising, and the fallacious ideas which they have been urging. I trust Mr. Warburg's book will have a wide circulation."

Professor Walter E. Spahr, of New York University, writes: "Mr. Warburg has provided the public with an intensely interesting and most revealing account of the monetary history of this country since President Roosevelt took office. Very few people have been in a better position than Mr. Warburg to show from the inside the forces, factions, and personalities which have been responsible for our present monetary laws and policies. He has given us a vivid and fascinating account of this great monetary struggle and throws in many an interesting light on such persons and organizations as Professors Warren, Rogers, and Fisher, Mr. Vanderlip, Father Coughlin, the Committee for the Nation, leading members of the House and Senate, the London Conference, and, in fact, on all persons playing an important part in the battle. . . . This is really one of the books that should be read by everybody. No reader today can fail to receive a good insight into current money and banking problems. This book will unquestionably become an important part of the permanent monetary history of this period."

Also of interest is Fabian Franklin's review in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*:

"In spite of the flood of books on money that has been inundating the public during the past six or eight months, this book by Mr. Warburg

proves to be emphatically worth while. In the first place, it is astonishingly interesting. For without being in the least sensational—on the contrary, it is very quiet and judicial—it brings out the dramatic realities of our dealings with the money problem during the Roosevelt era as no other book has done. Of this feature of the book the most striking instance is the story of what happened to the London Conference. Mr. Warburg was Financial Advisor to our delegation at the Conference, and he makes one feel the thrill of suspense and the dismay of disappointment almost as if one were present on the scene; and this he does, not by any exercise of the artifices of a journalist, but by putting before us the vital elements of the situation as they were stamped on his own mind—the mind of a man who thoroughly understands their significance and who knows how to convey that significance to the reader in forceful and picturesque fashion. This, however, is but one instance out of many; throughout the book we have phase after phase of the monetary problem of our time brought home to the mind of the average intelligent reader in a style at once impressive and homely, and often with the enlivenment of racy and telling colloquialisms. But the book, though written with an engaging liveliness, is profoundly serious, and gives Mr. Warburg's opinions and convictions on all the controversial issues of money and banking, and his suggestions of legislative and administrative reforms in both those fields which he regards as imperatively necessary. The book should be eagerly welcomed by all who are seriously interested in the monetary and banking issues of the time."

ON JUNE sixth Thomas Mann will complete his fifty-ninth year and on the same day I will publish his long-awaited novel, *Joseph and His Brothers*, the first volume of a monumental trilogy on which he has been working for many years. It is interesting that so great a novelist as Mann has produced so few novels—only *Buddenbrooks*, published in his twenty-sixth year, *Royal Highness*, published eight years later, and *The Magic Mountain*, published in 1924. But what novels these are!



A good many years ago, to quote James Cleugh's *Thomas Mann*, "a Munich artist brought to Mann a portfolio of drawings illustrating the Old Testament tale of Joseph, the son of Jacob. The draughtsman had asked the eminent man

of letters to write a preface to the publication of his designs. Mann referred, that evening, to his family Bible. What he read there started a train of thought destined to have important results.

"Mann had read archaeology as a boy with more than childish curiosity. He had once founded a schoolmaster, as he told Bertaux in Paris, by giving the correct native version of the Egyptian bull-god's name, Hapi, instead of the familiar graccised one, Apis. Gradually he conceived the idea of a trilogy, or triptych, on a historical-religious theme. . . . But a journey to the venerable site of the legend became necessary. Thomas Mann departed, some three

years after his interview with the painter, for the Near East."

And now, in his vast recasting of the great Bible story, we relive Jacob's career in detail. The variety of events, the richness of character interest make it absorbing. There is much humor also, ranging from the tender to the sardonic: Laban's pawning off Leah to Jacob as Rachel, Jacob's retaliation upon Laban, Rebecca's wrapping Jacob in skins to deceive the blind Isaac, and Isaac's pretending to be blind-er than he actually is.

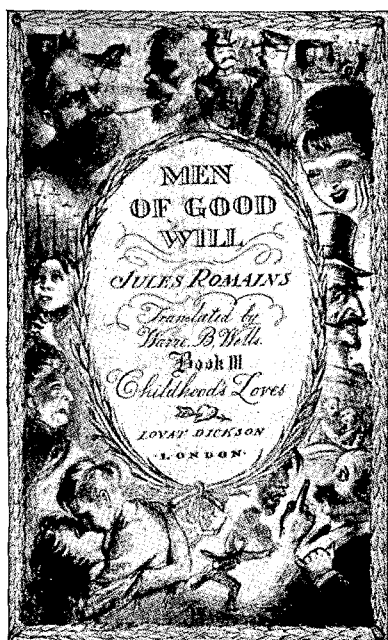
Mann has taken one of the great simple chronicles of literature and filled it in—deepened and enriched it. He has given it psychological and philosophical scope and range; he has seen its men and women, not as remote figures in the Book of Genesis, but as patriarchs of a timeless race, as founders of states, as transmitters of a religious idea, as members of a living family, as traders, farmers, fighters; and he has brought them to life in a fresh, large, realistic world where the same sun shines that shines on us. It is hardly necessary for me to emphasize the profound importance of such a work. It will confirm my opinion, already widely held, that no greater man of letters is alive and writing today than this Thomas Mann who now finds living impossible in the country of his birth.



HERE is a photograph of Rex Whistler's painting for the English jacket of Book III of a novel which surely needs no introduction to you.

as i see it

This is just one more bit of evidence of the international importance of Jules Romain's great work, *Men of Good Will*. Wherever they have been published the novels in this series have stimulated extraordinarily enthusiastic response from both the critics and the reading public.



Incidentally, it will be interesting to American readers to note that in England, as in France, each book in the series is being published separately. I am including two books in each American volume. The first volume I published, to which I gave the generic title *Men of Good Will*, contains two books: *The Sixth of October* and *Quinette's Crime*. The second volume, entitled *Passion's Pilgrims*, contains not only Book III, *Childhood Loves*,

but also Book IV, *Eros in Paris*. The third volume in my edition, which will be published this Fall, under the title of *The Proud and the Meek*, will contain Books V and VI. Thus for once American readers are paying a relatively low price—even three dollars a volume for the American edition is a good deal less than fifteen shillings which is what the English reader is forced to pay for the same reading matter.



I HAVE just published the best novel Warwick Deeping has written in many years—perhaps his best since *Sorrell and Son*. It is entitled *Seven Men Came Back*. The story concerns seven men who were in the same company during the war and it tells what happened to them when they returned afterwards to England. The career of each one of them is interesting and dramatic, but it is the story of Captain Jack Sherring, who in war-time had led the other six, that always dominates the novel. His is the story of a peace-time “failure”—a charming and lovable and plucky failure whom more fortunate men well might envy and who, before it is too late, meets a courageous woman and finds his way to happiness.



It is obviously the sort of theme with which Major Deeping is at his very best. I believe that it will move many readers just as *Sorrell*

as i see it

and *Son* did. Those in the book trade who have read advance copies have given it the highest rating and have predicted that it will sell very well.



FOUR years ago I heard in London that at last a really great novel had come out of Soviet Russia. *Tikh Don* was the book, Mikhail Sholokhov the author. With the London



house of Putnam I acquired the American rights and then began an almost endless search for the right translator, who was finally found in the person of Stephen Garry, whose excellent version, *And Quiet Flows the Don*, will be on sale at

your bookstore shortly after you read this. Almost a quarter of a million words—over 700 pages—the book is surely a bargain at three dollars. At least it will net me no profit unless the sale reaches really large proportions.

This is a vast epic story of the life of the Don cossacks. It begins in the days of peace under the Czar with vivid descriptions of cossack life on the soil, and carries on through the war, the revolution, and the counter-revolutionary period of 1918-20, constantly mounting in intensity and significance. Here are a scene and a way of life that, for Americans, have heretofore virtually not been treated at all. Here is the Cossack of legend, mounted on a superb horse and fighting like a demon in

time of war; but here, too, is the *man*, seen intimately and from within, as a part of his strange, half-barbarian background of hunting, hard riding, carnality and drink.

So brilliantly and dramatically written is *And Quiet Flows the Don*, and so worthy is it of continuing the realistic tradition of the Russian classics, that I cannot help feeling that it may well repeat in America the success it has had elsewhere in the world. It has sold 1,000,000 copies in Russia, 50,000 copies in Germany, and 60,000 copies in Denmark. It has appeared also in Sweden, Norway, Holland, France, and England. Putnam, the publisher in England, writes me that the book went into a second edition (the first was 5,000 copies) on the day of publication in response to a truly magnificent press. Many have compared it with Gogol's *Taras Bulba*; some have been reminded of Remont's *The Peasants*. Maxim Gorky has said of it that it "represents a new phase in literature and can only be compared with Tolstoy's *War and Peace*."



It may be of interest to you to learn that in Sweden a motion picture was made of it. Here is one of the characters in the Swedish film . . .



IT WAS exactly a year ago that I read the following in Hugh Walpole's London letter to the New York Herald Tribune Books: "Be-

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cause of the general and quite extraordinary cleverness of the young, it is growing ever harder for a young writer to make his or her mark. . . . A woman novelist called Winifred Duke has published the fourth and concluding volume—entitled *Finale*—of a sequence. This—if the four volumes be read as a whole—is a very remarkable book, but its appearance has caused scarcely any notice in England. One day these books will be discovered. This is not a case of the long family chronicle novel at present popular. The four novels are comparatively brief. Their subject is the fate of a family whose head has been accused of poisoning his wife. Although acquitted, he dies in ignominy, and his children bear the consequences. Miss Duke has a power both of pathos and bitterness scarcely to be equaled among contemporary novelists, and her talent for character drawing is quite extraordinary. These novels are not pleasant—their subject does not allow them to be—but no one who reads them will ever forget them. They are at present quite unrecognized, but their recognition will come and their reputation will remain.”

I read the four novels, and found them moving and impressive. But it seems hopeless to try to sell a four volume novel by a new and unknown writer. So Miss Duke, at my suggestion, brought her first two volumes (really complete in themselves) together in a single big book *Bastard Verdict* which I will publish on June eleventh at \$2.75. (It contains nearly 500 pages). I strongly recommend it. Very few novels have, like this one, the three-fold power of story, character and theme. The story is haunting, and the question of Fieldend’s guilt

baffles us to the end. And in Fieldend and his noble second wife Miss Duke has achieved two superb characters whom she has used with distinguished skill to illustrate her theme of a long and pitiful expiation.



IN THE December 1932 issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY appeared an article by G. W. Fitch, entitled “One Way to Security in Old Age”. Few articles printed in the magazine ever attracted as much attention as did this one, and none was ever circulated as a reprint in such enormous quantities. Great public interest in the subject of annuities was apparent, and led me to suggest to Mr. Fitch that he write a useful book on the subject. This new way of achieving financial security and independence has become very popular during the past few years, yet most Americans do not know just what an annuity is. *What Everybody Wants to Know About Annuities*, which I have just published, explains simply and clearly, but in detail, what an annuity entails, what its advantages are, for whom it is most desirable, and how it may be bought and paid for. Mr. Fitch describes the various types of annuities that now exist, and discusses the way in which they are handled by the insurance companies. His book is priced at \$2.00.



STORM JAMESON is not only a fine novelist but an interesting mind, as all who have read her autobiography, *No Time Like the Present*, know. She has just sent me this very interesting



note about her new novel,
Company Parade:

"In *Company Parade* and in the succeeding novels (there ought to be five in all) I am trying to make, in the form of the novel, a sort of ground plan of the advance (which for all I

know, may be to the bottom of a pit) of contemporary civilisation.

"There are certain major impulses at work—certainly they were at work before the War, but the War and the impetus it gave to the technical advance on one hand, with the awful shocks it administered to the existing fabric of society, have so speeded them up that what you are getting is actually a new age. It is only within the last two or three years that the shape of this new age has come clear, clear enough to be written about by a novelist. Doubtless cleverer and better informed persons saw much longer ago what was coming than I did, or any other novelist. However, even a novelist can no longer be in doubt that something is taking form which makes romantic punk of the preoccupations of most novelists—it doesn't now matter a sou whether George gets into bed with Mary or not, and even the fact that Mary isn't his dear legitimate wife doesn't make it exciting. This doesn't mean that in writing a long novel about contemporary society one can leave out the erotic impulses of George (and Mary), because even if they are

not unusual they are responsible for all sorts of consequences outside the divorce courts. But it does mean that one must make an attempt to show that as well as being a lover a man is also an employer of labour or an employee, a Communist or a Fascist, an under or an upper dog. One must also try to show that the very ground on which he moves about (in and out of bed, factory, bank, and parliament) is shifting at an accelerated speed—which does make a difference. If you are on a runaway train it does matter if it is going at 10 or 100 miles an hour, almost as much as where you are running away to. One has also to show the significance of the transformation scenes that are taking place in society—at one and the same time you can see it as a struggle between the lover of individual freedom and the admirers of the Absolute State; a toss-up between war and peace; and a religious struggle between the people who believe that man was born to serve a machine and the others who believe that the machine should serve man—mechanical values versus human ones, Fascism versus the brotherhood of man.

"And since you are writing a novel, and not a treatise, all this has somehow got to express itself through living men and women, quarrelling, making love, earning their bread, hungry for power, for security, for satisfaction of all their impulses."

Anna May



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